THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 200, Number 34

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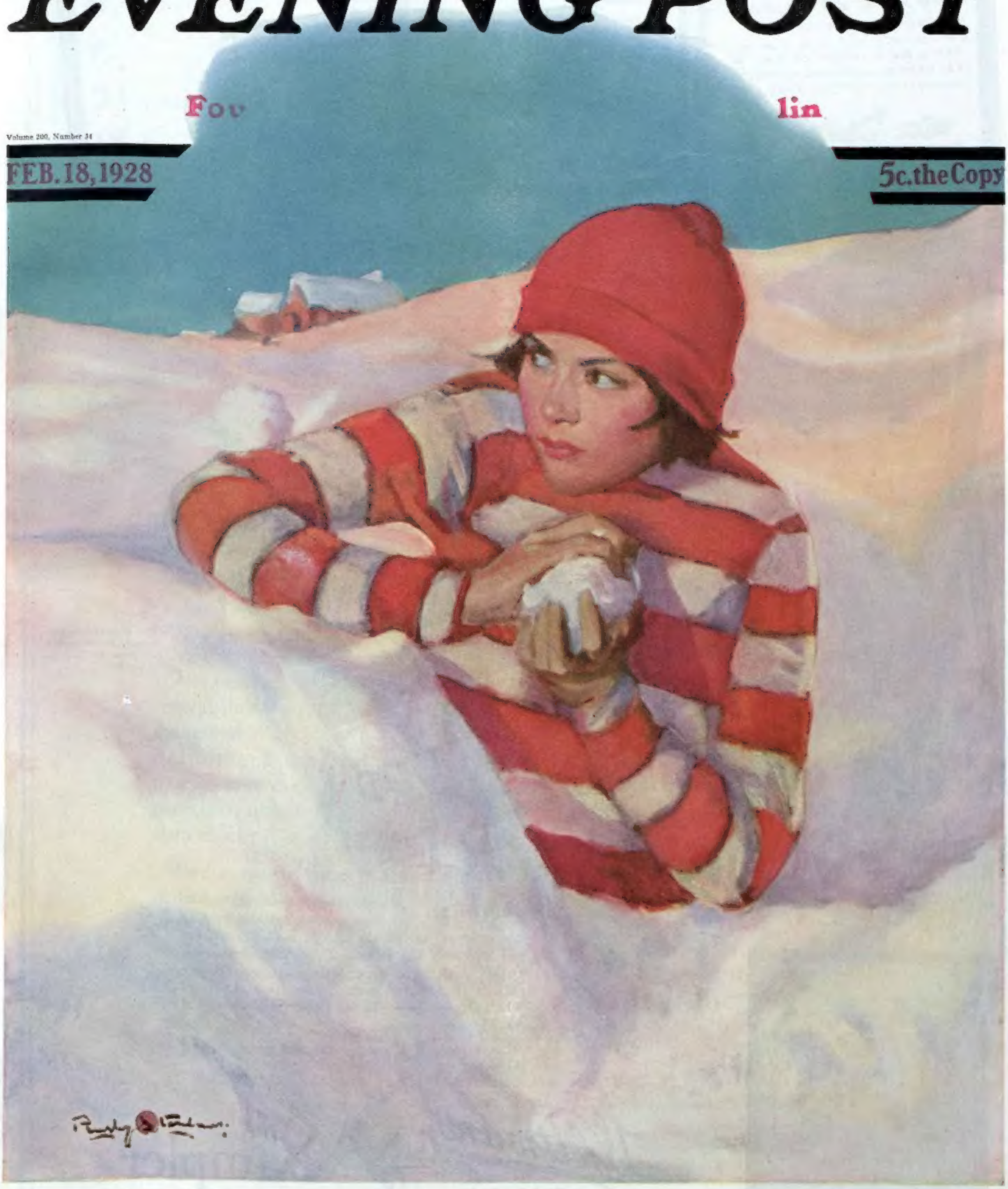

Henry C. Rowland — Clarence Budington Kelland — C. E. Scoggins — Sam Hellman
Peggy Wood — Ben Ames Williams — Kenneth L. Roberts — E. Phillips Oppenheim

The framed samplers forming the background are from the Whitman Collection

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A MAN NAMED CARRIGAN

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT HAPPENED leisurely and undramatically. The track curled here along a mountainside, but there was nothing sinister about it; rather a lovely vista of green slopes and purple distances. The train, just entering a rock-walled cut, slowed and came gently to a halt on the upgrade. The passengers hardly noticed that it had stopped. After a moment it started backward; but from behind there came a muffled sound, as if the mountain had coughed gently, and a brief noise of sliding rock. Then the brakes clapped on.

Van Dusen grabbed for the window sill, but missed it and dislodged the fat elbow of A. G. Farr himself, peacefully dozing on the opposite seat. The car heeled. Mrs. Farr slid against her husband, and her daughter half lurched into the space she had vacated. Farr gurgled, snorted and woke.

"Wha's the big idea?" he grumbled, yawning.

Mrs. Farr, decorously scrambling off him, said, "You'd better wake up, Arthur. I think there's a landslide or something." She wasn't much disturbed; whatever it was, A. G. Farr would put a stop to it before it should seriously annoy his wife and daughter.

"H'm!" said Van Dusen. "A good powder man did that."

"Did what?" asked June.

"Blew up the track," he told her quietly. "Don't be frightened; but I'm afraid we're in for it. A holdup."

"But that was behind us!"

"To keep us from backing down the grade; we could have got away pretty fast. Of course the track's blocked or torn up ahead."

"Bandits?" cried Mrs. Farr.

"What's good about it?" demanded June.

"Well," said Van Dusen, "we're still more or less right side up and all in one piece. Most natives would have blown us all over the landscape; they like to hear the bang."

"Thought you said this country was all pacified," Farr said grimly. The younger man could only shrug his shoulders.

"Sorry. It seemed to be. Zaruco still controls the Moruna district, but that's a long way from here. There's never been any trouble on this line."

"Anything we can do about it?"

"Got much money on you?"

"About a thousand, I reckon."

Toward Night the Key Ground in the Lock. Now? But It Was Only Their Official Jailer

"Leave some in your wallet; wad the rest up and drop it out into the weeds. . . . No, keep your rings, Mrs. Farr; the marks will show; you'll have to tell what you did with 'em. Better get robbed than hurt. But any small valuables you can reach quick ——"

The first-class coach was considerably tilted; the passengers, after a flurry of hiding what they hoped to save, perched in uncomfortable and apprehensive silence. The minutes dragged. No masked, dramatic figures appeared in the tilted doors. There was nothing to see but sunny rock, a fringe of bushes, a bit of placid sky. A. G. Farr began to feel a little silly—tossing things into the ditch like that. Likely it was nothing but an accident. He put out his head to see. A harsh voice barked, a dozen rifles poked out of the bushes; he drew back hastily.

"You win," he sighed. "It's a holdup, all right. . . . Well, come on, bandits, and get it over with!" He felt his wife trembling and tried awkwardly to comfort her. "Never mind, Milly. Let 'em have our trinkets; I'll buy you a carload more. Just take it easy. But you bet your bottom dollar somebody'll sweat for this!"

Ridiculous, how helpless a man felt—dumped in a corner like a pig in a tilted crate. He could stand being robbed; but the indignity, the mental suffering of his womenfolk—that could not be forgiven. He, A. G. Farr, had served his country for a dollar a year; he had his weight at Washington. He didn't exactly picture the United States declaring war about it, but ——

He had no idea of risking their safety by resistance; but when a ragged roar of detonations echoed in the cut, like an automobile back-firing in an alley, he scrambled grimly to his feet. Somebody had to put a stop to that. Shooting off guns—somebody might get hurt!

"Steady, sir!" Van Dusen begged him. "Don't go out there. I guess that was our military escort."

"Oh," said Farr, brightening, "have we got one?"

"Such as it is—or was," Van Dusen told him soberly. "Poor devils!" The gunfire had stopped.

"Oh!" said Farr, sitting down again.

Silence, a warm and sunny silence. Only the idle throb of steam somewhere ahead, and in the car the broken murmur of a woman praying. The smell of powder smoke made Farr a little sick.

Then a voice drifted in, musical, high-pitched and harmless-sounding, like a street vender's chant:

"*Fuera los pasajeros, ó el tren se vuela-a-a!*"

"I guess we'd better go," Van Dusen told them. "Says they'll blow up the train if we don't get out."

Passengers were already scrambling along the tilted aisle. One, trying to slip off on the more sheltered side, was driven back by voices on the bank; but nobody told them to step lively. Nobody told them to put up their hands, or stand in line, or anything orderly or dramatic. They merely straggled out into the placid sunshine and joined the shabby throng of lower-class passengers, milling a little like uneasy sheep. There was no feel of tragedy in that sunny afternoon. Men stood along the edges of the crowd, brown, humble-looking men—they might have been third-class passengers themselves, except that they wore crossed cartridge belts and carried rifles. They didn't look formidable; they looked scared.

"*Cuál de ustedes es Arturo Farr!*"

That was the same high, vibrant voice that had ordered them from the train; soft now, curiously like a woman's contralto. But there was nothing effeminate about its owner. He stood scanning the first-class passengers—a bulky man in the rich

silver-braided dress of a country gentleman, his pistol belt and holster richly done in gold; a halfbreed, by his looks; copper-skinned, slightly pock-marked, with black predatory eyes. Though it was Arthur Farr he asked for, he looked more lingeringly at June Farr than at any of the men.

Farr didn't catch his own name in that rapid flow of syllables; Van Dusen answered for him.

"Who asks, and why?"

The pock-marked man smiled slightly, complacently, letting his eyes flit over the assembled faces.

"I am Emilio Zaruco, your servant."

Zaruco dropped the mask of courtesy. He was not born a country gentleman; he did not really enjoy the subtler forms of arrogance. He liked the taste of raw authority.

"Where I command! Here, boys! Take them!"

The rifles prodded them; the smell of powder smoke came sharp. Farr's trembling hands held out his wallet, his watch, even his gold-mounted fountain pen. Zaruco slapped them to the ground.

"Zaruco is not interested in trifles. March!"

"What does he want?" begged Farr. Van Dusen groaned.

"This is the bird I was telling you about, sir—the one that controls the Moruna district. He's held it through three revolutions; sort of a bandit king. Far as I know, this is the first time he ever pulled a raid in this ——"

"Well, what does he want?"

"Ransom, I'm afraid. He knows who you are; he knew somehow that you were on the train. I—God forgive me for letting you get these women into this!"

"You never let me," said the unhappy Farr. "I brought 'em, and I'm free, white and twenty-one. Take care of 'em, will you, Van? Don't start anything; we'd only get a lot of innocent people killed. Tell him I'll go. Don't, Milly! You and June keep away from me, and maybe ——"

Naturally the women did nothing of the sort. Zaruco grinned and doffed his hat in the grand gesture. "Naturally the ladies are included in the invitation. Are there any others in the gentleman's party?"

Farr, seeing the look that swept his daughter from head to foot and back again, stopped trembling. There was a hard jaw under that fat, good-natured jowl, as men who had bucked A. G. Farr could testify.

"What did the swine say?"

"He's going to take us all. Wants to know if there's any more of the party."

"I'm an American," said an unexpected voice.

It was a man they vaguely remembered having seen among the passengers; a man vaguely young, his eyes vaguely pleasant behind unremarkable glasses. Nothing was very definite about him, even his manner of offering himself as a candidate for kidnaping.

"I'd keep it quiet if I was you!" growled Farr.

"I thought," said the young man uncertainly, "I thought you might like to have another man along. You know, the ladies ——"

He didn't look as if defending ladies was his specialty; but A. G. Farr was not the man to overlook any bets where the safety of his family was concerned. He said gratefully, "You *are* a white man, ain't you?" and would have offered his hand; but Van Dusen deftly prevented that mistake, stepping between them as if to present the stranger to Zaruco.

"Only this young man. May we get our hand bags?"

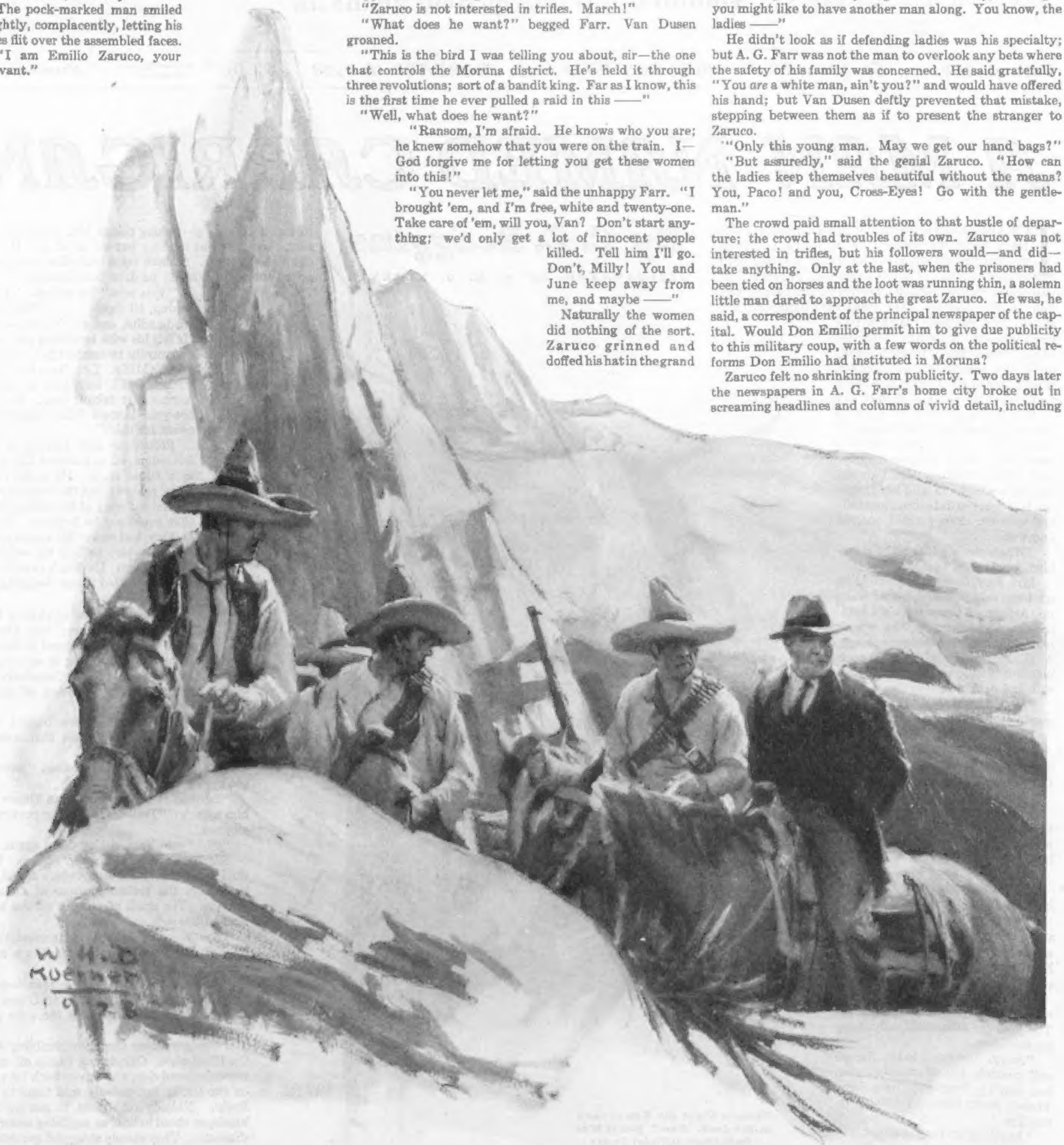
"But assuredly," said the genial Zaruco. "How can the ladies keep themselves beautiful without the means? You, Paco! and you, Cross-Eyes! Go with the gentleman."

The crowd paid small attention to that bustle of departure; the crowd had troubles of its own. Zaruco was not interested in trifles, but his followers would—and did—take anything. Only at the last, when the prisoners had been tied on horses and the loot was running thin, a solemn little man dared to approach the great Zaruco. He was, he said, a correspondent of the principal newspaper of the capital. Would Don Emilio permit him to give due publicity to this military coup, with a few words on the political reforms Don Emilio had instituted in Moruna?

Zaruco felt no shrinking from publicity. Two days later the newspapers in A. G. Farr's home city broke out in screaming headlines and columns of vivid detail, including the respective careers of A. G. Farr, millionaire, and Emilio Zaruco, perennial and invincible rebel.

Even in New York and Washington the papers carried the less vivid if more accurate press dispatches, concluding:

"Besides the Farr family, according to reports received here, the bandits also carried off J. C. Van Dusen, manager



A ripple of consternation swept the crowd. But John Van Dusen was a good poker player; he answered in due form, "I have much pleasure. This is the Señor Farr; this gentleman. But why?"

"Who asks," retorted Zaruco, "and with what authority?"

"I am the manager of his properties in this country."

"Good!" said Zaruco, smiling. "You may come too."

"Come where?"

of the Farr properties; Captain Alvarez, commander of the ill-fated military escort; and a man named Carrigan."

II

TILL sundown they traveled slowly, toiling up rocky slopes and down a labyrinth of gulches where they seemed a train of midgets in a giant dusk. Then, coming out on a dusty road, the cavalcade stretched suddenly, riding fast, the rear guard trailing at the greatest speed the prisoners could sit. Only Van Dusen and the military man were horsemen. A. G. Farr, his fat legs tied under his horse's belly, wabbled and lopped in helpless misery. The man named Carrigan, his hat gone, his mild face distorted, bounced with clenched teeth and clutching hands. Once in the gathering dark he bounced a moment by June Farr; he shouted, "I kn-know now why they call P-Paul Revere a hero!"

Rage choked her. Facetious fool—he seemed to think it was a lark. What was he doing here, anyway? Nobody had made him come. She screamed at him, "Don't be funny!"

She saw him drop back humbly, and despised him for not realizing that she was hysterical with fright and pain. She was half crazed with visions of her father or mother dragging head down under those pounding hoofs. Her own muscles were hardened to tennis, to golf, to wrestling with fast motor cars; but not to any saddle, least of all this monstrous native thing with its huge, slippery wooden horn. Even her mother endured that first ride better than she. Mrs. Farr had been young when horses were still fashionable; her middle-aged body retained some memory of yielding to a horse's motion. June fought against it, tried to control it, tried to sit steady in a world that had suddenly gone crazy.

At first her pride and a sort of excited curiosity held up her courage; but in the end all things were blurred in one incredible, interminable dream. She never knew how long they held that racking pace. She never knew when they left the highway. She only knew that cold was added to her miseries—cold and a hideous loneliness of stars.

The cavalcade had melted. Only a dozen shadowy figures paced about them in a dim, trackless immensity of highland plain. She heard dogs barking somewhere. One of those lonely stars had dropped into the lap of deeper darkness; slowly a low white building gathered form. Numbly she felt Van Dusen's tall, strong shape beside her, lifting her down.

Lanterns and brown staring faces. A bare white room where she and her mother lay face down on a hard bed and moaned. Men's voices in the next room, and her father groaning. A brown, stolid woman bringing food. They couldn't eat. Van Dusen's voice in persuasive parley; the stolid brown woman came again, handing a bottle of clear liquid through the connecting door. The door closed. The heavy key ground in the lock. Van Dusen's voice came through the door:

"That stuff'll taste like kerosene. But you take a shot of it just the same. It'll warm you and help you to relax."

June tried it. It was indeed like kerosene in her mouth; but when it touched her throat she coughed and sputtered and began helplessly to cry. The stuff was liquid fire.

"I can't," she sobbed. "It simply won't go down."

"You're right," said the mild, cheerful voice of Carrigan. "Not good for man or beast—internally. But it's got alcohol in it. I'm going to use some for a rub. Try it, Mr. Farr. You may not like the perfume, but you'll feel nine thousand per cent better tomorrow."

"I can't get up much interest in tomorrow," groaned A. G. Farr. "Hop to it. You can have my share."

"You'll be sore as a boil," urged Carrigan. "You'll be sore anyway; but you'll be worse if you don't do something now. Alcohol's good—externally. Take off your clothes and let me show you. I'm an expert; I always do it after handball."

"What's that?" Farr's voice said hazily.

"A game. My job doesn't give me much exercise, so three times a week I skip down to the Y and get a sweat. Keeps me fit, you know."

June's lip curled. Playing games, not for the sport of it, but to keep fit. Probably he took courses in memory training and the development of will power. She heard his voice coaxing, cheerfully insistent. Probably he learned that tone from a course entitled, How to Persuade Big Business Men. She was unreasonably furious when stifled groans and a brisk slapping noise told her that A. G. Farr had been persuaded.

Zaruco

Disgusting, that gross meaty sound. Indecent, this forced proximity to four masculine animals. Surely this wasn't she, June Farr! She lay with throbbing nerves, her cheek loathing that coarse pillow, watching a cockroach scuttle across the floor. Her father's voice spoke drowsily. "Hey, Milly! You and June rub each other with that stuff. It hurts, and it smells like hell, but it feels wonderful."

June didn't answer; but her mother took it as a command.

"Shall I rub you first?"

"I'm not having any, thanks," June told her grimly. "But I'll rub you if you like."

"Not as hard as Helga does, please. I'm too—too sore," said Mrs. Farr.

June's fury gave vigor to her ministrations. The smell of the stuff was nauseating. Mrs. Farr wailed aloud as it touched abraded skin; her husband chuckled grossly, "Never mind, Milly. It's grand when it quits hurtin'."

It seemed a true word; Mrs. Farr was asleep before June finished washing her hands.

Then fury failed her. She blew out the light and crawled sickly into bed. She didn't know enough about oil lamps to turn down the wick; the reek of smoking kerosene was added to the reek of liquor.

Her body ached in every bone and muscle. Nobody in all the world had ever been as miserable as she was. Everybody in the world was comfortable but her—and it was all due to that self-pampering, officious, bumptious Carrigan. . . . In all her life June Farr had never shared a bed with anybody; she lay with every nerve tight lest she disturb her mother. Hour after hour, it seemed to her—the darkness peopled with a thousand terrors, the vast and lonely silence of the mesa sucking the courage out of her. Her body aching. . . . Whimpering, she crawled out of bed and tore off her nightgown and groped savagely for the bottle.

She fell asleep vaguely wondering how a man so colorless, so negligible, could have inspired so violent a feeling. He was a lightweight, that was all. He hadn't enough

(Continued on Page 107)

Till Sundown They Traveled Slowly, Toiling Up Rocky Slopes and Down a Labyrinth of Gulches Where They Seemed a Train of Midgets in a Giant Dusk

THE WHEELBARROW

By Henry C. Rowland

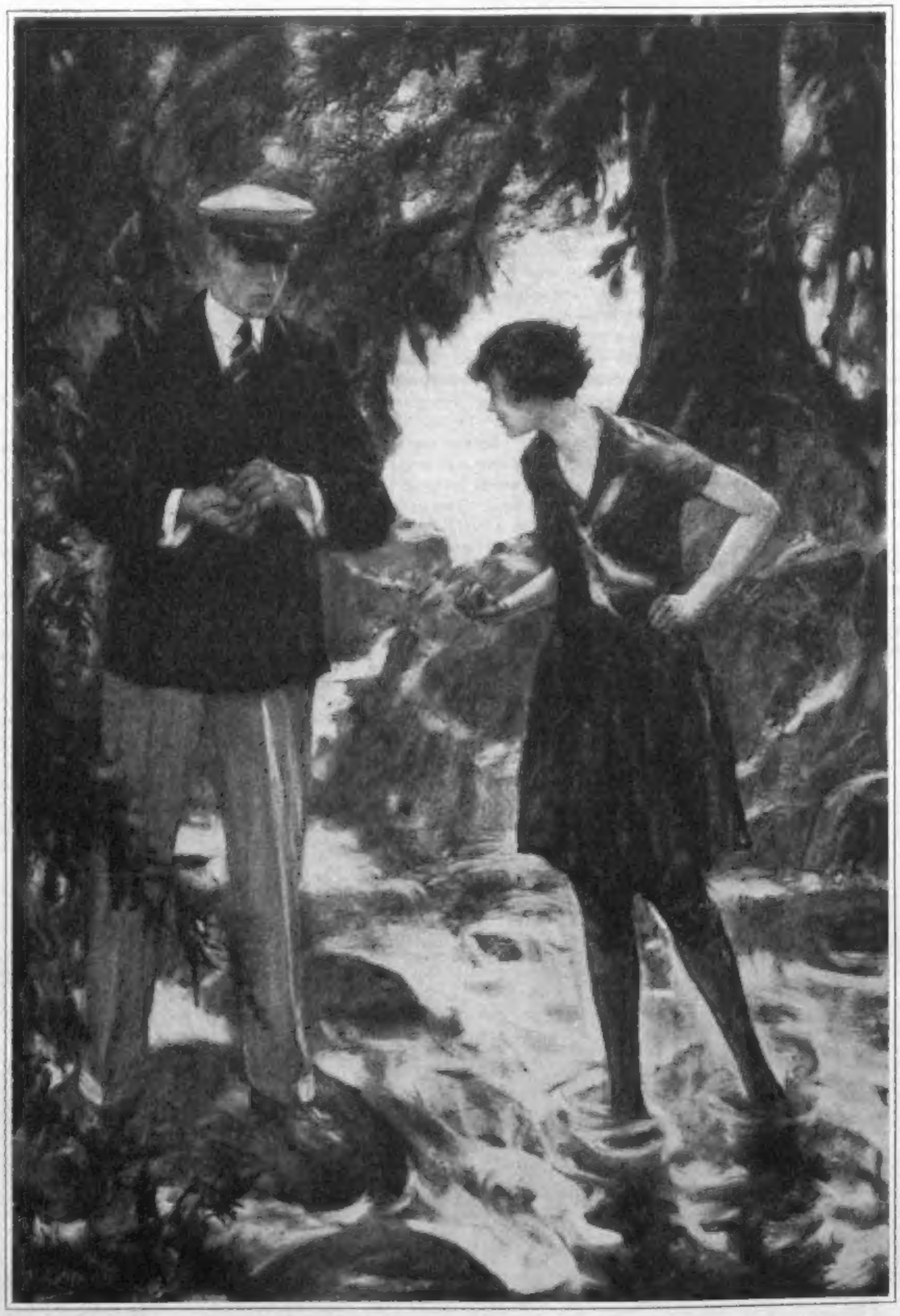
ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

AS HE made his way in woodsmanly fashion through the underbrush, Amory Payne reflected that the setting for his romantic quest was exactly right. Also his sense of values assured him that he was going about it in precisely the proper way.

It would have been, he realized, a tactical error to blow in and come to anchor off the Deforest camp in his splendid new schooner yacht. Yonne and her father and brothers were, of course, indifferent to parade; but indifference was precisely the quality that Amory did not want from any of them, particularly from Yonne.

He now realized that if he had been aware from the start that this visit was the prime objective of his cruise down the coast of Maine, he would have done better to charter or to buy a staunch if battered little cruising boat with a good working sail rig and no motor power, then made the run down east from Norfolk mostly offshore and single-handed, or possibly with one hand to cook and spell him at the wheel. This would have been better, both as a sporting gesture and one of simple stalwart tastes. Also, it would have fallen entirely within his abilities. The family Deforest would have welcomed him as the real H. A. Sailorman, offered him hospitality of their best without the reflection that he had in a material way very much better within his reach. Amory's wealth could not have obtruded, and Yonne's brothers would have appreciated the achievement as a good, robust seagoing stunt of the sort they sometimes did themselves.

No, as a background Amory's schooner yacht Griselda was clean out of the picture as presented to that most relentless type of snob which was the Deforest family. There is the snobbery of wealth—all that its advantages through several generations presumably include—and there are the snobberies of rank and title and religion, and even of health. But it seemed to Amory, whose experience of people was considerable, that the hardest impalpable barrier to break was the snobbery of intellectuals whose distinguished talents kept them very busy, self-centered, and were yet so far comparatively unrecognized commercially as to keep them poor. If he were to find himself unable to break through this shell, or to discover that he really did not care particularly to do so, then his yacht would be very handy to fall back on for the extensive cruise that he had planned. Far better than to be there on the beach with no place to go.



Directly in Front of Him, She Stopped and Held Out Her Hand. "Give Me That Watch," She Said

The reason he had to offer casually for having left the yacht at the little fishing port and walked across the neck was plausible enough. It was only a matter of two miles by land through a pretty belt of woods, second growth, mostly of oaks and maples and beeches and birches, with a sprinkling of spruce and pine, and not so choked with underbrush as to make the going difficult. To sail round the promontory in a vessel of nine-foot draft would be a matter of twenty miles and a little hazardous, with the many unmarked rocks and a fifteen-foot tide. If, later, he chose to bring his schooner round, one of the Deforest boys could pilot him. He wanted to sound out his way a little with the family first, determine the quality of his welcome, be assured that he was not regarded as an intruder whom they—which meant Yonne—could do better without.

Amory had been tremendously attracted to this girl during the past winter. He was not at all sure about her sentiment toward himself. His appreciation of Yonne had, however, reached that stage where he felt that if he were to marry at all, he would rather marry Yonne than any woman he had ever met; and aside from her personality, both physical and intellectual, she was of the type that had always most appealed to him. He was attracted also by what he had seen of her family. The father, a widower, a gentleman and scholar, the president of a comparatively small but distinguished college; one of the brothers an author whose name was becoming rapidly better known; another a marine painter of ability. Yonne was admittedly the most able, though until recently obscure. She had lost time in arriving as an illustrator by working in a scenic studio. The youngest Deforest boy, Paul, two years Yonne's senior, was, Yonne claimed, the most complete artist in the family, though his only accomplishment was in painting the boats, the landing, the mill—whatever might need a coat of paint. Amory liked also the outdoor tang of them all, and their splendid and refreshing vigor.

As he made his way now through the pretty woods on a traverse he had laid out by determining their location on the large-scale local chart, he reflected that this was precisely the right summer environment for such people. A lovely bit of broken coast where the forest grew to the water's edge, oak boughs overhanging five fathoms of clear cold water so that one might literally hook one's grapnel in the fork of a limb and catch a codfish over the stern. The warm air, drenched in sunshine, was fragrant with mingled odors of balsam and leaf mold, with the briny odor of kelp and rockweed and invigorating iodine distilled from it. His course was a tangent that ought, if his woodcraft were as good as his piloting, to bring him out at the head of the cove where the Deforest camp was located. Across the bay was a rich and stylish colony, but the Deforests, he had gathered from Yonne's description, had their immediate location to themselves because of the remoteness of such facilities as most moderns require—a twelve-mile journey over a rough trail to the mainland proper by land and about three miles by water to the markets, post office and nearest telephone.

Coming presently to a little glade where cordwood had been cut and hauled, Amory seated himself in the shade of a beech to cool off a little. To his right he could see a glimpse of blue water not far away, through trees that had been thinned; a small narrow bay, he thought, remembering the chart. He was about to resume his way when he heard something moving through the underbrush. There came with it the creak and whine of some vehicle, and a moment later there emerged from the far side of the clearing a man shoving ahead of him a big wheelbarrow.

Amory was hidden by a fringe of low leafy boughs, so that he could see plainly without being seen. He was about to hail the man and check up on his position when he noticed a certain furtive air in his movements. The man paused, set down the wheelbarrow and stood for a moment as if listening; then, looking back over his shoulder, he turned quickly and pushed the wheelbarrow into a dense clump of laurel where it was completely hidden.

It was about nine in the morning and the air absolutely still. Amory did not move. He felt intuitively that here was some sort of stealthy business which it would be as well not to interrupt. The load in that barrel was very likely contraband, just landed from a boat at the head of the bight. Amory reflected with some disgust that no

part of the coast, however remote, appeared to be clean of such traffic. He could see the man fairly well through his screen of leaves, and even at the distance of a hundred yards he impressed Amory as the type to be in such business while yet respectable enough to be ashamed of it. He might, in fact, have been a city camper of the more experienced sort. He was young, with a fresh clear skin, sunburned rather than weathered, black wavy hair, good features, and he was dressed in khaki trousers held by a belt, a gray flannel shirt and high hunting boots of the moccasin sort. The fact that he was bareheaded was significant, the natives of the place invariably wearing hats or caps.

As if reassured that he was not being followed, he moved then with a lithe silent step to where he had hidden the wheelbarrow, paused a moment to listen again, then stooped, gripped the handles and shoved the loaded vehicle on into the woods. The underbrush hid him immediately, but Amory for some moments could hear the heavy trundling noise and a creaking that seemed to come more from the working of the barrow than from the friction of its wheel. Amory reflected that of all the celebrated works of Leonardo da Vinci, this useful invention of that master had proved unquestionably of the greatest service to mankind—from the builders of cathedrals to rum runners. He wondered also why, in so untenanted a spot, this contrabandist should find it necessary to penetrate so deeply into the woods to make his cache.

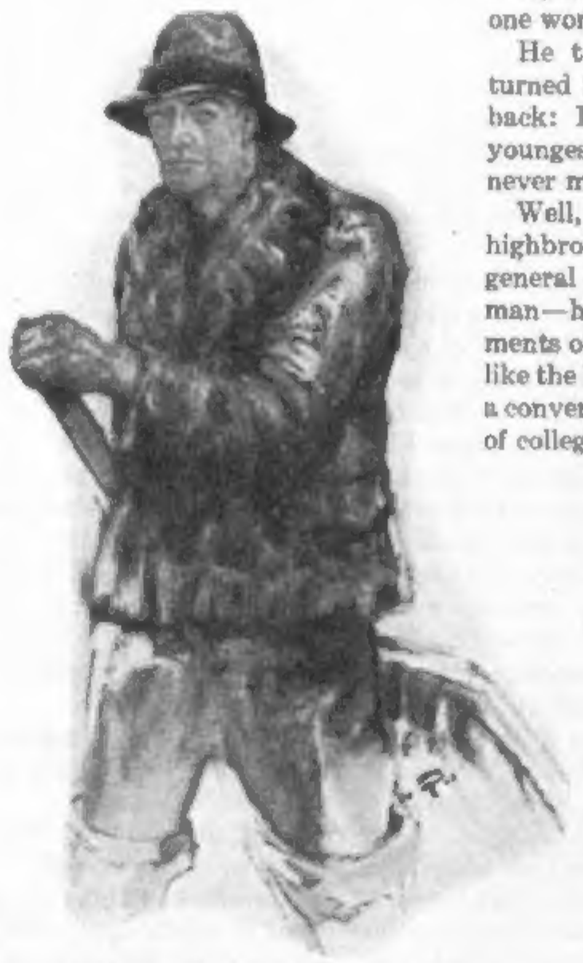
It occurred to him then that it would be interesting to back-track the man down to the shore and to determine, if possible, from where he had come. This act was distinctly opposed to Amory's habitual policy, which was to mind his own business. But the going was rough and it was getting hot, and as it was about half tide, he thought it might be easier and cooler along the rocky shore than through the woods.

Wherefore he crossed the clearing to the point where the man with the wheelbarrow had emerged. Only a person familiar with the woods could have followed the back track. Here and there a bush or seedling was bent down, a dry stick snapped or the faint scar of the iron-tired wheel showed against a root. But Amory knew the woods. His family fortune had come from them—in lumber and the building material into which it was converted. Quite a respectable fortune before the war, it had, during this catastrophe for so many, been quadrupled. Amory's father had, in fact, been a war profiteer of the reputable sort during the time that Amory himself had served with distinction as ensign aboard a destroyer in the North Sea blockade. His qualifications for this billet were excellent, first as a yachtsman of ability and then the intensive course at Annapolis for the practical finishing of such.

Trailing now without much difficulty, he came presently to a shallow ravine, at the bottom of which flowed a brook. Here it was plain enough that the wheelbarrow had passed. The dead leaves were scuffled where it had been slidden down the farther slope on its supports. There was a splash across a flat dry stone against which it had bumped in the water of a pool and another scuffling where it had been wheeled diagonally up the other bank.

As Amory stood looking at these signs, a flashing object on the gravel bed of the brook caught his eye. He stepped to the spot and picked up a man's wrist watch. It had stopped at a quarter past nine. The strap, which was worn out, had broken, but the watch was of a good make.

Amory turned it over in his hand, then looked up the bank. It needed no great deduction to tell him that the strain on the wrist steadying the wheelbarrow across the brook had burst the strap that must have been set up too snug for such effort, and that the man's eyes, fixed ahead to mark his course, had not noticed the falling of the watch, its splash drowned in that of his passage. Then, as Amory examined the watch more closely, he saw that it was not an ordinary cheap one, but a fine Geneva make bearing a well-known name. Such a watch, he knew, might cost in this country about a hundred dollars. This would seem to eliminate its owner as a local boatman of the place or any other inhabitant apt to be engaged in wheeling a couple of cases of spirits into the woods. He glanced back again in the direction from which he had come, partly minded to follow the man's trail and restore his property, saying casually, "Here, I'm not interested in your business, but I found your watch, and it seems to be one worth returning."



A Harsh Voice Asked, "Wa-ant I Should Set You Aboard, Cap'n?"

He took the watch out of the leather case, turned it over and saw it was engraved on the back: P. R. D. Amory thought naturally of the youngest Deforest, brother Paul, whom he had never met.

Well, here at least was a Deforest who was not highbrow. The initials checked and so did the general appearance of the young wheelbarrow man—his bare head, the lithe and graceful movements of a trained athlete, his clothes—for a camp like the Deforests', which Yonne had told him was a converted sawmill. But Paul Deforest, just out of college, should be about twenty-three or four, and the man with the barrow impressed Amory as older than that.

He was standing on the flat natural stepping-stones where the brook shoaled over a ripple of pebbles and ruddy sand. He had put the watch back in its strap and was now swinging it as he stood there on the stones looking in the direction the young man had taken. It did not occur to him that Paul—if it were he, as Amory suspected—might be seriously engaged in this shady business with pals of less respectability. Neither did Amory realize that he himself must at that moment present a strong resemblance to a rum spy. He had not cared to walk in on the Deforest camp in stylish yachting costume, but had put on a slightly weathered blue coat and an old yachting cap. So that from a distance he might easily be taken for the officer of a Coast Guard rum scout.

Through the intuition of what is called a sixth sense and may possibly be the subconscious acuteness of perception in a special one, Amory felt suddenly that he was being watched. He swung round sharply and seemed to catch a flash of motion and color at the side of a big white pine on

The Canoe Rounded a Jutting Promontory and Was Hidden From Amory's Sight. He Sighed Again and Turned Away. To be Loved by a Girl Like That

the top of the farther bank. Watching this closely, he saw a slight excrescence that was not the color of bark, about five and a half feet above the foot of the tree, and at the same moment a blue jay that had lighted on a birch beside it began to scream denouncingly.

Somebody, Amory knew, was watching him covertly from behind the tree, and this person would be the one whose spying had been suspected by the man with the wheelbarrow.

His position there might not be entirely healthy. It was possible that he had stumbled on the trail to a cache where not one but many such loads of contraband were stored pending distribution. He called out:

"You, there, behind the tree! Never mind the spy stuff! I'm not interested in your game!"

To his complete surprise, there stepped out in plain sight neither the salty smuggler that he had half expected nor the official who might have been on the trail of such. Instead, there emerged in plain view a young woman dressed in a fashion identical with that of the man with the wheelbarrow; her costume might have been Camp Fire Girl or that of a rough camp—short khaki skirt, flannel shirt, light-wool stockings and brown sneakers of the heavy sort. She came down the bank with defiant directness, and as she reached the brookside Amory discovered that she was a very robust girl of perhaps twenty, strongly made, but lithe, and with a supple grace that had about it nothing of the rustic sort, but bespoke athletic training. He saw also that she would have been a very pretty girl except for her present expression, which was that of a badly frightened boy of the wrong sort of adventurous tendencies whose fears, when cornered, take the form of defiant sullenness.

There was something more, and still less pleasing—the bristling animosity of the sulky panther cub that her face somewhat suggested. An air of ominous determination showed in her tawny eyes, which were a shade lighter than her hair. This was bobbed in a becoming but nondescript way, overgrown, yet not precisely unkempt because of its thickness and natural wave—like an Airedale in need of plucking, Amory thought.

The wrist watch was still dangling from his hand, and the girl's eyes fastened on it.

"Where did you get that watch?" she asked in a voice that was husky—almost a growl.

"I just found it in the brook."

"Well, I lost it and was coming back to look for it." The lie came so promptly and brazenly from her lips that Amory smiled. She noticed this and frowned with a darkening of features that, though unusual, had still a certain allure.

"Can you prove your ownership?" Amory asked. "You see, you're a stranger to me."

"Of course I can. It's got my initials on the back, P. R. D."

"Right," said Amory. "There's just one little point, though, that doesn't quite check." He joined the wrist strap where the buckle had torn out from its last hole, then held it up so that the circumference became apparent. "That's scarcely what you'd call a fit, even"—he glanced at her ankle, which was shapely like the rest of her—"if you wore it on your ankle."

The sudden flame in her face startled him a little. It was like blowing on a live ember, and it faded just as quickly. She looked frightened and at the same time dangerous. This pretty girl, Amory decided, might have the courage needed for a bobbed-haired contrabandist, but certainly she lacked the requisite sang-froid. The dread in her face struck him as extreme, even if she suspected him, as was probable, of being a Federal officer who had discovered her male accomplice wheeling into the woods a couple of cases of spirits.

"Well, anyhow," she said sullenly, "you heard me give the right initials on the watch, and I want it. I know to whom it belongs."

"I think I do too," Amory said, "and I'd rather return it to the owner myself."

The effect of this statement astonished him. For a moment the girl's face looked terror-stricken. She drew herself together and started to walk toward him where he stood on a flat stone in the middle of the brook. Though possible to reach the place dry-shod, with a little care, she ignored the stepping-stones and waded ankle-deep in water. Just above this spot the brook trickled down over a shelving moss-covered ledge into a clear pool that looked like a splendid place for trout.

The girl's advance sent a sudden thrill through Amory. There was something ominous about this offensive in the face of and despite her evident fright, which appeared now to be converted into desperate determination. There was no mistaking her intention—that she meant to get possession of that watch if she had to battle for it tooth and nail there in the middle of the brook. One could no more have misread the frightened but ferocious resolve stamped on her features than one could mistake that on the face of a pantheress cornered at a lair in which her cubs were hidden—fright for their safety and her own would be there, but would be disregarded in the resolution to attack. More humanly, the girl might have been a Russian fugitive with her brother or lover suddenly confronted in a desolate spot by some lone official who had crossed the trail of their retreat and the capture by whom meant death.

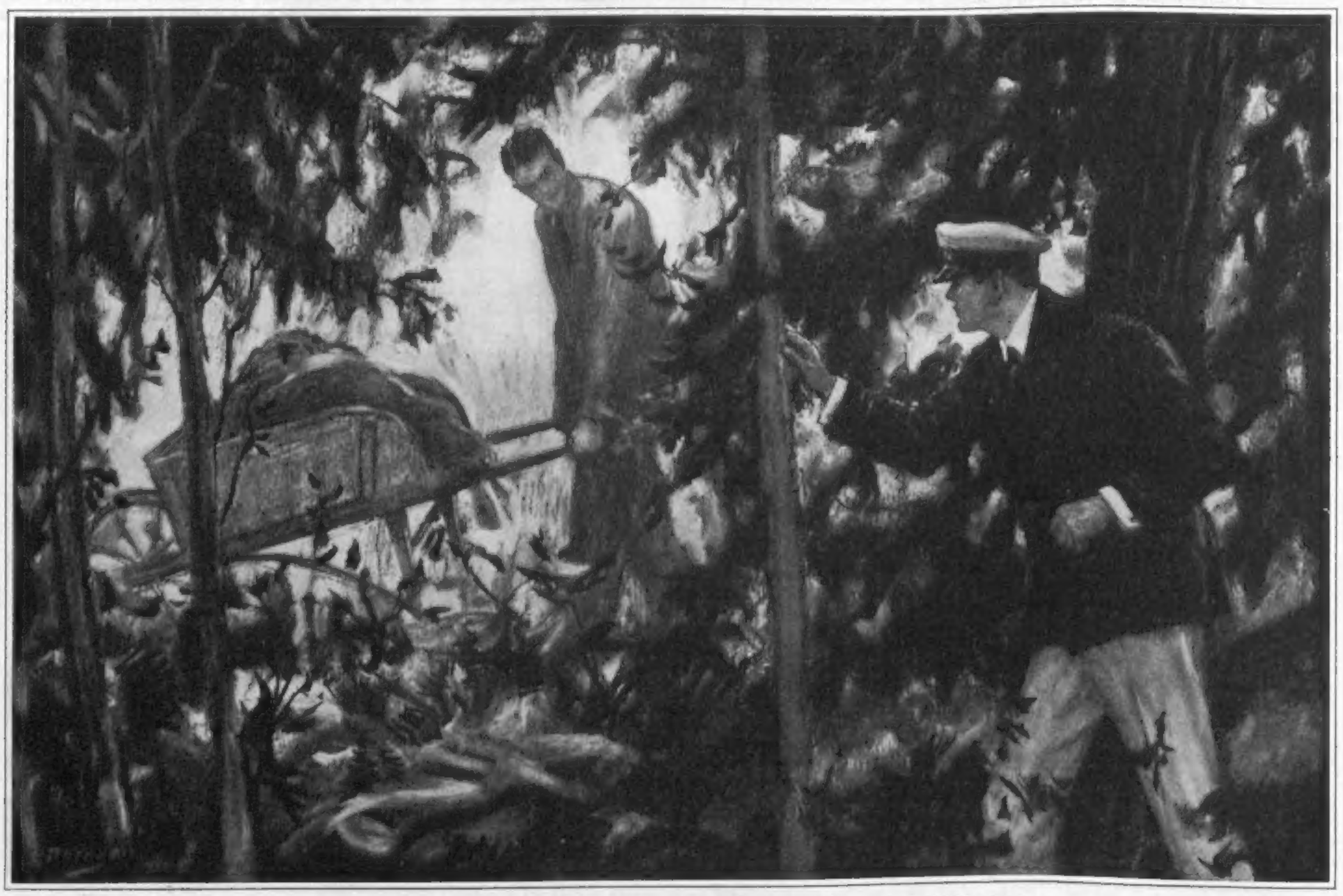
This sudden action was startling to Amory, because it seemed so disproportionate to the exigencies of the situation. If the girl had been less frightened or more conversant with the official insignia, she must have discovered at a glance that he was an inoffensive yachtsman with no official or other designs against anybody. This would have been apparent from the cut and texture of his coat, the stripes on its cuff—of amateur significance, being black braid instead of gold—and from his white cap, which bore the fouled anchors and pennant of the New York Yacht Club and not the United States Revenue Service. But she was unaware of this, nor did her error occur to Amory himself. He was taken completely at a loss by the girl's ominous animosity, and he was shocked by it rather than alarmed. It did not seem possible that she meant to attack him physically, to get possession of that watch at any cost and by any means that might lie within her power.

Directly in front of him she stopped and held out her hand. "Give me that watch," she said.

II

AMORY had, on her approach, shoved the watch into his side pocket. He now stared her in the eyes, and though anything but a young man of feeble will, his gaze encountered such an impact of hatred and hostile determination as to give him that curious primitive reflex of

(Continued on Page 56)



The Man Paused, Set Down the Wheelbarrow and Stood for a Moment as if Listening

THE IMMORTAL GYPSY

By PEGGY WOOD

Mme. Calvé and Miss Wood in an Amateur Movie Written by Calvé in Which She Appears as the Irate Mother Defending Her Son Against the Wiles of a Vamp

THE dreadful vaudeville orchestra blares the theme of Carmen, the curtain rises, the front-light man focuses an amber spot at Left Center, where the special drop opens, and there into its radiance moves a new radiance, with black eyes glowing, black bobbed hair glistening with the sheen of health no amount of brilliantine can ever give, black-and-gold gown shimmering, red lips curved into an enchanting smile—and Emma Calvé greets another audience. Carmen, at sixty-two, returns to America, the scene of her greatest triumphs, for a short tour in the two-a-day—and knocks 'em cold again.

Once more the beauty, gayety and insolence of the immortal gypsy flame across the footlights unimpaired by the years, as Calvé flaunts her orange shawl, and we who never saw "the greatest of Carmens" at the Metropolitan Opera House in the days when the world spoke of nothing else, catch our breaths in wonder as the tango rhythm of the Habanera flings its challenge again to her. What are sixty-two years? Who cares for embonpoint? What difference if this is a Friday and the tenth show of the week? There, before our amazed eyes, is a vivid something created in her imagination and projected into our lives that has nothing to do with time or space.

So lightninglike is the coördination of mind and vocal instrument, so rightly does she color each phrase with her thought, that even a radio audience could not fail to grasp her meaning as quickly as one which can see the flash and swing of her head and hear the snap of those mobile fingers as they simulate the castanets.

The Way to Charm an Audience

AND that ability is no mere happenstance. She knows how she does it. In the mist gathering in my eyes before so brave, so valiant an artist, I see another scene with that same Calvé as the central figure, with but three pairs of eyes to watch. It was at a morning lesson in the salon of her castle in the south of France, where, from ten to twelve, she undertook to give us some inkling of her uncanny knowledge of the theater and singing.

She had not been well that day, but she did not shirk her task.

"They have all said, 'Oh, Calvé is too temperamental to give regular lessons; you will waste your time with her.' But it is not so. I love to teach, I have agreed to give you your lessons, and besides, I am interested."

So that day she leaned against the piano wanly, arrayed in a blue cotton robe an Arab woman had given her in Egypt, and which she had unearthed from one of her forty trunks to use as a model for an evening wrap to be done in cloth of gold for the coming season, woolen stockings and old snake-skin shoes, listening to one of us sing the Garden Scene from Faust.

Suddenly she raised her head and said: "No, no, my child; not a bit like it. The notes, yes; but they are not all-important. Listen. Marguerite is young—no more than eighteen—she is simple, she is poor; she has never had a well-dressed man speak to her before in her life; she thinks about it, and in the phrase where she wonders what his name is she betrays the beginnings of love. These things you must think in your mind, then your voice, hands, face and everything will help you tell the audience. Watch me."

And she began the whole scene from the moment Marguerite enters thinking of her encounter with the handsome stranger. The blue cotton robe disappeared, the sick woman disappeared, age and all melted away, and in its stead was a girl whose voice was young, whose hands were young, whose every movement was youth. Her expression when she saw the casket of jewels, her preening before the imaginary mirror—and I, the only one really of the theater in that tiny audience, realizing what I was seeing, sat on the huge silk divan and blubbed, it was so beautiful!

She stopped in the middle of a phrase: "*Ça y est*," she said. And indeed, there it was.

"This business of thinking is very important in singing," she continued. "It must be subconscious as well as conscious thinking. By one you put yourself in the mood, and by the other you let the mood influence all you do. In the first place, never appear before an audience saying to yourself or in your manner, 'I'm good, I am. Just listen to me and you'll hear some gorgeous singing.' That, my dears, is fatal. Your audience will resent it. They want to be the ones to tell you whether you are good or not. Deny them that right, and no matter how well you sing, they will think you a stuck-up thing and stay firmly away from your public appearances. Therefore, never let on how good you know you are! No, come before your audience bowing a little hesitantly, as if to say, 'How do you do? I am glad to see you. Are you glad to see me?' Then stand before them simply—and by the way, don't ever wear a fussy dress in concert, but have it made on as near classic lines as is possible with the current mode—take in the whole house—gallery, boxes, stalls—as if to greet them. Don't fawn on your public or try to be coy; be simple. When I greet my audience I bear myself as if I were saying, '*Je ne suis qu'une petite fille de Dieu*—I am but a little child of God—as we all are. What I have to offer I think is good; I hope you will think so too.'"

The Château de Cabrieres. In Circle—Mme. Calvé on the Terrace of Her Château

She stretched out her arms in a wide gesture, her eyes turned upward to an imaginary gallery.

"Take them to your heart and they will take you to theirs. Make them feel you are happy to be the medium by which they are given pleasure, and do it in simplicity and humbleness of manner. If you do not do this you may sing like an angel out of heaven and get two or three hand spats for your trouble. Do this and"—her eyes twinkled—"you may sing like the devil himself and bring down the roof! For from the moment you establish that contact with your listeners, you, instead of they, become master, and far from being dependent on their good will, your moods are their moods and they must do as you say—or rather, as you think."

We were only three that year to listen, but I felt as if all the concert artists and actors in the world ought to have been tuned in, for here was an analysis of charm, the secret of handling an audience, of preparing them for your interpretations.

The Operantics Out of Opera

THIS was like receiving the tablets of stone, for it was one of the world's greatest actresses talking, as well as one of the greatest singers. In fact, Mrs. Fiske declares that the two finest actresses of our time were not, as the man in the street might say, Duse and Bernhardt, but Duse and Calvé.

Certainly she took the operantics out of grand opera and put in acting. Thanks to her Santuzza and Carmen, we are spared the semaphoric wavings of pudgy tenors and even more pudgy sopranos whose fat arms described circles in the air in response to the demands of their lungs for more wind with which to lambaste the high notes rather than to interpret the emotions of love and terror. Ever since Calvé swaggered her way across the stage in run-down, high-heeled slippers to toss a rose at a startled Don José, it has been up to the rest of them to go and learn to act. Why, nowadays it's a poor show if the Carmen doesn't knock a tooth or two out for somebody and leave a handful of her own hair in someone's clutch.

I wonder if opera singers don't sometimes give vent to hearty curses on the head of her who has caused them all this extra work for the same pay. Still, there is the consolation that if they haven't the ingenuity to learn how to do it by themselves, they can at least go to the past and present mistress of the art and find out how it is done.

(Continued on Page 40)

THE GOOD GIRL

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE D. ALEXANDER

DOWN in the lower field, between the brook and the high ground where the cows were pasturing, Uncle Joel had been mowing since the sun was an hour high. The shrill, harsh note of the mowing machine came monotonously through the still morning air. It was a good hay day, a Saturday in mid-July, and the hay Uncle Joel cut this morning would be baked and cured and ready for the mow before mid-afternoon. Gay Hunt was helping him, trimming out with a scythe the corners the mower could not reach. The men came up to the house in the late forenoon, when they had cut as much as they could handle in the afternoon, and they sat in the grateful shade on the kitchen porch till dinnertime. Mrs. Rising, Joel's widowed sister, who kept house for him, prepared their dinner, and Lydy helped her. Sharp at noon Mrs. Rising called them in, and the men ate at first in silence till their hunger was contented, and then more leisurely. Mrs. Rising and Lydy—she had been christened Lydia Thorpe—attended them.

By and by Gay Hunt, tilting back his chair, said amiably, "Well, you all coming to the dance at the Grange tonight?"

"I been telling Lydy she'd ought to go," Mrs. Rising declared.

Gay looked at the girl; and Uncle Joel wiped his mouth with his hand and asked, "'Low to go, do you, Lydy?"

Lydy did not allow to go, and Mrs. Rising answered for her.

"She don't want to go alone," she said acidly. "And nobody's bid her. I tell her nobody's likely to, long as she stays home here all the time till they don't know she's alive. Never goes anywhere any more'n if she was a cripple. I tell her she'd ought to go."

"All of you come," Gay urged. "Old-fashioned dances." He chuckled. "You'd ought to hear me call 'em and see 'em step. I'd like to see you hop, Joel."

Joel shook his heavy head. "Past my time," he confessed, but his eyes lighted faintly. "I used to go, when first we was married. Ever you see the Spanish and Hop, Gay?"

"Never did," Gay admitted. "I've heard pa tell about doing it. How'd it go?"

Joel hesitated, then got to his feet and took two or three awkward, lumbering steps, humming in a monotone. Then suddenly flushed beneath the saddle-brown of his cheek and shook his head, but Gay applauded.

"That's the ticket!" he cried. "You come over and show 'em tonight, Joel."

But Joel's embarrassment thrust him back into his chair. He was a heavy, stolid man; you would not have been inclined to credit him with any wit or guile.

"Lydy, why don't you go?" he suggested uncertainly.

The girl made no reply in words. She was not uncomely; she had the full vigor of body which her life on the farm had bestowed upon her, wore a healthy savor. But she had no gift of tongue, and this was an old argument among them. Mrs. Rising pursued it now:

"Setting here at home all the time. You'll set here the rest of your days, I wouldn't wonder, and never turn a hand."

"There's worse things," Joel said defensively.

"Waiting for the men to come after you," Mrs. Rising insisted; and Lydy suffered, and Gay Hunt, himself faintly ill at ease at the turn the talk had taken, got to his feet.

"Come on, Joel. We can start raking, sun like it is today."

So he and Joel went back to the lower field again, and Lydy and Mrs. Rising did the dishes, and Mrs. Rising spoke her mind. Other girls had company, she reminded Lydy.

"I've Been in the Office Ever Since I Finished Law School," the Young Man Told Joel. "Don't Leave Me Much Time for Fishing. Church on Sunday and—Father's Particular"

"But a boy comes around you, you freeze him up, the way you set and never say a word. A man likes his talking done for him when he's around a girl. A pity you couldn't find a tongue in your head oncet in a while."

Lydy did not even reply to Mrs. Rising. Dumb silence was her only defense against the aching pain the other's strictures woke in her. She had become used to solitary ways, had come to accept the fact that she was like to go unchosen. She wished to be besought, but there was a hideous shyness in her which froze her lips and blanched her cheeks, even here at home. She had not the easy trick of empty words, and to speak her thoughts would be like nakedness.

"You keep on," said Mrs. Rising bitterly, "and you'll be an old maid on our hands."

Lydy escaped at last and left the house, a faint quickening in her step, a faint defiance in her heart. For Mrs. Rising, she told herself, might not be so right as she supposed. There were some things even Mrs. Rising did not know—some sweet and secret things. She went through the barn and the tie-up and down the pasture lane. The lane ran along the high ground above the brook and there was a stone wall at one side. Across the wall the brook had undermined the bank so that the turf was full of hollows and it overhung the water in a smooth festoon. One of these hollows in the turf was like a hammock or a pleasant couch and Lydy long since had found it out. Here she liked to lie alone and dream, while against the blue sky overhead the great white clouds sailed idly by.

She came to the place today and climbed the wall and was alone. The wall behind her and the cedars across the brook shut her from any eye; the turbulence of the stream filled her ears with singing that barred all other sounds. Here she would lie till the lengthening shadows warned her to return. She curled in her turfy hollow now, and since it was not yet shadowed by the wall, she lay basking in the sun, her arm flung across her eyes, her body curved to the contours of the ground. But her eyes, beneath the shelter of her arm, were open; she watched the bend of the brook above her, three or four rods away. This was Saturday; on Saturdays he was used to come.

He had come first on a warm Saturday in May. The hot sun had wooed Lydy out-of-doors, tempting her with the fragrance of new leaves and shy flowers and the balsams in the swamp among the cedars. She brought from the barn that day a bundle of dry hay so that she might not feel the moisture of the ground, and she spread it in her hollow here and lay to play with dreams. Mrs. Rising would have been surprised by Lydy's dreams; they were the sort you could not read in Lydy's eyes. The girl did not wear the aspect of a dreamer. She was so sturdy and so still, and seemed all unresponsive to the matters of the world. But she had dreams, for all that, and on this May day she swam in them. As they more completely owned her, she drowsed, must have been sleeping when he came down the brook and found her there.

She had not seen him, for her eyes—whether she slept or no—were closed. She had not heard him, for the brook song filled her ears. She lay there at length and carelessly, her garments in disorder, till to her ear that rested against the warm ground there came a dull vibration and a shadow fell across her face, and she roused and opened her eyes and looked up and saw him there. His feet were just beside her head—just above her head—her eyes ran up along him. And at first she thought her dreams persisted, but then she knew, and sat up quickly and pulled her skirts to order and got to her feet and would have made some haste away.

But he said quickly: "No, don't go. I didn't see you till I got right here. I didn't mean to wake you up. Don't go. I'm going right on down brook."

He was fishing. His basket hung against his hip; he held a bright rod and there was a bait box at his belt. She was startled and still half asleep and somewhat trembling.

"Stay here," he urged again. "I'm going right on."

She looked uncertainly toward the wall above them, which hid them so securely.

"Time I was back to the house," she murmured, as much to herself as to him.

The water swirled about a rock below them and he baited his hook and dropped it in. She watched him, since he seemed to have forgotten her. The worm twisted in his fingers, the line swung in the sun, drew taut as the current caught the bait and swept it swift downstream. He caught a little trout and tossed it back and reeled in his line again.

"Little ones," he said, and he looked at her. "Some good ones in this brook, though," he assured her, and when she did not speak, he added: "Well, good-by."

She wished to ask so many questions, but she could only watch him dumbly as he moved away. She saw him try a pool below the rip, pretending not to know that she was watching him; he had no luck there, and passed on, and presently was lost among the alders down the stream. And that was all of his first coming.

But there had been other times since then. After that first encounter Lydy watched for days—she could see from the house a reach of brook through the meadow upstream for his return again. He came next on the succeeding Saturday, and she slipped down through the barn to peer at him as he went by. If he had looked that way he might have seen the pale oval of her face in the window of the tie-up, withdrawn among the shadows there. But he was busy fishing, did not turn his head at all, and she dared not go near.

Later she mustered her courage to await his coming by the brookside, and when he discovered her he was ill at ease, discomforted, uncertain what to do. But she scarce spoke to him, or he to her, and the brook was fruitful and the girl seemed harmless. So he continued to return.

One day toward mid-June a shower caught him as he came opposite the barn and he took shelter there, and Lydy, who had gone down to the brook, returned when the rain began, to find him and her Uncle Joel talking together. They sat in the hay cart, their legs hanging between the staves on the sides, and Lydy stood near by, unwilling to depart. His name, she learned that day, was Walter Byron; he was John Byron's son. She knew that name—a lawyer in East Harbor.

"I've been in the office ever since I finished law school," the young man told Joel. "Don't leave me much time for fishing. Church on Sunday and—father's particular. So I only get out Saturday afternoons." He added that he preferred this brook below her uncle's farm to any other. "Try to make it every Saturday," he declared.

That night Joel told Mrs. Rising of the incident. Mrs. Rising had heard rumors and whisperings about young Walter Byron and related them. A wild young man, she declared, and a trouble to his pa.

"He drives a car a mile a minute," she declared bitterly. "Went past me the last time I was in East Harbor so close he like to took the hem off my skirt when I was crossing Post Office Square. If it was me, I'd warn him off the farm."

And Lydy scarce breathed till she heard Joel negative this suggestion. She had built out of these small rumors a picture complete and thrilling—the likeness of a gay and laughing and audacious youth, fit companion for still dreams.

Sometimes when he found her waiting by the brook he stopped a moment there to speak to her while he rebaited his hook, or rested, or filled his pipe anew. When one Saturday he did not come, her days were dark for a week thereafter.

So now on this good hay day in mid-July she lay by the brook and waited for him, and by and by he came along the bank above her. The afternoon drew toward its end and the shadows were already lengthening. She had begun to fear he would not come. When he saw her he frowned doubtfully, and she was torn. But instantly he smiled and she smiled faintly too. He spoke to her and she nodded, and he sat down on a buttress of the wall above her and wiped his brow.

"Hot," he said.

"Yes."

"Yes, sir, surely is hot," he repeated. She said nothing, and he moved restlessly. "Hottest day this year," he declared, "that I remember."

"Did you do anything?" she asked in the current phrase.

He tilted his basket. "Sixteen," he told her. "Some pretty good ones. They're in the deep pools."

He showed her one, better than a foot long, and she said gravely, "That's a big one."

And he filled his pipe and lighted it, and she tried to think of some word to say, but could not; so presently he rose.

"Well, got to move," he told her, and added as he turned away, "Good-by. See you next year."

So speech was torn from her:

"Next year!"

Her tone was level, in a paralyzed monotone of despair. She had built dreams about him.

"Season ends today," he reminded her, "in this county. No more fishing around here."

"Oh," she said, could say no more, and he went away.

Joel Thorpe, in the lower field, saw the figure of the young man moving slowly down brook, trying here and there a pool. Joel was gathering the last few wisps of hay for a final load. The heavy work was done and Gay Hunt had gone home. When he drove up to the barn, Mrs. Rising asked where Lydy was, and Joel went to fetch her. He may have known her retreat, for he went directly down the lane and leaned across the wall

He saw that she was lying on her face there, and when he called her and she looked up at him, her cheeks were streaked with tears

Joel was a heavy, laborious block of a man; a storm might blow within him and never stir the surface. But that night at supper, when Mrs. Rising chided Lydy on the ancient ground, he interrupted suddenly in stormy tones.

He said, "Let the girl be!" So that Mrs. Rising was astonished, but she was silenced too.

Save for those tears whose traces Uncle Joel had seen upon her cheeks, Lydy did not betray to anyone the grief and loneliness which sore beset her. She had built dreams on Walter Byron, but these dreams were her own affair. Uncle Joel did ask her, awkwardly, some questions meant in gentle fashion, but she evaded him and his inquiries, and clothed herself in silence all secure till Uncle Joel appeared to accept her evasions and ceased his questionings. And Lydy did her tasks about the farm and the summer days droned by

She might presently, if she chose, have forgotten Walter, for toward the end of July another young man came to the farm. Jasper Fess lived on the East Harbor road a mile or so from Joel, and his son Lucius one day drove over to negotiate with Joel the purchase of a cow whose new calf was bawling in the barn. Mrs. Rising and Joel, it happened, had driven that day to the village, so that Lydy was alone, and she came to the door when Lucius knocked there, and heard his inquiry, and told him Joel was away. But Lucius took off his hat and sat down on the shady porch and said it was a hot day, and Lydy stood within the screen door and doubtfully agreed

Lucius had driven over in his father's car, and it now stood just before them in the barnyard. He said the radiator

(Continued on Page 126)

There Came a Dull Vibration and a Shadow Fell Across Her Face, She Roused and Opened Her Eyes and Looked Up and Saw Him There

RUNNING FOR ROONEY

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THOUGH I'd plastered about a pound of choice sirloin steak on the old left eye and had it frescoed in the afternoon by Joe the barber, it still ain't what she used to be when I gets home that evening. Dan Groves, who's there for dinner, pipes the fist print pronto.

"Where," he inquires, "did you get the lamp shade?"

"Different places," I growls. "Is it any skin off your pink toes?"

"You always did have an eye for color," grins Dan. "It looks," he adds, moving up for a close inspection, "like a seasick rainbow. I suppose the other guy's widow is even now shopping for tombstones."

"There wasn't any other guy," I barks. "Can't a gentleman ——"

"Tell mumsy," cuts in Groves. "What struck you—a train of thought or a mere coincidence?"

"Ever see an innocent bystander—afterwards?" I asks.

"Ah," says Dan. "You one of those things?"

"In spades," I assures him.

"Unbosom," invites Groves, pulling me into a chair on the porch. "The gals are inside."

"It was like this," says I: "I'm walking over to the factory this morning and I takes a short cut down Spruce—you know what a tough alley that is."

"It must have been some other street," remarks Dan. "You've only got one black eye and no internal injuries as far as I can see."

"At the corner of High," I resumes, "a mob of fifteen or twenty bobos are milling around in some kind of a row. Not having been invited to the party, I starts to pass around the clutter. All of a sudden the battleground shifts in my direction and the first thing I know I'm in the middle of the mess, with perfect strangers leaving their calling cards on my jaw. It seems the boys forgot all about the original fuss. They all become pitchers and I do the catching."

"I see," says Groves. "The mill hadn't been doing so well, so they appointed you receiver."

"Of course," I goes on, "I uncorked a few myself, walloping around with a book I carried ——"

"Book!" exclaims Dan. "What book?"

"I don't know," I returns. "A book the frau gave me to drop in the box for the soldiers' hospital. Well, in a few minutes I'm so groggy and blinded that I'm hitting guys from memory. Finally I takes a Chicago count. When I comes to, there's a bull leaning over me and nobody else in sight."

"With that lamp," suggests Dan, "you weren't so much in sight yourself. Were you pinched?"

"What a question!" I yelps. "Wasn't I an innocent bystander? It took me half an hour to salve myself out of the station house. At that I think the captain would have charged me with inciting a riot if he could have spelled 'inciting.'"

"I knew a feller once," remembers Groves, "who was booked for arson instead of assault, because the desk sergeant didn't know the king's English."

"That's not so bad," says I. "All kings aren't English, are they?"

Just then the wife pulls us in to dinner. Despite the attitude of deep thought I assumes at the table, resting my garbled glimmer in my left hand, the old gal tumbles quick to the damage, but a stall about a fan belt busting loose at the factory and smacking me in the eye gets over.

An hour or so later we're playing cards and I'm again feeling on pretty good terms with the world, when there's a knock on the half open door and I looks up to see a big overstuffed bozo waddle into the hall. Without a word he clumps into the living room and oozes into a seat.

"Know me?" he asks, flicking ashes off his cigar onto the missis' installment period rug.

"The face isn't familiar," says I, "but the manner is. You got your pews mixed, feller. The barrel house you're looking for is around the corner."

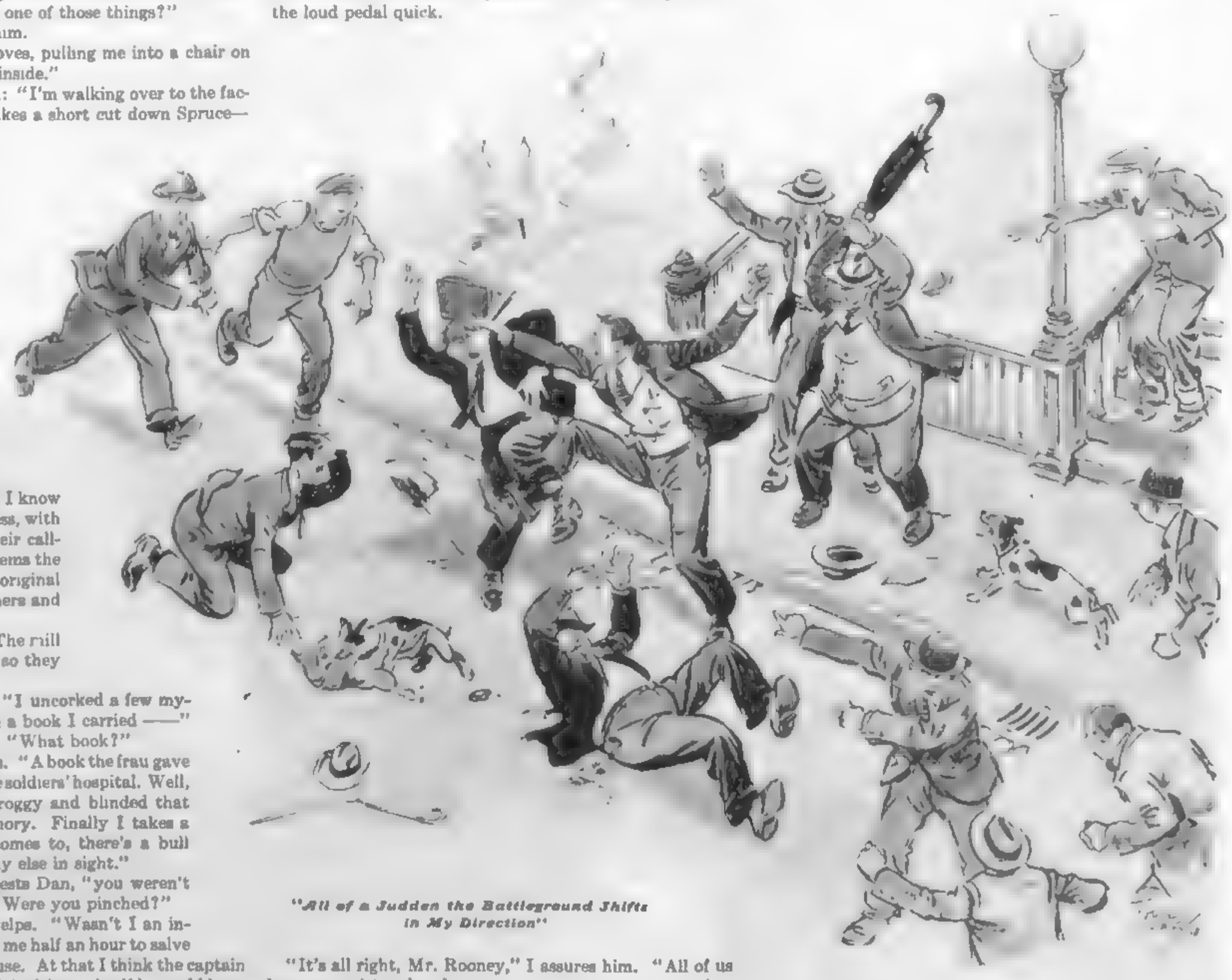
"I'm Rooney," announces the crasher, taking the hand from his El Ropo and tossing it on the floor.

"Get some sawdust," I shouts to Dan, "and make this baby feel at home!"

"Who's your barroom boy friend?" oars in the frau.

The little visitor smiles amiable. "John Rooney," says he "Honest John Rooney."

"Oh," exclaims Groves, "the district leader!" And I sees now that it is indeed he. Plenty of his pictures had been printed in the last campaign. He's no bird for me to get fresh with, seeing that the layout I'm working for sells lots of stuff to the street department, so I takes my foot off the loud pedal quick.



"All of a Judden the Battleground Shifts In My Direction"

"It's all right, Mr. Rooney," I assures him. "All of us here are registered and you can count on us as per usual to put the X in the proper spots."

"Ever think any," he inquires, "of going into politics—of running for something yourself?"

"Me!" I gasps. "I'd look swell in a silk hat, wouldn't I? Why, there aren't three people in the precinct that know me and two of them can't vote."

"That may have been so yesterday," says Rooney, "but not today. The whole ward's talking about you."

"About me?" I comes back, puzzled. "About what?"

"Cheese!" growls Honest John, with a look of disgust. "Didn't you think that ruckus at High and Spruce ——"

"Good gosh," I cuts in, "is a fist fight in the Seventeenth anything to get garrulous about?"

"Fist fight!" snaps the wife.

"I suppose," bites off Rooney, sarcastic, "you ain't even seen the evening paper." And he pulls one from his overcoat pocket. I grabs it out of his hands, hunts all over the front page for my name, and finally finds it under this headline:

YOUNG PATRIOT BATTLES MOB
TO SAVE LIFE OF WASHINGTON

Goggle-eyed and with the growing feeling that the beating I'd taken must have jarred me loose from some of my marbles, I reads the stuff under the screamer.

"What," I demands of the frau when I gasps to the finish of the piece, "was that book you gave me this morning for the wounded soldiers?"

"I don't know," she returns. "Something that was lying around the attic when we came here. Why?"

"Was it about George Washington?" I persists.

"Come to think of it," says the missis, "yes, it was. What's the matter? What's in the paper?"

"Read it to 'em," I grunts, and tosses over the sheet to Dan. He starts:

The extent to which Europe will go to suppress true American history in this country and to introduce books slimily saturated with foreign lies and libels was illustrated this morning, when a young patriot, George Dawson, carrying Stanley's Life of George Washington, was set upon by a mob at Spruce and High Streets and brutally beaten.

It is believed that the thugs, undoubtedly hired by foreign gold, knew of Dawson's keen interest in the campaign for American facts in American books and his labors in spreading the true story of George Washington as portrayed in Stanley's volume, and lay in wait for him near his place of business.

Dawson defended himself valiantly, stretching at least a dozen of his assailants on the pavement. Heavily outnumbered, he was finally rendered senseless. When the police arrived, Dawson, though unconscious, was found hugging the Life of Washington to his breast.

"The fight has just begun," declared the sturdy young patriot. "Others will march under the slogan—Facts Made by Americans for American-Made Books."

The wife and Groves' listen with their mouths so wide open you could have backed tanks into 'em sideways. Even Dan almost swallows his tongue during the reading.

"George," murmurs the frau at the end, "I never knew ——"

"Neither did your pet provider," I howls. "Of all the phony blah-blah and bunk ——"

"Know Me?" He Asks, Flicking Ashes Off His Cigar Onto the Missis' Installment Period Rug

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"Now, now," cuts in Rooney, throwing his cigar butt onto the sofa across the room, "it's all right to be modest. It does you credit and ——"

"But," I protests, "the yarn's made out of whole cheesecloth. There isn't a word of ——"

"You were smeared up by a mob, weren't you?" demands Honest John.

"Yeh," says I, "but ——"

"And," goes on Rooney, "you had this George Washington book with you, didn't you?"

"Yeh," I admits, "but that didn't have anything to do with it."

"How do you know?" snaps the leader.

"For the simple reason," says I, "that the boys were battling at the corner before I got there, and ——"

"That may be so," interrupts Rooney, "but the minute they piped the cover of the book ——"

"The book," I hastens to explain, "was wrapped up in a newspaper."

"What difference does that make?" grunts Honest John. "They were tipped off you were coming with it and they laid for you."

"Today," I points out, "I took the short cut down Spruce Street for the first time in a year. Also I never saw any reporters. Also I wouldn't get into a street fight for all the books in America. Also they treated me at the station house like I was a flophouse wop instead of a sturdy American patriot. Also ——"

"The story in the paper," says Rooney, looking at me steadily through narrow eyes, "is true. It has to be true."

"Why," I wants to know, "does a lie have to be true?"

"Because," returns the politician, "it's going to get you the nomination for alderman."

"Alderman!" I yelps. "Me an alderman! I haven't even got the stomach for one. Am I going batty or ——"

"Listen," barks Honest John, "and I'll deal you the cards. We're having a tough fight in the Seventeenth against Joe Albright. We can't go after him on his record, because his record is K. O. We've needed an issue. Along you come with a George Washington book under your arm, get beaten up by friends of Albright, and we've got the best little issue we've had in years."

"Friends of Albright?" I repeats. "How do you cut him in on the racket?"

"We ain't accusing him of nothing," returns Rooney, "but we ain't responsible neither for nothing that the voters figures out for themselves. Anyhow, ain't it tough enough that a honest American citizen can't walk through Joe Albright's ward reading about George Washington without getting bashed in the beezer? Tie that up with the fact that Albright's a silk-stocking who's kicked in on Shakspere and Longfeller and them kind of foreigners and what have you got?"

"Not me," I comes back, prompt. "Take your issue, feller, but let me be."

"You can't fly a kite," says Honest John, "without a tail. It's your issue and you've got to play along with it. The chief," he goes on, "is for you strong. The papers was hardly out when he phones me to get to you quick, and if you were right, to put you on the ticket. I spent most of the afternoon getting the dope on you."

"What'd you find out?" I asks curiously.

"You'll do," returns Rooney. "You ain't never been pinched, you're married to the woman you're living with and you ain't got much of an education."

"Yeh," says I, "but you didn't find out that I can't make a speech, don't know the first thing about politics ——"

"That's no never mind," cuts in the leader. "There's lads down at headquarters that'll fix you up with all the hop you'll need. Boy," he continues, enthusiastic, "when you gets up and tells the voters how Albright's gang jumped on you with yells of 'Down with Abe Lincoln and George Washington' and 'Hurray for King George and Louie the Fourteenth' or something like that, you'll ——"

"Cut the kidding," I yelps angrily. "I ain't looking to be an alderman, and if I was, I wouldn't want to get the job that way."

"The job," says Honest John, ignoring my flare-up, "pays six thousand iron men a year—just in salary."

"Our George," Says Slim, "Will Say Little to You Tonight"

I hears the frau suck in her breath, but that doesn't affect me any. "I don't care," I barks, "if it pays sixty thousand in salary and sixty million in side dishes."

"And," goes on Rooney, calmly, "it won't hurt the factory you're with any to have an alderman on the pay roll friendly with the Board of Estimate."

"That," I scowls, "doesn't interest me either."

"But," continues Honest John, "it won't help you much with the boss if he should lose the street-department contract on your account."

"Huh?" I mumbles.

"In the organization," says Rooney, emptying some burned matches and other trifles from his pocket onto the floor, "if you don't work with us you're working against us."

That gives me to think. The street-department job is the sweetest platter of gravy we have in the plant, and I can see myself decorated with tinware should we lose it through me.

"Sleep over it," suggest Rooney, getting to his feet, "and see me at headquarters tomorrow morning. I'll expect you at ten." With which he starts to leave, but at the living-room portières he stops.

"Here," says he, digging into his pocket, "is your favorite book." And he passes over Stanley's Life of George Washington—the tattered and torn copy that had got me into the mess.

"Good night," grunts Honest John. There's a sharp rip and down come the portières he'd been hanging onto—the end of a perfect visit.

"Just a bull in a Chinaman's shop," comments Mrs. Groves.

"Well!" rasps the missis. "One more call from that cattle and we won't have any more home than a jack rabbit."

"She should worry, eh, alderman?" grins Dan. "The way the dough'll be coming in now, you'll be able to refurnish every day and twice on Sundays."

I'm still too dazed for any joking. "What," I asks Groves, "do you make of it all?"

"It's simple," he returns. "The professional-patriot gag is a hot sketch these days. The gang here didn't think of working it until they hopped onto the yarn in the Globe today about one of their own ward boys being a martyr on the altar of patriotism."

"Yeh," says I, "but that story's just a phony from beginning to end."

"You know it," comes back Dan, "and I know it, and Honest John knows it now, but the pro-boneheads don't and won't. I suppose," goes on Groves, "you're wondering how they ever printed such a story."

"I sure am," I tells him. "They might as well have had an extra about me jumping off

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MEXICANS OR RUIN

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Patrol Inspectors at Strauss, New Mexico, in the Desert 20 Miles From El Paso

IT IS a strange and unusual state of affairs to find the United States or any portion of the United States in a position to be economically annihilated by another nation, or admitting that it is in a position to be thus destroyed. Such an admission is so strange and unusual and so contrary to the state of mind that usually pervades all parts of the United States, that one runs a grave risk of deeply offending a large number of patriotic citizens by merely giving publicity to the admission, if it is not true.

In the years that have elapsed since European immigration was cut from a rushing, overwhelming torrent to a moderately orderly river by the application of the quota law, the brown flood of Mexican peon immigration—the immigration of Mexican Indians and Mexican mestizos, or halfbreeds—has risen from year to year, creeping up to a new mark one year, receding a little, and then surging upward again; rising higher and higher and spreading farther and farther north and east and west; spreading out to form ponds and lakes and little oceans where a few years ago there was only barren ground.

Various opinions are held in regard to the qualities of Mexican peons as immigrants, but there is little argument concerning their desirability by comparison with the immigrants from Europe who have been shut out of the United States, in large part, by a quota law.

Person after person has appeared before the House Immigration Committee to urge the free admission of Mexican peons, and has admitted unreservedly that almost any class of European immigrants would be preferable to Mexican peon immigrants. None the less, Mexicans are not affected by the quota law; nor are the natives of Canada, Newfoundland, Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, the Canal Zone and independent countries of Central and South America.

A Recount of the Votes

"THIS nonquota territory," says the last annual report of the Secretary of Labor, "has a combined population of approximately 105,000,000; and if the present policy is continued, such territory is obviously the reservoir of our future immigration. . . . It is by no means idle to predict that large numbers of aliens may come from hitherto unsuspected sources with the same rapidity which characterized earlier movements . . . and there are indications that such a movement is already under way."

Because of all this, there has been talk of applying a quota law to Mexico, and it is the talk of a quota law that has brought out a protest from Texas and California and Arizona and New Mexico and other states of the Southwest.

The chief source of the outcry against any restriction of Mexican immigration rests in an organization known as the Central Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce, formed late in the past year by representatives of farmers, stock raisers, ranchers, railroads and mining interests in states where Mexican labor is employed—notably the states of Texas, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada and Iowa.

Among the duties of this organization, as set out in its work program, are these:

To conduct a campaign of education on members of the Immigration and Naturalization Committee; on the representatives in Congress; upon the United States Senators and upon the Secretary of Labor. It shall be the duty of every member to petition or write his congressman, senator and Secretary of Labor, expressing his opposition to any legislation having to do with establishing a quota on the Western Hemisphere and particularly upon the Republic of Mexico. It shall be the duty of the central office, maintained by the executive committee, to stimulate such action on the part of the members and to keep record of same.

The executive committee, through its central office, shall also maintain a research and publicity bureau for the purpose of assembling facts and arguments against said quota legislation and disseminating such information among the members of the Central Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce and securing widespread publicity in newspapers, magazines, trade journals, farm journals, and the like, with the view of informing the public of the effects of said quota legislation.

The question as to the number of people residing in Southwestern states whose views are represented by the Central Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce is a difficult and delicate one to answer. One of the leading officers of the organization, when questioned as to the number of people whose views his organization was entitled to reflect, stated that the views of 10,000,000 people were represented by it—10,000,000 being his estimate of the total population of the states included in the organization.

When his attention was called to the fact that his figures of 10,000,000 included a great many children who had no interest in unrestricted Mexican immigration and a great many city dwellers who are unalterably opposed to any further Mexican immigration, he amiably cut his estimate in two and declared that his organization represented the views of 5,000,000 residents of the Southwestern states.

A dispassionate examination into the state of mind of residents of the Southwest reveals the following state of affairs: The bulk of the truck farmers, cotton growers, stock raisers, fruit ranchers, chamber-of-commerce officials, railroad executives and mine owners of the Southwest are firmly of the opinion or have been led to believe that nobody but the Mexican peon can or will perform the labor that is needed in these pursuits.

On the other hand, the bulk of the city dwellers in the Southwest who have no direct connection with these pursuits are almost unanimous in their opinion that Mexican peons in unlimited numbers have been bad for the Southwest in the past, are having a thoroughly unwholesome effect on it at the present time, and will in the future saddle not only the Southwest but the entire nation with a problem very similar to that caused by the importation of slave labor into the Southern states.

Opinions for Home Consumption

IN ADDITION to these two classes, there are, throughout the Southwest, certain inarticulate persons who, in spite of belonging to the truck-farming, cotton-growing, stock-raising, chamber-of-commerce class, see many reasons why Mexican peon labor should be kept out of the United States and no reasons at all why it should be admitted, but are unwilling to express themselves openly on the subject because they do not wish to antagonize their neighbors or because their positions depend on their advocacy of free Mexican immigration.

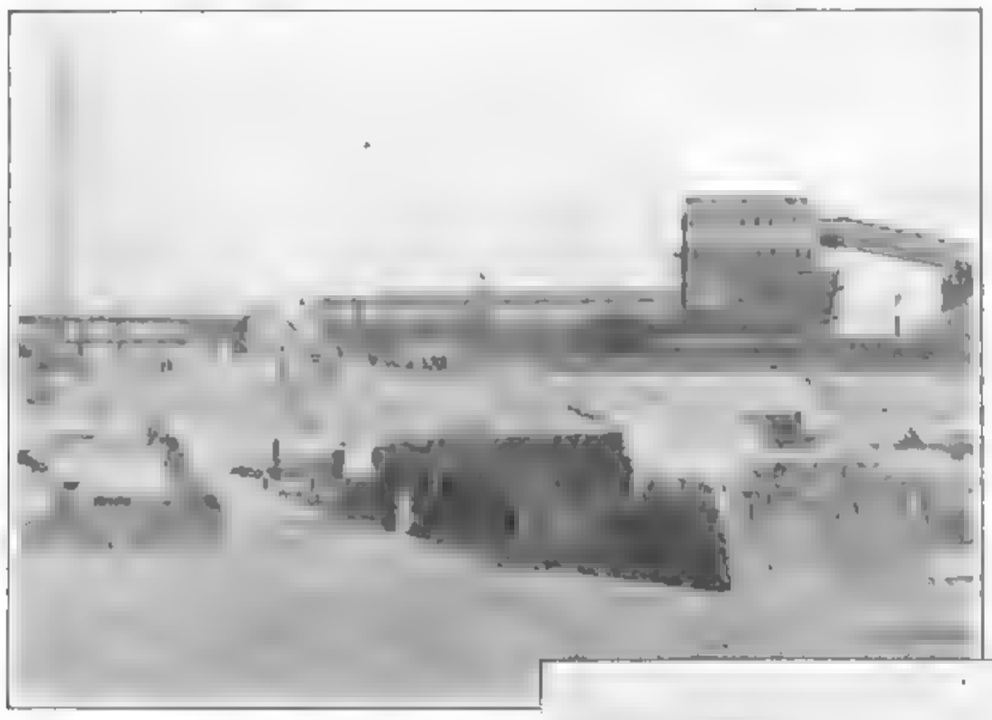
"There are enough Mexicans here already," they say. "We don't need any more. They'll swamp the country with Mexicans and spend the rest of their lives trying to get rid of them. Publicly, I have to agree that we need more; but we don't. All we need to do is to pay a living wage to the ones that we have."

There are hundreds of farmers and bankers and business men in the Southwest joining in the public cry for more Mexicans on the ground that a stoppage of Mexican labor will result in the agricultural and financial ruin of the Southwest who sing a different song in private. When one gets them alone in a quiet spot and asks them for the truth, they smile a bitter smile.

"Well," they say, "we've become so accustomed to cheap labor that it's going to be a hard blow if we can't get it. It'll hurt, but we'll make out some way. I don't know how, but we'll get along; and probably, in the long run, we'll be better off. After all, they aren't our kind of people."

Many Southwesterners are in favor of unrestricted immigration from Mexico. They present a united front, and they are extremely vocal. "The facts and arguments against said quota restrictions," as set forth in their work program, have been

Mexican Laborers on a Truck Farm in Texas



A Smelter at El Paso With a Mexican Settlement in the Foreground. At Right—A Family of White Cotton Pickers From Oklahoma in a Cotton Field Near Deming, New Mexico

assembled for them by a diligent research and publicity bureau, and they present them at each and every opportunity. They are not, however, the entire Southwest; and it is a comparatively small part of the Southwest that believes the Southwestern states will collapse in tumbled ruins if their supply of Mexican peon labor is curtailed.

The sudden and ever-growing increase in the number of Mexicans who are pouring into the United States is due to the exact cause that brought 1,000,000 Europeans a year to the United States — to the tales of the fabulous wages that may be obtained in the United States by Mexican men, women and little children.

Some people cast about for other reasons. The influx, some say, is due to unsettled conditions in Mexico, and it will cease as soon as conditions become normal. Others declare it is due to a desire on the part of the Mexicans to escape from religious persecution.

The news is being spread farther and farther throughout Mexico that a family of five can earn ten dollars a day in the United States—can even earn fifteen dollars a day. To a family that has been lucky to earn ten dollars a week—or a month—in Mexico these tales are highly inflaming. They learn that even the most incompetent folk can, after a summer's work, acquire a genuine, even though badly dented, automobile and travel to their hearts' content in it; that there are moving-picture theaters to be visited; that great varieties of food for feasts can be bought in large quantities for small sums. Nothing else is required to start them coming and keep them coming.

An Annual Labor Crop

THE manner in which peon labor mounts the labor ladder in the Southwestern states is somewhat as follows: When a Mexican, whether with or without his family, first comes up across the border into the United States, he is probably the most docile and gullible of all the immigrant arrivals that the United States has ever seen. His forbears in Mexico, in many if not in most cases, were true peons—laborers, that is to say, who were held in slavery by masters who so arranged matters that the peons could never get out of debt. This system worked in Mexico as it has always worked everywhere else and as it always will work; it almost entirely destroyed the energy and the self-reliance of the people subjected to it; and these birthrights of laziness and dependence bulk large among the few things that the modern Mexican peon has inherited from his ancestors.

The Mexican immigrant is an unskilled laborer, and is accustomed to earning a very small amount of money in Mexico. Consequently when a labor agency in San Antonio or El Paso or some other city near the border—a labor bureau, it should be added, run by a Mexican—offers the newcomer a job that will pay him as much as $1.50 or $1.75 or even $2 a day, he is dazzled by such fabulous figures and seizes the job avidly. He is then loaded on a truck with a large number of other freshly arrived Mexicans and transported to the cotton fields or to truck farms or to fields from which roots and stumps are being grubbed, or to some other place where cheap labor is in demand.

As used to be the case with European immigrants, the most persistent and remorseless exploiter of the Mexican laborer is his own countryman—the man, for example, at the head of the labor agency. He makes loud and fascinating promises to his Mexican laborers when they embark on a job: They are to be given delightful living quarters, for example, in an outdoor paradise, with delicious food for the asking. The work, moreover, will be plentiful and not at all arduous, while the pay may be even higher than was promised. These are the promises made by the labor agency; but when the Mexican gets out on the job he too frequently finds that his living quarters are filthy and impossible, that he is supplied with poor food at exorbitant prices, and that there is an oversupply of labor on the job—a state of affairs that frequently results in the employer's being able to hire workmen at an even lower price than he originally offered.

During his first year in the United States the Mexican works moderately well at almost any job, to the keen delight of the cotton planters and the truck farmers, who are in a constant state of bliss when they have access to labor that will work for a lower wage than any white man can afford to work for.

But also, during the first year, the Mexican learns that there are places where better wages are paid. He learns about the beet fields of Michigan and Colorado; he hears about the delights and the big-hearted charities of certain large Western cities; and he learns of the dazzling sums that are disgorged by the automobile factories of Detroit and the mills of Chicago and St. Louis. And so, when the truck farmer and the cotton planter seek out his services in succeeding years, his attitude is devoid of that warm Mexican docility concerning which the admirers of the Mexican speak with such enthusiasm, and he presents a gloomy and morose exterior to the cotton planter and the truck farmer while awaiting offers of transportation and emolument from the sugar-beet people and the manufacturers of Colorado, Michigan, Illinois and other points to the north.

Consequently the farmers and the industrialists living near the Mexican border cannot get the laborers they want at the price for which they want to get them unless a new crop of ignorant, docile and sap-headed Mexicans come across the border each year, willing to listen to the fairy stories of the labor agencies and to take the first jobs that are offered to them.

As Shown by the Records

WHAT the farmer and the ranchman and the industrialist of the Southwest want—as one quickly discovers after questioning employers of labor in the Southwestern states—is the largest possible mass of the most ignorant labor, obtainable at the lowest known prices with the least possible exertion of brain power.

This statement may be questioned as an exaggeration, in which case it can be confirmed from the voluminous reports of testimony given before the House Immigration Committee by various Southwesterners who are bitterly opposed to any restriction of Mexican immigration.

It is impossible to quote at great length from these hearings; but an idea of their substance may be obtained from two short passages. Representative John N. Garner, of Texas, an able and distinguished member of Congress and an advocate of unrestricted immigration from Mexico, stated before the committee:

"Mr. Chairman, here is the whole situation in a nutshell: Farming is not a profitable industry in this country, and in order to make money out of this, you have to have cheap labor. You cannot take it like any other industry and pay five or six or seven dollars a day and make a success of it. In order to allow landowners now to make a

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A Cotton Picker in a Texas Cotton Field. As the Picker is Pulled Along the Cotton Row, Two Large Gathering Shoes on the Front of the Machine Pick Up the Spreading Branches of the Plants and Place Them in Position for the Picking Spindles on the Two Cylinders. After Passing Through Cleaning Devices, the Cotton is Delivered Into the Two Gathering Bags as Shown at the Rear of the Machine

COUNTERIRRITANT

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"WHAT," asked Leslie Rockwell, "is a convention?"

"A convention," said John Sand, "is a picket fence around the apple tree in the Garden of Eden."

"You're a great help," said Leslie. "I ask for bread and you serve up an epigram. Any smart Aleck can make epigrams."

"Not so good as that one," said John modestly.

"Oh," said Leslie, wrinkling her nose, "I don't mind your glorified vaudeville patter if only you wouldn't be trite. You're as obvious as the cannon in front of the public library."

"You will," said John severely, "get yourself talked about."

"While," said Leslie, "other folks have to hire a publicity agent."

"Now you're being smart Aleck," said John. "Do you want every gaw-gaw in town running around saying you're chasing after a man?"

"Why not—if I am?" asked Leslie. "It's perfect nonsense. If I want a hat I go to the milliner's and pick it out. If I want a steak for dinner I go to the butcher's shop and select one. But when I want something really important, like a husband, I have to sit around with my eyes closed and take what the delivery boy brings."

"Oh," She Said With Sudden Exasperation, "You're Such a Dumb-Bell! You Can't See Anything, Not if It Was Tacked Right on the End of Your Nose. You're Almost the Dumbest Man I Ever Saw"

"At least," said John, "you might be a little adroit about it. You don't trap foxes with a brass band."

"I don't want to be adroit. What I want is Giotto North, and I want him like the dickens, and I don't care a whoop who knows it. But," she added dolefully, "he's frightfully hard to get."

"You are," said John, "altogether too young to marry."

"I'm not. And anyhow, I don't have to marry him tomorrow. What I want is to get his name on the dotted line and then have a year or so of perfectly lovely engagement, with all the trimmings. Besides, lots of girls have married at nineteen."

"Did it ever occur to you he might not want to marry you?"

"It has," she said with emphasis. "Almost nothing else has occurred to me for months."

"Or," said John, "that he is in love with somebody else?"

"Is he?" she demanded quickly; and her eyes, which usually had little crinkles around the corners, opened wide with apprehension.

"I don't know. It's on the books that he might be. He's got all the earmarks of a man suffering from a secret passion."

She shook her head. "He just looks that way because he's had typhoid," she said. Then she became very determined. "I'm going to ask him," she said.

"Hey, Leslie, be reasonable. You can't do that."

"I shall," she said. "No young man who looks like Giotto North, and is as utterly desirable, has any business keeping it a secret if he's in love with somebody. It's his plain duty to announce it. It's not fair."

"Not fair to whom?"

"All the girls he's not in love with. If you see a perfectly eligible man, and you know he is in love with another girl, why, you know where you are at."

"Would it make any difference," asked John, "with your trying to get him?"

"Not the slightest," said Leslie frankly, "but it would set your problem for you. The technic of taking a man away from another girl is entirely different from just getting yourself one that is unattached."

"Well," said John, "what seems to be your main difficulty?"

"Convincing him I'm grown up," she said. "He acts all the time as if he was going to put out his hand and rock my cradle."

"The idea being," said John, "that he doesn't take you seriously as a candidate."

"He acts toward me," said Leslie with some show of temper, "exactly like a kindly uncle who got his education at Vassar."

"It seems to me then," said John with apocryphal seriousness, "that your first job is to convince him of your antiquity. Why not produce your birth certificate?"

"I'm a lot older than my age," she said, "and a lot smarter and a whole heap more knowing. I'm a very mature person. I don't see why men always want to marry old maids of twenty-three or four."

"Maybe," said John dryly, "it is because we don't want to come home from work and have to spend the evening reading out of the primer."

"If you think," said Leslie, "anybody's got to do kindergarten tricks for me, you want to take a deep breath and hazard another guess."

"She's sophisticated!" exclaimed John to the surrounding air.

"I'm something much nicer than that," she said.

"And what might that be?"

"I am," she said, "a person who is glad to be alive and who is not one little tiny bit afraid to go on living."

She Marched Giotto North Before Her Reviewing Stand in a Sort of Procession. He Passed Again and Again

"In spite of an encyclopedic worldly wisdom."

"In spite," she said, "of anything!"

"My dear," he said—and his voice laid aside its tone of friendly raillery—"you are a very lovely child, with a most remarkably active little bean that thinks lovely thoughts, and with courage to wear wings in an almost wingless world." She smiled up at him. "And," he went on, "if I weren't so busy with unimportant things like growing rich, I don't know but what I'd come and sit on your doorstep."

"It wouldn't do you the slightest bit of good."

"Why?"

"Because the only cushion on the porch is reserved for Giotto North." She paused and looked up at him again, this time unsmilingly. "Permanently," she added.

"I'd pick him for you," he said, "if I only had a ladder."

"I'll have to build my own ladder," she said. For a moment she stood silent, and John Sand reflected upon her loveliness, her elfin charm, her courage, and found it in his heart to envy a little his business associate and friend who was the object of her frank pursuit. "I think," she said, "I'll go off to a quiet spot and think up a way to make him release me from the nursery."

"Good luck," said John.

II

LESLIE went up to the rooms in Bellows' Tavern which they had occupied since the burning of their home and sat down on the edge of the bed, in the attitude of Rodin's Thinker, to plan her campaign. Not even her enemies, had she possessed such an asset, could have accused her of being a calculating female, but her friends knew that under a very youthful and charming and feminine exterior she stored considerable powers of ratiocination, the faculty of astuteness and stable common sense. Also she was stubborn; but she was so delightful to the eye, so natural in her young naïveté and of such fetching conversation, that even mulishness would have seemed to its victims to be cunnin'—with the *g* omitted.

Also, as she was accustomed to state with emphatic little nods of her shining hair, she knew what made people tick. There resided in her an almost uncanny knack of piercing through camouflage to actual motives.

"I just seem," she said to John Sand, "to know why people do things."

So now she marched Giotto North before her reviewing stand in a sort of procession. He passed again and again, as do the six men in a grand opera who are compelled to represent a vast army; and as he marched she studied him and his doings to determine what sort of accomplishment a young woman must achieve to call herself distinctly and favorably to his attention.

In the midst of this complicated activity her father entered in excellent humor. Though he was not frequently gracious to mankind at large, he had found that it was wiser to be so with his daughter. She did not permit him to take liberties with her in the way of ill temper.

"There you are," he said with somewhat heavy joviality. "Plotting a plot, eh? I know the signs. Who's the victim?"

She looked up at him an instant before replying, then she answered as frankly as if she did not know her reply would be a cake of soap in his geyser.

"Giotto North," she said.

Mr. Rockwell snorted and scowled and thrust out his jaw and compressed his lips.

"That—scalawag!" he said.

"You mustn't," she said, "speak that way about the man I'm going to marry."

"What?" Apoplexy seemed to perch on his threshold. "Has he—did he ——" And then he clogged with the rush of his own furious words.

"He hasn't and he didn't—and that's the whole trouble," said Leslie. "He thinks I'm still a little girl in pigtails. But it isn't going to do him the slightest bit of good. I've looked over a lot of men, and he's the only one that comes up to sample. So I choose him—and now I've got to figure out how to make him agree with me."

"You," said Mr. Rockwell, "are a brainless little fool." This was going rather further than temper had ever urged him before, but Giotto North was nettles against his flesh.

"Oh," said Leslie, her eyes opening wide and her voice taking to itself a tone of sweet mildness—"oh, am I?"

"And," went on Mr. Rockwell, riding the flood, "I'll see you married to the Hunyak oiler at the mill first."

"Now, papa," she said, gently injured, "you wouldn't!"

"I'll fix him," he said, "so nobody'll marry him."

"If," she said, "you left just the littlest, tiniest piece of him, I'd marry that."

"I'll run him out of the state! Purring around my daughter, eh? I'll make him purr! I'll run him so far his feet'll be worn off to the knees before he stops! I'll smash him flat!"

"He talks right out of the first act," said Leslie to herself musingly. "There's a kind of rough literary quality about him. He's a character, that's what he is—a terrible, hard-boiled character!" Then she looked up at her father again, and there was an impish light in her elfin eyes. "Haven't you chased him out of town before? I seem to recollect But he bounded back, didn't he? And then kind friends had to poultice the place where you burned your fingers."

"If," he blustered, "I ever see you speak to him again I'll cut off your allowance!"

She got up off the bed, went to the top drawer of her dresser and returned with a roll of bills which she held out to him.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"My month's allowance that I got yesterday. Talking to Giotto is a bargain at the price."

"You'll do as I tell you or suffer for it."

"If," she said, "I were to do anything so silly as what you are telling me, I'd deserve to suffer for it. You know it's not so easy for a girl to find a man she can bear to live with all her life, and hear him snore, and see him with his hair uncombed, and know about the hole in his heel, and listen to him clean his teeth and everything—and still adore him. And when she finds one she could keep right on loving even if he gargled his throat, she'd be a little fool and a beast and a blithering idiot to give him up just because her father didn't like the way he wore his chin. And so I'm not going to. And so I'm going to marry him." She paused for an expression to make her declaration of intention sufficiently emphatic to be expressive, and hit upon one which was not original, but which has always carried conviction. "And so," she repeated, "I'm going to marry him, come hell or high water. And that," she finished, "is that."

All of which demonstrated that she had given no small or careless scrutiny to the holy institution of matrimony and approached its devious ramifications with at least one eye opened widely. Mr. Rockwell remained speechless, not from volition but from necessity. He threw Leslie's allowance on the floor, kicked it under the bed and hurled himself from the room.

Leslie, being practical, first recovered her money and replaced it in the drawer; then she seated herself on the bed again and took up the matter of her campaign where she had laid it down on her father's entrance.

III

IT WAS something like a week after this temperamental kicking of a month's allowance under the bed when Mr. Ben Wade arrived in Hempstead. Mr. Wade was a frayed gentleman, both as to habiliments and person. Where it was possible to be threadbare, he was threadbare, and his hollow cough was one of the most hollow ever to assail the ears of that vicinage; also he was timid and most remarkably pathetic. Judged by any known standards of bad luck, Mr. Wade seemed to have achieved the farthest north. In fact, he had reached the Pole.

He approached Giotto North at the desk of Bellows' Tavern very much as a rabbit would approach a hound dog; and Giotto, who always erred on the side of ready sympathy, looked upon him with eyes of compassion.

"I was wonderin'," said Mr. Wade, "if I could git me a cheap room here fer a day or two. Seems like I hain't able to move no farther 'thout a rest."

"I think we can take care of you," said Giotto.

"It kind of upset my plans," said Mr. Wade, "her bein' dead and all. I kind of cal'lated to come home to

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"You Don't Need to Count," Said the Gentleman. "I Got a Big Respect for My Own Skin"

THE HUMAN CHASE

The Amazing Abduction

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE taxicab drew up at the narrow opening to the mews in which Lady Muriel's quaint abode was situated Brett was stricken with a sudden uneasiness, and insisted upon walking with her to the little flight of steps which led to her door.

"I wish you didn't live in such an outlandish spot," he observed doubtfully. "Anything might happen to you here."

She laughed up into his face, apparently unconscious of the fact that he was still holding her fingers.

"Well, nothing ever does happen," she confided. "Sometimes I am not sure that I don't wish it would."

Something very nearly happened at that moment, but a chauffeur opened his door at the bottom of the yard and Philip Brett lost his nerve.

"Until tomorrow," he sighed, as he reluctantly released her fingers and turned away.

Lady Muriel was possessed of such a natural fund of courage, and had lived her bachelor existence for so long, that she was incapable of nerves, as the term is generally understood. Nevertheless, as she heard Brett's taxicab drive away and was fitting her key into the lock of her bright-green front door, she was conscious of a feeling which she never remembered to have experienced before. The door responded readily to the turning of the key, swung open and back again. The light leaped into being in her tiny hall, and there was no sign there of the slightest disturbance. She picked up some letters from the table, turned the handle of her sitting-room door and entered. Almost simultaneously the lights flashed on and she felt a hand over her mouth, while another grasped her outstretched wrist. The fingers over her mouth, as she remembered for long afterward, were cool and strong, and seemed as though they had been washed in water containing some aromatic perfume. She could do nothing but stare into the face bent down toward her

"Pardon me," the intruder said gently. "An ungracious manner of introduction, I fear, but it occurred to me that you might be a little alarmed at finding a stranger here, and inclined to call out. It would have been a pity to have brought Mr. Brett back."

"Who are you? What do you want?" she gasped.

"I have a hundred names," he answered, making a slight, easy movement which placed him between her and the door—"a hundred names and a hundred personalities. What shall I call myself to you, Lady Muriel? Why not Matthew?"

The situation was terrifying enough, but for some inexplicable reason she was less afraid now than astonished. He was taller than she had expected. His complexion was pale; his eyes, of a curious, gray-green color, had haunted her more than once during the past few evenings. His mouth only was too hard to be pleasant, with that Mephistophelean upward curve which still had its attraction. His iron-gray hair was brushed back from a prominent forehead. His attire subscribed scrupulously to the mode of the moment.

"You—Matthew?" she exclaimed. "Why, you've been at the Florida the last three nights!"

"Quite true," he admitted, with a little bow. "The last two, if you will permit me to say so, chiefly for the pleasure of watching you. I do wish you would persuade Brett to have some dancing lessons though."

"I don't consider that he needs them," she answered coldly. "I enjoy dancing with him very much. . . . How did you get in here?"

He laughed, as though the question amused him.

"I get in where I choose," he told her. "There is no lock in the world which could defy me if the attraction on the other side of the door were sufficient."

She looked at him uneasily. There were times when the hardness seemed to pass from his eyes and reveal strange depths.

"Well," she said, "I think you had better go. I imagine you are not here to rob me. My poor belongings are at your disposal if you want them; but, although I live in a somewhat Bohemian way, I am not used to visitors at this time of night."

"Your belongings are entirely sacred," he assured her. "At the same time, as, under the peculiar circumstances, my opportunities for improving my acquaintance with you might be reckoned scanty, permit me to stay—shall we say ten minutes? You will sit down, won't you? I am going, if I may, to take a supreme liberty. I shall venture to mix myself a whisky-and-soda."

She sat down—there seemed to be very little else to do. At the sideboard, where he lingered for a moment, he was between her and the door.

"You are quite welcome to a drink," she conceded, "but I suppose you know that if by chance anyone should come near to whom I could appeal—if I could attract the attention of anyone down below, for instance—I should give you into custody."

"That," he remonstrated, "would be scarcely playing the game. This is a visit of courtesy, Lady Muriel. I have extended no Raffleslike hand toward your treasures. I have come because I wished once more to compare your living profile with the profile of my divine picture and to express again my profound admiration for you."

"You have admired many women, haven't you?" she rejoined, angry with herself that her voice was not quite steady.

He sighed. "Alas, yes," he confessed. "Yet lately no one has taken that place in my affections into which you have stepped so easily. There was the Roman lady, of whom you may have heard," he reflected, after a moment's pause. "I did everything man could do for that woman. I even murdered her husband, with whom she was bored to death, and I stole from her aunt, the princess, the Corriati pearls. And then—she betrayed me. It was the one time of my life in which I have been really in danger. I remember it now. They tracked me down to the bar of the Grand Hotel in Rome—seven of them. I was there alone, but I escaped."

"You always escape!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"Yes, I always escape," he admitted. "I possess a medieval charm, Lady Muriel. Once I used to fear arrest; now I have no fears. I take what seem to be great risks to others, but they are not risks to me. You will forgive me if I replenish my glass. Perhaps you will allow me to offer you something. Champagne is a wine which I seldom touch, and whisky at the night clubs is something that I dread. Besides, drink in a public place is a thing to be avoided by a poor creature like myself against whom everyone's hand is turned."

She rose to her feet and stood beside him.

"Soda water alone, please," she begged. "I am not like you. I have been drinking champagne."

He filled the glass, but instead of giving it to her at once, he suddenly took her hand and drew her a little toward him in an embrace more suggested than actual, supplicating, almost deferential. He looked down into her eyes, and she felt a curious hateful disturbance of the senses. His voice, which had barked out death to innocent men, was insinuatingly tender.

Half an Hour Later, in Obedience to a Sharp Police Whistle From a Heavily Laden Barge, the Juanita Slowed Down Just Short of the Tower Bridge

"You are rather wonderful, Lady Muriel," he murmured. "Why don't you leave your dull world, take that one little step across the chasm and try mine? No one would ever find us where I should take you."

She tried to extricate herself, but was miserably ashamed of the feebleness of her effort.

"You must be mad!" she cried. "Don't you realize that I know who you are, that I know of the terrible things you have done, and for which some day or other you will have to pay?"

His smile faded away, but his eyes were as tender as ever.

"My dear," he protested, "what have I done so terrible? I have brushed on one side the men who have stood in my way. They know me. If they have courted death, it is not my fault. I am a criminal—granted—but there are many others who hide their crimes and are married in Hanover Square. I am at least not hypocritical, and I am a man. Will you come with me, Muriel, or will you wait until I fetch you?"

"I will never come!" she declared passionately. "You are mad to imagine that I possibly could! I belong to the other side and always shall. Let me go!"

This time her struggle was a genuine one, but although his arms seemed still to remain absolutely gentle, his clasp was of steel.

Afterwards she could never tell, herself, how it happened. She only knew that she saw him leaning over her closer and closer, and suddenly felt the pressure of his lips upon her eyelids. Then he stood away and gravely handed her the tumblerful of soda water. She was clinging with one hand to the chimney piece.

"You are terrible!" she gasped. "How dare you? Don't you know that the one thing I dream of, the one thing I have worked for, has been your arrest, to bring you to justice?"

He sighed. "I am afraid it is true," he admitted, "that you have made some efforts in that direction. Still, they haven't been very successful, have they? If you are so keen about it, there is the telephone. Your friend Mr. Brett is rather fond of ringing up Scotland Yard and ordering detachments of the police about. Why not do it yourself? I shan't interfere."

She glanced at the telephone and knew herself powerless to move. "Please go," she begged. "I think I am becoming hysterical."

"You are not likely to become anything of the sort," he assured her, and again—such was the effect of his voice that she felt the weakness passing from her. "You are going to remember when I am gone that, notwithstanding all the stories you have heard of me, my methods are not altogether crude. This is my first call, just with a view to breaking the ice. Next time we meet, it may be when I come to fetch you."

"I shall have my rooms watched every night," she told him fiercely. "If you come here, you will walk into a trap."

He looked at her long and earnestly. "I wonder," he reflected. "You women do strange things. You waste your time with nincompoops like Brett, and you would lure a man who could really show the way in life which you have lost, to his death—and then you would be sorry—yes, I grant you that," he concluded, knocking the ash from his cigarette, "you would be sorry."

He took up the silk-lined black evening coat and put it on, leisurely adjusted his scarf, and, hat in hand, moved toward the door without making any further attempt to come near her.

"Lady Muriel," he said, "I shall never forget the pleasure of my first call upon you. You are all that I fancied you to be. You resemble even more than I had dared to hope, my divine picture. If you ring up Scotland Yard now," he added, with his hand upon the door, "I shall only have a bare ten minutes' start. They will not find me, but that will not be your fault. . . . Au revoir, Lady Muriel."

"Good night," she said weakly. "Please go!"

"Au revoir," he repeated, stooping to pass through the doorway and turning the handle gently behind him.

Some instinct, the nature of which Lady Muriel declined to admit even to herself, filled her with more or less conscious relief when, finding Philip Brett out on her arrival at Scotland Yard the next morning, she was obliged to take her story instead to the chief inspector. He listened to her carefully, and when she had finished, there was a gleam of unwilling admiration in his eyes.

"What a man!" he muttered. She leaned back in her chair helplessly. The chief inspector was thinking. "The fellow must have his moments," he reflected. "He could have been a great deal more unpleasant with you, for instance, absolutely alone at that time of night in your rooms."

Lady Muriel's cheeks were flushed, but she said nothing.

"Then he certainly did let Brett off down in Norfolk," Absolom went on. "The fellow must be uncommonly sure of himself—to think how we've hunted him all these years, and there you were alone with him barely a mile away! I'd have a man in your mews for the rest of the week anyway. It may not do any good, but you'll feel more comfortable, and you'll keep in touch with us all the time. This new development may help. The only time Matthew was ever nearly caught was through an Italian woman in Rome. History might repeat itself."

Lady Muriel shivered a little. There was scarcely the exultation in her features one might have expected.

"I will keep in touch," she promised as she took her leave.

In Whitehall she walked into Brett and told him the whole story. Somehow or other, the second recital seemed to matter less. His face became very stern as he listened.

"There's nothing left for me except that post as traffic inspector, Lady Muriel," he declared bitterly.

"Don't be silly!" she enjoined, patting his arm.

"For two nights following," he continued, "we visit the night clubs simply to watch for that one man. Last night he sat at the very next table. He even made a very subtle attempt to flirt with you—oh, yes, I saw him—and all the time he knew I was Brett, the Scotland Yard detective, hunting him, and I had no more idea who he was than the man in the moon. I shall ask the chief to put another man on the job."

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Then He Stood Away and Gravely Handed Her the Tumblerful of Soda Water. She Was Clinging With One Hand to the Chimney Piece

AN AMERICAN BANKER

"I Am Afraid," She Said, "I Shall Have to Ask How One Writes Out a Check. I've Never Had a Bank Account Before"

III

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

I WENT to work in the Merchants State Bank of Southton on September 30, 1903, with the title of auditor, but through a peculiar chain of circumstances I held that position barely six months, when I was elevated to cashier. It would be pleasant to say that my quick promotion was the result of surpassing energy and banking acumen, but I can hardly make that claim, because the same thing in all likelihood would have happened to any reasonably competent man who happened to be in my position at that particular time.

Though the Merchants State Bank had been established nearly fifteen years it had never made any real money, and was rather a negative institution. We had deposits of about $400,000, which was the smallest showing of any of the five Southton banks. There had been frequent changes of personnel and policies. A year or so before I went there the Merchants had formed a merger with a still less successful institution called the Fidelity Bank and Trust; and there had been considerable merriment around town when some wag started the story that the two banks went together on the theory that two negatives made an affirmative.

My unexpected rise to the cashiership came about in this way: Guenther T. Outcault, the president, an Alsatian by birth, was a successful merchant and plantation owner at a settlement called Clearcreek about thirty miles from Southton, and spent only a part of his time in the city. The active management of the bank was in the hands of a man named Walter Rogerson, a first-class man in many ways, but inclined to be impractical. In reality he had very little actual banking experience, and his reputation came from the fact that he had taught the theory of banking at the state university for several years and had written a couple of books on banking subjects.

Among the Merchants' customers was a man named Hopwood, who ran the Southton Transfer Company, a general drayage and baggage business, and somehow this Hopwood managed to talk Mr. Rogerson into granting a line of credit that was beyond the limits of good banking. The money was used legitimately enough, but the city was not ready for the elaborate program Hopwood tried to put through, and when the crash came the Merchants State Bank was left holding the bag to the tune of nearly thirty thousand dollars, with only realizable assets of an assorted lot of mules, horses, wagons and other transfer equipment. I never knew whether the board of directors asked Mr. Rogerson to resign on account of his faulty judgment in this affair, or whether he tendered his resignation voluntarily; anyhow he quit, and the post of cashier was vacant.

The logical man for the place was the assistant cashier, Howard Monks, and here again circumstances shuffled the cards in my favor. Mr. Monks was a man in his forties, respected, dignified, honorable to the last degree, yet utterly impossible as a major bank executive. His trouble lay in a complete lack of imagination and a bluntness that at times bordered on genius. He had been with the bank since its beginning, and even with his known limitations the directors would probably have promoted him to cashier except for a small matter that happened to occur when the decision was in the balance. The story of this matter will explain Mr. Monks' character better than any detailed description of him that I could give.

Among our customers was a Mrs. Moore, a very energetic business woman, who ran a collection agency and traded a little in real estate on the side. She had two accounts with us - one personal and one for her business. For the former she signed her checks "Harriet V. Moore," and for the latter, "Harriet V. Moore, Agent." On this occasion she went on a combined pleasure and business trip to Memphis, where she had relatives, and during her stay put through a number of checks on her personal account, which ran her balance down practically to the vanishing point. During all the time, however, her business account with us lay untouched, amounting to something over $1000.

This was the state of affairs when one day, needing a little change, she went into a Memphis bank where she was acquainted and cashed a check on us for five dollars, signing it simply "Harriet V. Moore."

The check arrived in Southton a couple of days later and came to Mr. Monks' notice. He looked up her personal account and ascertained that the balance was below five dollars, whereupon he promptly stamped the paper "Insufficient Funds," and sent it back unpaid to the Memphis bank.

When Mrs. Moore came back to Southton she quite naturally took her business away from the Merchants State Bank and minced no words in saying what she thought of us. It was typical of Mr. Monks that when haled before the board of directors to explain his actions toward a good customer he would admit of no wrongdoing. Over and over he repeated stubbornly:

"But Mrs. Moore's check wasn't good. The check was for five dollars and there was less than four dollars in her account."

One of the directors asked in an exasperated way if Mr. Monks did not know that the lady had more than $1000 to her credit in her business account, to which he made

answer in the soothing manner one adopts toward an irritated child.

"Of course I knew that, Mr. Ward, but it was not my business to meddle in Mrs. Moore's affairs. If she wished to withdraw money from her business account she should have signed the check 'Harriet V. Moore, Agent.'"

That was all that could be got out of him, and looking at life in the way he did, he was absolutely right. I am sure that with his stubborn honesty he would not have receded one iota from the stand he took, even though he knew it prevented his being named for the cashier's post he had looked forward to for years.

It was, therefore, more a process of elimination than extraordinary ability on my part that resulted in my appointment as cashier of the Merchants State Bank of Southton when I was still under twenty-eight years of age I think, however, I had given satisfaction as auditor, which naturally made the directors willing to take a further chance on me. Besides that, the work I did in organizing the bank at Greer's Station had given me something of a standing, particularly with Mr. Outcault, for Mr. Greer had written to him of me in quite a complimentary manner after I left.

After all, the position as cashier of the Merchants State Bank was not such a tremendous thing just at that time. We were, as I have said, the smallest bank in the city, with four well-established competitors, and we had been mixed up in several insolvencies similar to that of the Southton Transfer Company, none of which had added to our reputation as a farseeing financial institution. As a matter of fact, five banks made just about one too many for a city the size of Southton, which had, in 1904, a population of around 60,000 people, though the more enterprising citizens liked to allude to it as "in the hundred-thousand class."

Like most cities of its size, Southton was divided into distinct cliques, and each bank and business house had its customers mainly among the people of the particular faction with which it was affiliated. The old-time Southern element was in the majority, and though not dominant in a business way, it supplied most of the professional men. There was a considerable sprinkling of Northerners, mainly from the Middle West, who were in real estate, small manufacturing and ran retail stores. The third element, and financially the most solid, was composed of French Alsatians, most of whom had come to Southton via New Orleans directly after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. These had prospered in their steady, slow-going business ways, and by 1904 were said to pay more than half the taxes in Southton.

Most of the business houses of the city were on two streets that ran parallel with each other. Market Street was principally wholesale, and had also the express offices, the telegraph offices, and three of the five banks. Main Street was the retail section, where our Merchants State Bank was located. Also on Main Street was the Southton National Bank, whose president, Dr. Azro Cummings, was one of the most peculiar characters I have ever known, and a thorn in the flesh of every other banker in the city on account of his unconventional methods in securing new business. A large share of my own troubles during the following years grew out of the activities of the good doctor.

My experience as a traveling man had given me a chance to study the methods of all sorts of banking institutions, and when I became cashier of the Merchants State Bank I decided we ought to adopt one practice that I had noticed in two or three of the more progressive banks on my territory. This was the practice whereby the executives had their desks out in front of the banking rooms, where they could meet the customers on an informal basis from day to day. To many of the present generation it may seem almost unbelievable that as recently as twenty-five years ago the vast majority of bank officials were seldom seen except by those who had particular business to transact, but spent their days in the dignified seclusion of private offices. I saw nothing undignified in employing in a bank the same sort of salesmanship that was used by any mercantile firm. It was no secret that we were in business to make money, and I believed we could further our cause by being as human as possible.

It was curious to see the reaction of the various members of our board of directors to my proposal that Mr. Outcault, as president, and I, as cashier, should occupy desks at the front of the premises. There is a generally accepted theory that age is prone to resist change, while youth eagerly welcomes it, but this theory was rather upset by the actions of our board of directors. Mr. Outcault, a man of fifty-eight, agreed at once that my plan had possibilities, and in this he was surprisingly seconded by our seventy-two-year-old director, Judson Aldridge. The principal objection came from our youngest member, Russell Bradley, who contended hotly that to adopt such a course would mean the lowering of our institution in the eyes of the public and put it on the plane of an ordinary pawnshop.

I always thought there was a bit of personal bias mixed up in Russell's attitude. He was only a year older than I and had come to Southton when he was barely past twenty-one, setting up in the real-estate business. He had plenty of brains and acumen and made a very considerable success on a couple of suburban development projects. I suppose he was worth $100,000 at the time. Whenever one of the local newspapers got out a booster edition it always wrote him up as an example of Southton's wonderful opportunities, and usually printed his photograph with the caption, A Young Napoleon of Business. Russell rather fancied this title and had no idea of sharing it with anyone. I was even younger than he, and looked younger than I was; and my surmise is that in the back of his mind was the uneasy feeling I might set myself up as a rival Young Napoleon if given too much chance for publicity.

Perhaps my surmise was unjust, but it did seem odd at the time that only the youngest member of my board should object to moving the desks of the bank's executives out into the open. Yet, after all, I think the reputed conservatism of middle age is exaggerated. A great many times since then I have had occasion to recommend changes of policy before different boards of directors, and always I have had curiosity enough to notice if the ages of the various individuals seemed to influence their decisions. My experience has been that middle age is generally more willing than youth to try out new ideas. Middle age has seen so many changes, it knows nothing

(Continued on Page 70)

The Erstwhile Dilettant, James L. Spencer, Was in the Cab of the Comic-Opera Locomotive, Dressed in the Blue Overalls and Jumper of an Engineer

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 18, 1928

Undeported Undesirables

CONGRESS is not deaf to the insistent demand of its constituencies that we have a wholesale housecleaning which will rid the country of several hundred thousand aliens who have entered our borders unlawfully, of whom many are numbered among our gunmen and petty crooks of every description. Many carefully drawn bills have been framed for the purpose of giving the immigration authorities a firmer grip on these slippery creatures and a stouter boot with which to kick them out. One such measure is likely to be passed during the present session of Congress.

Unless it suddenly makes powerful friends in House and Senate, in the Bureau of the Budget and in the Appropriations Committee of the House, the new law will not amount to Hannah Cook. A sound law without an appropriation to put it into effect is like a new motor car a thousand miles from a gallon of gas. It is about as useful as a rifle without a cartridge or a cigar without a match. Even the existing statute governing deportations has not proved its potential worth, because scanty appropriations have not permitted it to do so. It is just another case of being all dressed up and nowhere to go beyond the front gate. This state of affairs is no secret. It has been fully aired in committee hearings and on the floor of the House. Those who are responsible for these intolerable conditions cannot plead ignorance of the situation.

Last year we deported about twelve thousand aliens. A large proportion of them were turned over to the Federal authorities upon their release from prison. The work of deportation was repeatedly halted by the exhaustion of funds and not because the job was brought up to date or because its finish was within sight. Under the system forced upon the immigration authorities they worked as long as they had funds to go on with and then had to lay off and wait for more. Chairman Johnson said in debate that the system was like summoning a grand jury and telling it to sit fifty dollars' worth. That was about the size of it.

In attempting to make a small appropriation do the work of a liberal one the Department of Labor must content itself with touching the high spots. It does not pretend to do a thorough job. It cannot because it is not permitted. The average cost of deporting an alien is eighty-seven dollars. If the prison authorities turn over to the immigration people a hardened offender for deportation and there is no eighty-seven dollars available the man stays. In and about New York City alone there are somewhere between five and ten thousand alien seamen who have quit foreign ships and have remained here in defiance of the law. It would not be very difficult to round them up and expel them if funds were available for the purpose. As it is, they are safe as long as they keep out of jail.

Continued indifference to the presence among us of a large alien criminal population is a blunder as stupid as it is colossal. For the most part, revelations of existing conditions are made at slenderly attended committee hearings and fail to secure the widespread publicity they deserve. Crime, scandal and sport news crowd them out of the daily press. The stubborn facts, once realized, could not be explained away; but adequate appropriations could, and would, bring about a general housecleaning and purge our alien population of some of its worst and most dangerous elements. The longer the job is put off the harder it will be.

A Prosperous Domestic Agriculture

IN THE years preceding the war the average price of good steers in Chicago ran around $7.20. During the years 1921 to 1924 the price was around $8.99. During recent weeks the prices on these animals have ranged to more than fifteen dollars. Some of these prices have gone to men who buy range stock and fatten it on corn, but many of the cattle were raised by the men who fattened them. Such prices, double those of the prewar period, must have been substantially profitable to the cattle industry as a whole. They mean dear beef, but we are apparently prepared to pay for it.

In the meantime hogs have been selling for little more than half the price of cattle. We export pork products; we export no beef products to speak of. We sell down to the price of the world with lard and other pork products; we confine ourselves to the home market with beef. Only a few years ago cattlemen were in distress; then the industry was cut down to smaller dimensions and prosperity has ensued. If present hog prices are unremunerative to the Corn Belt, perhaps a smaller industry would yield larger profits. Which has been best: To raise the most cattle or to make the most money raising cattle? Is it best to raise the most hogs or to make the most money raising hogs? Is the industry striving for volume or for profits? The two may be synonymous in the manufacture of automobiles; they may not be at all so in the raising of hogs. Exports are fine business when they are profitable. But we wonder if hog raising would not be more remunerative if, like the raising of cattle and sheep, it were on the domestic basis.

Legislative Magic

ONE of the strangest of misconceptions is that Congress by mere enactment can bring into full-flowered existence a series of beneficent institutions calculated to heal the economic woes of which men complain. This rosy but childish delusion is back of much of the proposed legislation for helping the farmer. It is the sort of ingenuous hopefulness which seems not to learn by experience, but continues to expect miracles from mere paper organization.

It would be well if more people read pages 73 to 78 of the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1927. Therein will be found a short account of the troublesome times through which certain members of one branch of the farm loan system has passed in the past year or two. An even briefer account is contained in President Coolidge's annual message, in which he notes that "certain joint stock banks have fallen into improper and unsound practices," which resulted in the indictment of officials of three of them.

After the war Congress organized an elaborate system of three different kinds of banks to provide more ample and available credit for the farmer. The system has rendered valuable service to the farmer, great quantities of bonds have been sold, and there is no doubt but that steps have been taken to maintain the necessary public confidence in these bonds. On the other hand, the experience of the past few years shows that acts of Congress are only the merest beginning in providing remedies for economic ills.

Mr. Mellon reports that in the fall of 1925 special examinations were directed to be made into certain of the joint stock banks, and these examinations disclosed improper and unsound practices as well as apparent violations of the law in some quarters.

We are not concerned at this time, however, with the details either of the organization or reorganization of the system of joint stock banks, or with such legal action as government prosecutors may take or have taken. The few foregoing facts of official record are recited here merely for the purpose of pointing out that the key to government is not primarily legislation but administration.

Congress in its wisdom may set up boards and bureaus and even revolving funds from the United States Treasury, but they will serve a useful purpose only up to the limit and the kind of ability which are enlisted to operate them. No matter how well on paper may appear the far-flung systems set up by Congress, they will come to grief if men not qualified find their way into positions of responsibility. There is no magic in Federal agencies except such as administrative ability is able to bestow.

The German Age of Hydrogen

THE defeat of Germany in the World War was due in part to her dependence on foreign foodstuffs and foreign fuel -that is, liquid fuel. Her dependence on imported foodstuffs was in part indirect, due to her need of imported chemical fertilizers. Potash Germany had, but large amounts of phosphatic and nitrogenous fertilizers were annually imported. Her need of imported liquid fuel found expression in heavy importations of petroleum products, especially motor fuel. During the war Germany had to rely, apart from precarious Rumanian supplies, on benzol and alcohol. Since the war Germany has developed mass production in nitrogenous fertilizers, and this has recently been extended to artificial motor fuel. Both processes rotate about hydrogen.

Hydrogen is combined with atmospheric nitrogen to form ammonia, replacing salts of nitric acid from other natural and synthetic sources. Hydrogen is combined with coal to form motor fuel. This is termed liquefaction of coal, hydrogenation of coal, whereby, in short, coal is converted into petroleum. Germany has large quantities of coal suited to hydrogenation, and large plants are now set up for the manufacture of synthetic petroleum on an extensive scale.

The process, of which several modifications are known, consists in bringing hydrogen into contact with powdered coal, under heat and pressure, in the presence of a catalytic agent that brings about the union of the carbon and hydrogen. Among the reaction products are a producer gas, a light fuel adapted to automobiles, a fuel oil adapted to Diesel engines, and some ash. The hydrogen is procured as a by-product of coke ovens or by passing steam over hot coke. It must be pure, and on account of the cost of purification the manufactures of ammonia and of motor fuel are essentially industries of hydrogen. German manufacture of fixed nitrogen was the seventh wonder of chemistry, and the hydrogenation of coal is destined to be the eighth.

This of course is all to the good of this country, and other countries, when the supply of natural petroleum runs low and the price mounts high. That will be some time in the future. Perhaps still later it may be found necessary, and even cheaper, to make alcohol out of straw and wood, and use it for motor fuel. These manufactures are already in existence, though on a small scale.

The German synthesis of ammonia has lessened but not solved her dependence on foreign fertilizers, since phosphoric acid must still be procured abroad. Germany has no notable deposits of phosphates and the sole domestic source of supply is the phosphate by-products of the manufacture of steel. The soils contain insoluble phosphates, but no way has been found to render these available for plant food. Therefore to some extent Germany remains still dependent on imported foodstuffs.

HIGH TIDE IN SPECULATION

By WILL PAYNE

LAST year 576,990,875 shares of stock, worth some $50,000,000,000, were bought on the New York Stock Exchange. That is a record—over 125,000,000 shares more than in 1926. Some of those purchases were for investment, the buyer paying for the stock and putting it away to hold indefinitely; but perhaps 90 per cent of them were only speculative, the buyer depositing a margin of about ten dollars a share to protect his broker, and intending to sell as soon as the stock advanced to a point that would yield a satisfactory winning. Essentially they were wagers on the course of the margin.

If 90 per cent of the trades were speculative and the average margin was ten dollars a share, more than $5,000,000,000 was posted with brokers by their customers during the year, in expectation of winning through a rise in stocks. The brokers also put up a margin and borrowed the remainder of the purchase price from the banks or from individuals, the purchased securities being pledged to the lenders as collateral. The middle of December brokers' loans amounted to $4,091,836,303. That, also, was a record—almost $1,000,000,000 higher than in January, 1927.

Speculation on this enormous scale is viewed with disapproval by practically everybody who does not directly profit by it. Speculation on any scale is disapproved by many people on the broad ground that it is essentially the same as any other form of gambling, and all gambling is immoral. More specifically, this stock-market speculation is disapproved because it involves inflation, and everybody now knows that inflation is poisonous; and because it employs a great amount of bank credit that might—theoretically, at least—be more profitably used in the production and distribution of goods. Lending $1,000,000 to a flour mill means, by and large, more flour. Lending the same amount to a railroad means better facilities for moving the flour. Lending it to a bakery means an improved plant for making bread. Lending it to grocers assists in distributing the bread to consumers. Lending it to the stock market means that at the end of the transaction you have just the same stocks that you began with.

Also, stock-market speculation is disapproved on the humanitarian ground that it brings loss, grief and discouragement to most of those who engage in it. Kindly people say it ought to be discountenanced for the same reason that you subscribe to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. There is no doubt whatever that it does bring loss, grief and discouragement to a large part of the persons engaged in it. Quite a library of evidence might be cited in proof.

Everybody who bought stocks on a margin in 1927 expected them to go up. On the whole, they did go up rather smartly. In December the average price of twenty representative industrial stocks was 196 75 against 158.50 the year before; and of twenty representative railroad stocks, 142.95 against 118.22 the year before—an advance of some thirty dollars a share. Yet it is safe to say that many of the speculative buyers were disappointed at the end of the year. Many always are disappointed, even though the market on the whole has gone their way.

It has been known to everybody time out of mind that the men who really make much money in stocks—and keep it—are those who buy something that has growth in it, put it away, sit down patiently and wait for it to grow; men, for example, who bought General Motors, General Electric, Steel Common, the Standard Oils, the leading rails, or any one of a great many things some years ago, when they were cheap, and just held on. That is where the large permanent wads come from, if they come out of stock-market transactions at all.

But the margin trader, buying for short turns and quick profits, hopping in and out of the market, will always guess wrong part of the time, which, with commissions and interest, sadly depletes such winnings as he may make even though the market, on the whole, is going up. In December, the Wall Street Journal printed this bit of speculative experience:

"In a Broadway brokerage house one trader has bought and sold 40,000 shares of stock. Deducting interest, commissions and tax, he has a net profit of something over $10,000. Early this year another trader bought 100 shares of Newmont around $70 a share, and 100 shares of Borden around $102 a share. On these 200 shares he has a profit of $10,200. The last-named customer has not been in the broker's office since he bought his stock. The trader who bought and sold 40,000 shares has had his eyes glued to the ticker every day from the opening to the closing of the Exchange."

That is the common story. Note that the operations of Trader B added but 200 shares to the year's total business, while the operations of Trader A added 40,000

(Continued on Page 48)

TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Now You Big Strong Wonderful Fellow, Tell Me All About Life in the Raw and the Big Open Spaces!"

At Home With a Celebrated Lawyer

MR. BLACKSTONE KENT, the eminent trial lawyer, sat at the breakfast table consuming his morning rolls and coffee.

"It looks like rain," said Mrs. Kent affably, looking out of the window.

"What looks like rain?" said Mr. Kent sharply.

"Why—er—it—the weather," said his wife.

"You heard my question," said Mr. Kent. "What looks like rain?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Mrs. Kent. "They say that ——"

"Wait!" roared Mr. Kent. "You mustn't tell us what they say. That would be hearsay and inadmissible. Have you personal knowledge of the weather conditions?"

"Why, no ——"

"I thought not," said Mr. Kent sarcastically. "Please confine your answers to matters within your own knowledge. Now let me ask you a few questions, and we'll get to the bottom of this very quickly. Have you consulted a barometer?"

"No," said his wife rather feebly.

"Have you examined the official meteorological reports of the weather bureau?"

"No."

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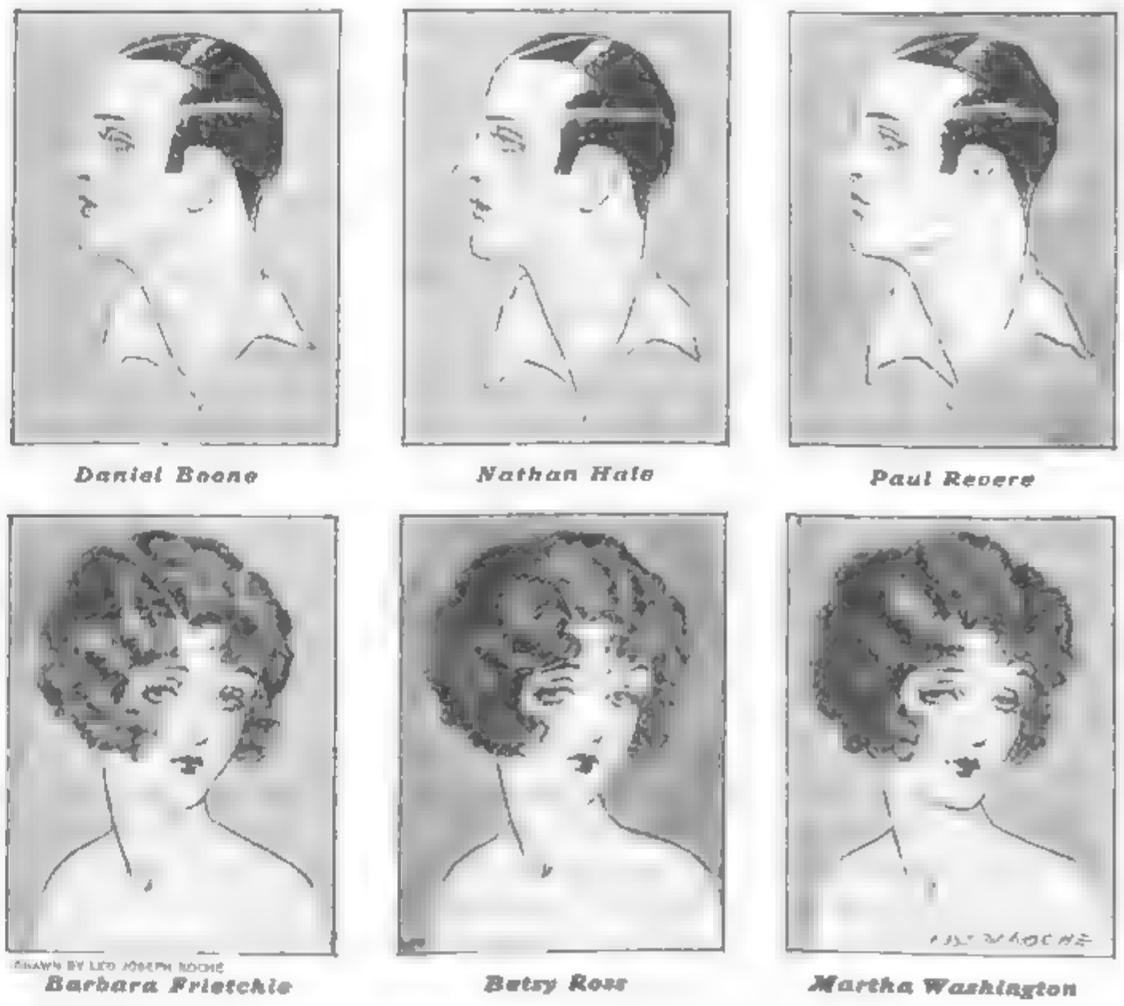
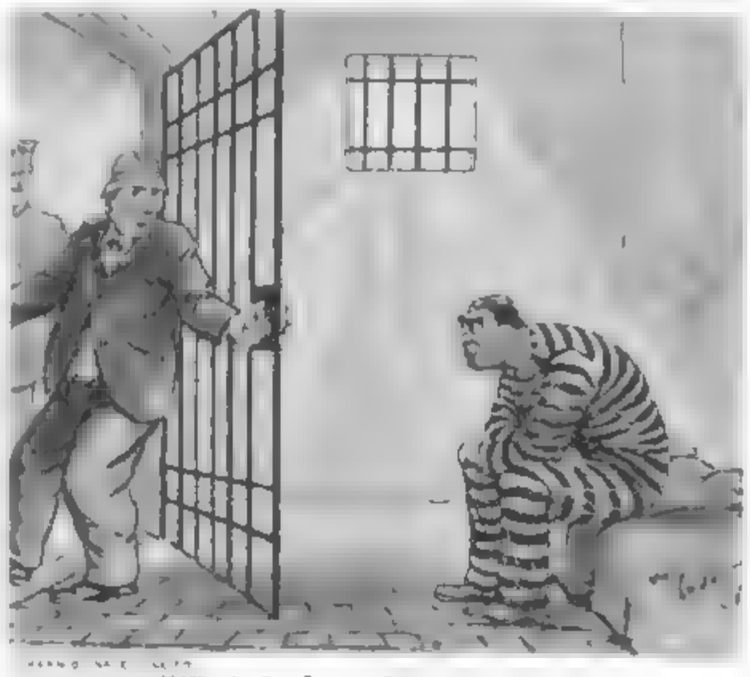
Just Before the Sophomore Dance. Mamma: "Now, Take Good Care of My Little Girl, Mr. Schultz!"

As the Movies Will Have Them



Determined-to-be-Cheery Visitor: "Gosh, Ed—You're Looking Simply Great"



His Pal: "Well, So Long, Lefty, Take Good Care of Yourself"

When "Come out of the Kitchen" means better food for the family!

HERE IS A fact of interest to every housewife in America: Every day in countless homes throughout the nation soups made outside the home are being served.

Soups of that delicious quality and flavor which the American standard of living demands. Soups made in just such spotless kitchens as the housewife herself maintains at home. Soups that answer the most exacting demands both for skillful blending and for welcome variety.

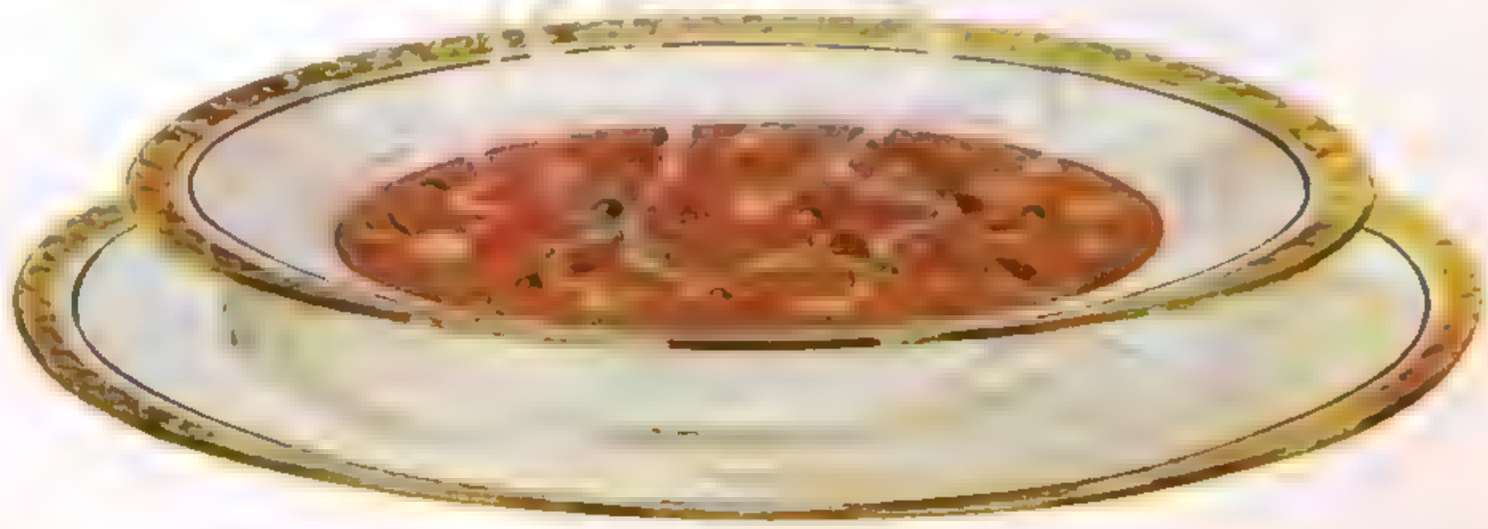
The popularity of Campbell's Soups among the most careful housewives proves how eager these women are to take advantage of every real help in providing the most attractive and healthful food for their families. Every saving of time and effort in the kitchen leaves just that much energy to be used in other ways of bettering the home

With Campbell's French chefs supplying the most delicious of soups daily, these housewives can dismiss this task from their minds and go on to others demanding their attention. Yet there has been no sacrifice in the quality of the soup. Otherwise such strict home-makers would insist on making their own soups.

Soup-making would be only one of their many duties. They cannot be "soup-chefs," devoting their whole lives to the study and blending of the most enticing flavors and savors in soups. Yet that is precisely what Campbell's do.

Each Campbell's Soup is a masterpiece of its kind—the result of marketing throughout the world for the finest ingredients that money can buy and preparing and combining them after Campbell's exclusive recipes. Is it any wonder that discriminating women—good soup makers though they themselves are—have decided to let Campbell's make their soups for them!

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is a splendid illustration of this real service to the housewife. A troublesome soup to make. Yet so useful and attractive, with all its many different vegetables, cereals, herbs and other ingredients. Hearty pieces of meat add their nutriment and flavor. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. Complete list of 21 Campbell's Soups on each label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any soups you select. 12 cents a can.



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE RIVER PIRATE

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

WE WENT back to Maggie's and Sailor Frink looked at me and asked if I was hungry. I was not exactly hungry, but I could stand a little something to eat, and Maggie made us some egg sandwiches that were pretty good." She was grumbling about cooking so late at night, but we paid no attention.

The kitchen was off the restaurant part of the place and there was a grimy swinging door that Maggie went through. Once, when she swung it open, I saw a man back in the kitchen, and I watched the next time she went through, and sure enough it was Caxton. That kind of worried me.

I noticed that Maggie seemed all cleaned up too. Her face looked cleaner and her hair combed smooth and she had some shoes on that had heels. I wanted to tell Sailor Frink all I saw, but I did not get a chance.

He was very anxious not to let Caxton or anybody else notice anything unusual in our actions, so he ate his sandwich and we went right upstairs. Just as I was going to tell him the story, we heard the two walking around downstairs. He winked at me and put his big finger against his lips as a sign for silence. Then he smoked a cigarette as he undressed and went to bed. He must have been as tired as I was, because he went right to sleep and started that deep snoring of his

I sat on the edge of the bed, looking out on the street. It was all dark and quiet out there, and only now and then would a man walk along the docks. One of them was a watchman at a wharf down the street a little ways and I knew when he passed that he was out after a pail of beer to drink with his lunch.

I was just going to undress when the door below me opened and Caxton came out. He stood in the entrance talking to someone and I could not hear all he said, but toward the end I heard: "Be sure now, Maggie, because she may be needin' that pretty bad."

I Saw Him Move Along Toward the Cabin Hatch, and He Was Just a Great Big Shadow That Slipped Through the Night Like the Sweep of an Owl's Wing

I watched him as he walked down the street, and below I could hear Maggie closing doors. I thought she would be going to bed, but after Caxton had got out of sight she came out into the street. I looked down at her and saw her with a hat on. She was going somewhere.

I guess I never will know just why I decided to do it, but I slipped out into the hall, down the stairs and out the side way that was always left open for people who might be coming to their rooms after Maggie went to bed. By the time Maggie turned away from the door I was in the street and following her.

After all her talking with Caxton and the hints that Sailor Frink had made about her, I thought it might pay us to know where she would be going. I was suspicious of her secret talks with Caxton. I tailed her as she walked over to the trolley line.

While she stood waiting for a car a taxicab came along, and I signaled to it and held it there and told the driver I wanted him to tail whatever car Maggie took until she left it. He nodded, and when she had got on the car we followed along for about a mile toward the center of the town.

Maggie left the car and I paid the driver and tailed her again until she came to a great big building that had two lights on the steps. As she started to turn up the steps a young girl came out the door on the run and met her there. She threw her arms around Maggie's old neck and kissed her seamed face half a dozen times.

I knew the building. It was a home for working girls where they could live cheap and well. I never suspected that anybody like Maggie would come there or know a girl like this one who was kissing her so hard. I worked my way up close, and there, under the lights, I could see how happy this girl was that Maggie had come to see her and I could see that Maggie was just about as happy to be there.

The girl slipped her arm around the old woman and started to lead her inside. They passed close under the two lights and their faces showed even clearer. Maggie was talking like a kid with a new toy and I got a real good look at the girl. She was the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life. She was slender and a little bit tall and her teeth looked like pearls as she smiled down at Maggie. I know now that, aside from being the prettiest girl in the world, she is also the best. She is my wife.

XI

I GUESS it is true that at least once in every man's life he meets a woman who can change everything for him. It is easy to sit back and smile and call other people foolish because of the things they do for those they love, but that is all wrong. Seeing this girl with Maggie was to me just like walking into an ancient cathedral or an old castle. There was awe in it; everything was different

I waited a couple of minutes after they passed inside, then went back to the trolley line and started home. I was very sure in my own mind that Maggie could not be doing anything crooked as long as she was with such a girl. I also thought about Caxton's words which I had overheard. I was certain that he had referred to this beautiful girl when he spoke to Maggie. What could that girl be needing from Maggie?

There was pretty deep mystery in the whole thing. Imagine an old woman like Maggie being kissed by the lips of a girl such as I had just seen! It took my breath away. Imagine, again, a hard-boiled hen fruit like Caxton having an interest of some kind in a girl like that. At first I hated the thought; after a minute I kind of liked it. Caxton was a he man and he was honest.

But who was the girl? Maybe it was just my being a kid, at first, that made me think of strange mysteries. It would be swell to save such a girl from trouble or danger and, after Sailor Frink and me made a lot of money river pirating, to take her in my arms and have her tell me how fine I was and then give her diamonds and take her out of the working girls' joint. You know what I mean—I was a little goofy just from her smile.

I got back to Maggie's and crept into the room and went to bed. I went to sleep right quick, because I was all in. What a night that had been! But when I did pass out, my mind was still full of ideas about being a hero with that girl and full of doubts about what Maggie and Caxton had to do with her. Anybody cops have anything to do with, you never can tell about.

The next morning I never said a thing to Frink. Somehow, the more I thought of that smiling girl under those bright lights, the less I thought it was anybody else's business.

Right after breakfast Sailor Frink called up Shark at some place where Shark worked. After Shark got through talking Sailor Frink was grinning again over our experience with Caxton. He was satisfied that everything was

Continued on Page 28

A kitchen in the City of Sunbrite

Porous wood needs Sunbrite's "double action"

Your wood utensils need more than soap and water to keep them perfectly clean. For wood is porous and absorbs tiny particles of food which hold odors and flavors.

Sunbrite gives the very kind of cleansing needed. It takes off surface dirt. But it does more than this surface cleaning.

It gets down into the tiny pores of the wood and *sweetens and purifies*—destroys every trace of stale, strong odor and flavor. It is this sweetening, purifying power of **Sunbrite** that makes it doubly effective. It is economical of time, of labor, of cost.

You'll find "double action" the most efficient way to clean, not only for your wood utensils, but for all your kitchen ware and for your bathroom. Use it wherever you want things sweet and fresh beyond question!

Swift & Company

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR FAMILY WASH OR DAINTY SILKS AND LACES

(Continued from Page 26)

all right and that the captain of the Nancy would buy the stuff.

"They'll be pickin' us up, so they will," he told me, "this very day. It'll be better that you hang around until Caxton spots you, that it will. Then let him tail you an' you go along the street askin' fer a job. Don't take one, unnerstan'. Just be askin'. You can put the pay too high if somebody wants you bad, so you can. You might try Kraft's warehouse. I'm thinkin' they'll be needin' help, so I am."

So I did that. I learned afterward that Sailor Frink went over to the boathouse, and right in broad daylight, while traffic on the river was heavy, the Nancy skipper sent a power boat over there, loaded our stuff aboard and hauled it out to where the dredge was working. There it was loaded aboard the tug and Sailor Frink got our nine hundred dollars.

But I just hung around Maggie's till I saw Caxton, then I walked down the street to Kraft's warehouse. Sometime, when you want a real kick out of life, go into a place that you have just robbed. There is no thrill like it. Men are standing around a bit and whispering about the robbery. Bosses—I mean the kind that wear derby hats and roll up their sleeves and talk like pirates used to hope to talk—stand around and watch the men to keep them working. But even they are thinking of the robbery and figuring in their minds about how it was done.

Pretending as innocent as I could, I walked up to a boss and asked him for a job. He turned to me and sneered and saw I was pretty young, I guess, and then a smile kind of hit his lips and he said, "I guess they need men, at that, kid. Go on in an' ask that fellow in the dock office." He raised his big dirty hand and pointed down the warehouse toward a little checking office where the general foreman of the loading had his desk.

"You'll find him in there," he told me. "His name is Welker an' I know he's been lookin' for checkers."

I knew there was some catch in the tip, because this boss was smiling in spite of himself when he gave it to me, and checking is a pretty good job for a kid to knock off first try. You got to know the stuff mighty well and be able to check in and out both. But I had to go through with it because I had the idea that Caxton was not far behind me. It might help me to look like a chump.

At the little office I stood in the door. There was a guy inside at a high desk and he wore a green eye shade. His knuckles were very bony and one finger on his right hand was spotted with green ink. He looked up at me as I stood there, and I said, "I want to see Mr. Welker."

He jerked his head backward and that meant that a man at a lower desk behind him was Welker. I also thought it meant step in and say my say. So I did that. I went in and Welker never even looked up. I stood there beside his desk a minute and finally said, "I been told you're lookin' fer checkers, sir."

Welker straightened and looked me over. I thought he was going to bust open, from the expression that came to his face. Everybody in that warehouse seemed sore because we had robbed the joint. He never spoke to me at all; just turned toward the guy with the eye shade and said, "Listen here, sap! If you can't keep this office clean I'll give you a chance at sweeping it out!"

That was good enough for me, all right, but it made me sore. I said: "It certainly needs a good sweepin' out!" I looked right at him when I said it and he grabbed the edge of his desk and started to get up. I walked out the door and he settled back in his chair with a remark that even Sailor Frink did not know. That is what getting a job in the docks is like. If they do not want you right that minute, they throw you out.

Outside the office the first boss that had steered me in was waiting. He was holding his sides laughing at me. I was just going to make a nasty crack at him and run, when I saw who was with him. It was Caxton.

"Next time I stop in a place," I said to the copper, "mebbe I can git you to do the talkin' for me. I'm goin' to need help an' you're very smart an' you seem always to be around handy."

"I'm apt to be that, kid," Caxton snapped. "I just happened in here because of a trick that was pulled. Interesting too. C'mere an' I'll show you."

He caught me by the arm and led me down to the window where Sailor Frink and I had worked. It was still open and there were two men standing there below it and talking about it. One of them had a list and Caxton spoke to him.

"We can't tell exactly what is gone," the man with the list said. "They took it from several different consignments and we may need two or three days to check it up."

"They was a robbery here, kid," Caxton said to me. "Just think of that! A robbery. Right in this warehouse a robbery. Whoever done it came right up out of the river and robbed this place."

"Ain't that hell?" I said. But what I did not like was that he held onto my arm all the time he talked to me. Not too tight, understand; just enough to let me know his hand was there and make me want to get away. But I did not pull away. I kind of felt that was what he wanted me to do.

Then he made a bad mistake. Coppers do that. Little as they talk, they talk too much. I mean, whenever a copper talks he is trying to learn something, and if he really knows anything he does not talk; he just knocks you off and tells the judge and then maybe you get reformed.

Caxton said, "But it won't take long to collar this mob. Crooks allus make mistakes, kid. This time it's a patch of cloth from somebody's suit. Got tore goin' through the window. That makes it pretty easy for us."

For a second, maybe, he almost made a sucker of me. He was looking at me so straight I felt like I was hanging on the end of his glance. I never looked down at my clothes and I tried not to show a thing like excitement or scare.

"It's a good thing it's easy fer you, Mr. Caxton," I told him, "because no cop should work very hard. Specially honest ones that don't go around framin' guys."

"Ain't it the truth?" he grunted. Then he let go of my arm and turned toward the window, and I walked out of Kraft's joint. The muscles on the inside of my elbows were doing a hula-hula dance all by themselves. I felt like I had just laid down a couple of anvils.

I wished that Sailor Frink was standing by. I needed to talk to him and, anyway, suppose he had torn his pants? I guess I never spent a jumpier day than that one. What

(Continued on Page 84)

A Young Girl Came Out the Door on the Run. She Threw Her Arms Around Maggie's Old Neck and Kissed Her Seamed Face Half a Dozen Times

CARS AS BEAUTIFUL AS HOMES

JUST as the interior of a yacht reminds one of a luxurious home, so does that of the fine closed car. Discriminating women today require that the charm of their rooms be extended to their motor cars—and automobile manufacturers respond by using more yards of CA-VEL for closed car interiors than any other fabric.

CA-VEL is the perfected form of those historic velvets used by the great Georgian cabinet-makers on their matchless furniture. Today, Interior Decorators achieve the richest, most harmonious effects by using CA-VEL for drapes, window-curtains and seat-coverings. For motor car upholstery its enduring beauty is a revelation. The rich tone-depths, the yielding comfort, the almost animate lustre outlive the very car they beautify.

CA-VEL is cool in summer, warm in winter. It does not become ruffled. It will not soil even the most delicate frock. Next time you examine a car, intent on car-purchase, request a CA-VEL interior if you desire the supremest expression of interior beauty. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York.

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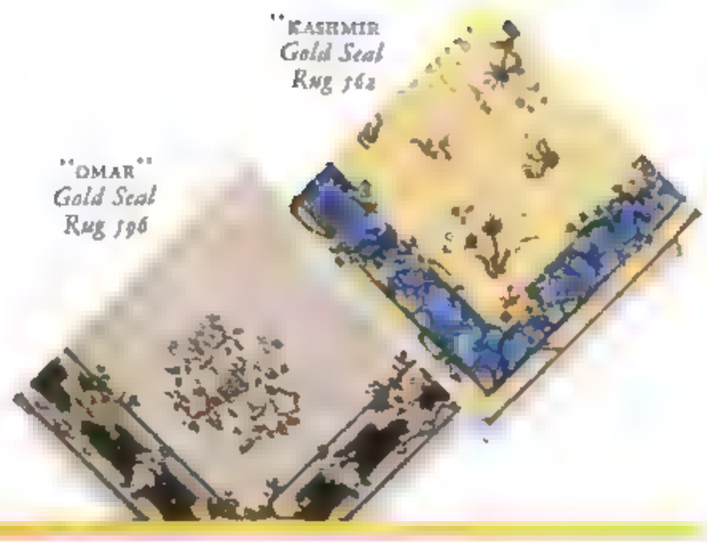
VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

When Ruth spent the holidays at Grandmother Hathaway's —



"KASHMIR" *Gold Seal Rug 562*

"OMAR" *Gold Seal Rug 596*

"CHRYSANTHEMUM" *Gold Seal Rug 322*

"ANTOINETTE" *Gold Seal Rug 328*

"SAN TOY" *Gold Seal Rug 387*

Ruth's happy choice was the pretty "DU BARRY" design—Gold Seal Rug 326

FROM the moment she arrived, Ruth made up her mind to do over the old living room. She didn't like the idea of Grandmother and Grandad Hathaway living in such dreary, lack-lustre surroundings.

Of course, the old folks let her have her way (they always did) even though Grandmother shook her head dubiously at having anything so "new-fangled" as a Congoleum Rug. But now she delights in pointing out how cheerful the rug makes the room . . . how its touches of rose match the curtains . . . how it improves the appearance of her cherished old furniture.

How grateful she is, too, for its easily-cleaned surface. No more tedious, tiring sweeping of old dust-collecting floor-covering. A mere rub-over with a damp mop makes her new rug spotless.

Isn't there a room in your home that needs the tonic of smiling color? Designers of note have put real individuality into the splendid variety of "Congoleum" patterns. Graceful florals, dainty and bright in color . . . deep warm-toned Orientals . . . smart modern novelties . . . quaint and trim tile effects. Sizes up to 9 x 15 ft.

A VERY few dollars will buy this beauty—plus the serviceability given by the *Multicote* finish to be had only in genuine "Congoleum." *More than a mere surface coat,* it builds long-time durability right into the rug itself. When you buy a genuine Congoleum Rug you get the utmost value and quality that money can buy in a labor-saving floor-covering.

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CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK REMOVE SEAL WITH WET CLOTH

This Gold Seal identifies the only genuine Congoleum — insist that it appear on the rugs you buy! Only then can you be sure of getting the high quality and exceptional value that have made *Gold Seal* Art-Rugs so popular.

"BAGDAD" *Gold Seal Rug 599*

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CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

Home Decorating Suggestions

The charming, enchanting things you can easily do with color! They're told about in "Color Magic in the Home" by Anne Lewis Pierce. Send for this profusely illustrated booklet of easily-followed suggestions with its helpful Color Selector. Address Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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OIL AND CONSERVANCY

By Isaac F. Marcosson

NEARLY every economic disaster has somewhere in it the elements that make for future benefit. Out of evil emerges the proverbial good. This is notably true of the present overproduction of petroleum. It has played havoc, to be sure, with price and morale; but never before in a similar crisis—and there have been many has the vital need for conservancy been brought home so convincingly. If this economy is ultimately achieved either within the industry or through Federal mandate, the existing and costly dislocation will not have been without compensation.

There are too many people and likewise too much money in the industry. This makes for duplication of effort. On the mechanical side there is also a contributory cause. Refining processes have been so improved that one barrel of petroleum now does the work that two were called upon to perform a few years ago. It is now possible to convert more than 60 per cent of the whole barrel into gasoline, as against half that quantity comparatively a short time ago. Thus there is an excess of both crude and distilled products. Reënforcing this is the growing improvement in automobile design, which reduces demand for motor fuel.

The statistics furnish the best background. Since 1920 our oil consumption has increased by about 50 per cent, production by 70 per cent, stocks by 100 per cent and the supply of raw material available for gasoline manufacture by 350 per cent. Every activity is at high speed, with the usual result, which is excess.

Hence a daily output that has averaged 2,500,000 barrels, of which 200,000 must be put into storage. In other words, for more than a year we have produced more oil than we need. If the reserve were inexhaustible there would be no issue with the business and no post mortem on profits.

It so happens that the oil hoard is problematical. Every unnecessary tapping reduces by just so much a store which cannot be renewed like wheat, cotton or corn. This makes the petroleum problem a matter of nation-wide interest. The merchant vessel, the factory, the locomotive, the motor car and the home, to say nothing of the Army and Navy, draw increasingly upon this needful mineral for heat, power and light. Oil drives a considerable portion of this busy, humming world, and is also the most important and strategic munition of war.

An Aerial View of an Oil Refinery at Port Arthur on the Gulf Coast

The Lure of Raw Materials

OVERPRODUCTION works in many ways to create loss. First and foremost is the drain on reserve to which I have just referred. Uneconomical production, which prevails in nearly every field, brings exhaustion nearer, thus hastening the time when we will be obliged to employ imported crude or depend upon the synthetic article distilled from coal, lignite or shale. If the present rate of dissipation keeps up, the mortgage that we are writing on the future will be foreclosed sooner than we expected. It does not matter whether we have 5,000,000,000 or 25,000,000,000 barrels of petroleum left in the ground. A few years like 1927, when the record output was 900,000,000 barrels, or more oil than was produced in the whole world in 1922, will deplete the natural supply of what has become in many respects the most precious of all minerals.

But this constitutes only one aspect of the economic disaster that overflow sets in motion. Seven out of every 100 barrels of oil brought forth are superfluous. The total value of crude produced in the United States on October 1, 1927, was $3,068,190. Had the price current on October 31, 1926, then been obtainable, this same output would have returned $5,173,239. The loss on one day's production therefore is $2,105,049, or at the rate of $768,000,000 a year. Remember, too, that thousands of holders of oil securities share in this decline through shrinkage in the market value of their holdings.

There is still another and larger phase. Once wars were waged mainly for territorial aggrandizement. Times have changed, however. The romantic lure of land is now dimmed save in isolated cases of provinces such as Alsace and Lorraine. Nations like Britain have too much domain and the upkeep, so to speak, becomes a costly burden. Today the empires of trade and raw materials tempt national necessity and cupidity.

It follows that European prime ministers and cabinets are really more concerned about monopolies of such commodities as oil, rubber, coffee, potash, sugar and nitrates than with disarmament and kindred matters. They affect income and commercial prestige. Oil, which is more essential than any of these products, has taken first place and looms increasingly as an international question. Part of our New World economic supremacy is reared on the fact that we have so far produced 70 per cent of the whole oil output. If we exhaust our supply and join in the scramble in and for foreign fields, we shall inevitably lose some of our authority in the universal market place.

Commenting on this contingency, one of the outstanding figures in the oil business said:

"By a continuation of our present policies, we will become a pauper nation so far as petroleum is concerned before the petroleum resources of many other countries have been seriously drawn upon. The United States has largely supplied the whole world with petroleum. If we have a shortage of petroleum, we will pay dearly for what we must buy from foreign countries. Under our Constitution we can levy no export duty. When we become dependent on foreign countries for our petroleum, we will probably pay to other countries either a direct export tax or an export tax in some other form, which alone may be in excess of the entire amount we have collected for the petroleum we have exported."

Though this is an extremist view so far as any immediate likelihood of a petroleum famine is concerned, it strikes at the heart of the matter. It is only by painting the worst that relief can be obtained.

Overproduction, with its attendant financial loss and dislocation of the entire economic structure, is bad enough, but it also involves a larger degree of waste. With waste we arrive at the second phase of the provocation for conservancy.

Though waste writes the chief indictment of the oil industry, it must be qualified. The emphatic demand for conservancy does not imply that there is wanton destruction or careless handling of the product after it reaches the surface. On the contrary, it is painstakingly conducted through pumps, storage tanks, pipe lines and refineries—that is, on the entire journey from well to consumer. The total loss in all these operations is only about 3 per cent.

Gas and Oil

REAL waste lies first in production in great volume and periodic floods; second, in the unnecessary dissipation of the natural gas with which the crude underground is heavily charged. We will take these manifestations in order.

The recurrent overflows do not develop at the behest of the producers. They are the last people to want an excess, because it cuts down the price and demoralizes the market. They must submit because they are the victims of conditions which operate in two major ways. One is that an oil well, once it begins to flow, drains the adjacent territory. The landowner, who is seldom the oil company, insists upon getting his share at once and can compel the operator to keep at it. The other is that producers are prevented by the Sherman Law from cooperating. Therefore competitive drilling, which is the curse of the business, goes on full tilt, save in a few cases such as Seminole and Pecos, where the state authorities have approved curtailment because of the acute situation in the industry. All this means that conservancy, if it is to become more than a phrase, must establish a better control of production.

An excess of oil can be conserved through tank storage, although the cost of carrying is high. With gas you have a different proposition. Clearly to comprehend it you must be told that not only is the crude under the ground impregnated with gas but the gas helps to propel the oil to the surface, once the oil sands are reached. The operator who drills the largest number of wells most quickly gets the advantage of the high original gas pressure in forcing the oil out of the holes. If he waits and his neighbor goes ahead

Continued on Page 133

Designers of the late 18th century made the elaborate sedan chairs of that period beautiful in line and artistic in color and embellishment

The New Packard Six Convertible Coupe

PACKARD body designers deserve the international reputation the beauty of their work has won for them. The graceful and distinctive simplicity of Packard bodies is everywhere admired and frequently copied.

And now Packard designers have created another worthy addition to the line of standard models—the Packard Six 2-passenger convertible coupe.

Here is the very car for combined sport and business use—and for the younger generation which so admires the runabout type.

With top up and windows closed the convertible coupe provides a snug, warm enclosed car for winter or wet-weather driving, with more than enough room for two.

With top down and windows lowered into the doors, the car becomes a smart roadster. The fully upholstered folding seat, which fits flush within the rear deck, also provides room for two.

This beautiful two-purpose car priced at but $2425 at the factory is giving new impetus to the Packard Six conquest of the fine car market.

Packard cars are priced from $2275 to $4550. Individual custom models from $5200 to $8970, at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE LUCK OF LOSS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

HENRY ALBIEN'S store in Blueblanket was a pleasant place to be on this particular winter morning—for anybody whose sense of smell was not too delicate. Outside, the sun was shining brightly in a cloudless steel-blue sky and the air was as pure as Black Hills pine and a sterilizing sheet of snow could make it, but the mercury was cuddling the bulb in the thermometer at forty below and to the men who had ridden or driven from seven to twelve miles into town, atmospheric purity was of far less importance than warmth, and Henry's big box stove was ruddier than the cherry in large patches on its back and sides.

"Obey," She Says, "These Here Gentlemen Want to Buy Our Place Already Yet Maybe, and You've Got to Quit Acting Dumb and Not Cut Your Nose to Spoil Your Face"

Old Sam Stegg, who, with his neighbor, Tip Yoakum, of Hat Creek, had just arrived, had removed the gunnysack wrappings from his feet and spread them on the woodpile against the counter to thaw out; Tip had backed to the stove and added a rich aroma of scorched buffalo overcoat to the general reek; Bart Hollinshed, from the Z-Bell Ranch, was wearing an outer garment of wolfskin that had noticeably been imperfectly tanned; and then there were the normal odors of cheese, kerosene, onions and tobacco. But it was warm—gloriously warm, and everybody but Henry Albien himself seemed to be happy.

Henry was engaged with a customer—Newt Harmon, the sawmill man, and Newt was a tough old bird.

"I'd as lief trade with you as send off for what I need, but I ain't a-going to be robbed," he said to Henry. "No, sir, by gum, I don't pay no three prices just to be neighborly."

The storekeeper eyed him malevolently.

"The way I figure, I'll be making half a cent a pound on that there sugar," he stated. "That sounds sort of grasping, but by the time I allow for shrinking and storage and pay my help and taxes and support my family off'n that half cent, I ain't a-going to lay up a heap for my old age. This here robbery I'm a-perp'trating on you and all and sundry ain't what it's cracked up to be as a paying proposition. All the same, you don't have to stand my work. Maybe you'd better send to Omaha and get your sugar free, gratis and for nothing, with freight charges paid. They're big-hearted folks there and don't care whether they make or lose money. Don't you strain yourself to put me under obligations, Newt. The sooner I bust up in business, the better it'll be for me."

They wrangled for some time, and eventually Harmon completed his purchases and departed. Henry slammed the door after him with some violence and approached the group by the stove with a countenance that was dark with gloom.

"The next time the old skeezicks comes in here and tries to Jew me down on a bill, I'll grab me a pick handle from the bar'l and lay him out," he declared savagely. "Some of these days there's a-going to be bloodstains on this here floor right after one of these picayune pinchfists has give me the Omaha quotations on a plug of tobacco. Every time a man gets a-holt of a five-dollar bill nowadays he wants a special price and a cash discount and pulls a mail-order catalogue on me to show me where I'm a-trying to pick his pocket. A man who goes into the grocery business is headed, tail-up, for the poorhouse, I tell you. It makes me plumb sick to think that I had a chance of selling out lock, stock and bar'l and let it go by. . . . Gosh!"

"How was that, Henry?" Tip Yoakum inquired, with an air of great surprise and intense interest. "You mean that somebody wanted to buy you out—made you an offer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the storekeeper; "a cash offer—spot cash, and I ——"

He was interrupted by Bart Hollinshed.

"Never mind, Henry," said Bart. "Never mind. You can stop right there. Tip has heard that story just as often as the rest of us, and he ought to have better sense than to try to get you started. Sure, you had a cash offer, and if you hadn't held out for a measly two hundred more, you could have taken that cash and bought that half interest in the Queen of Sheba mine and been rolling in million-dollar bills today. That's it, ain't it? Then why not let it go at that and not drive us out into the cold outdoors? . . . Any of you men heard how Pete Wallaby's leg is? I heard it was in bad shape."

The storekeeper told him that the leg was getting along fine, and the doc said that Pete wouldn't even limp. But regarding of this feller that wanted to buy him out ——

"His name was Jacob Nyswanger and he come from Fort Wayne and he'd got eight thousand dollars out of his uncle's estate," Bart recited in a monotonous tone, his eyes fixed on a bright tin wash boiler suspended from the ceiling.

"Well, you tell it then," snapped the storekeeper, justly irritated.

"What's the object?" Bart wanted to know.

Mr. Stegg said that Henry's failure to embrace golden opportunity and his subsequent regret reminded him of Obey Schreckendgust, who crossed White River in the early summer of '82 and went on to Custer County, where he settled at Point of Rocks, near a distant cousin who had preceded him.

"I was the first man in this section ever laid eyes on Obey," the old bullwhacker boasted, "and I was the first ever listened to his sad, sad story. There's a-plenty who heard it for the first time, but I was the first to hear it."

I come on to Obey going north as I was going south, headed for Sidney—the old bullwhacker went on. Strictly speaking, he wasn't a-going, but a-staying at the crossing, waiting for the river to go down, which I was likewise doing on the opposite bank. I could see his outfit camped—a couple of wagons, a woman with a baby and four-five other young ones. Every once in a while Obey would come down to the bank and make motions at me, and I'd make motions back at him. Seemed like he was doing his level best to be sociable under the circumstances. Still, I'd probably have just passed the time of day with him when I crossed in the morning and then gone on my way without no more loss of time, only Obey wasn't a-going to have it thataway. I was the first human he'd got within speaking distance of for quite a spell, and he was busting to talk.

He was sure a mighty cur'ous-looking little man. He stood about five foot nothing much in his brogans and was as thin as a rail, hollow-eyed and tow-headed, with a little, round, hard, low-crowned hat atop of his long ragged hair, the like of which I never seen before or since. His wife was as starved-looking as he was, and so was the young ones. Altogether, at first sight, it was a sorry-looking outfit; but I took notice that the two wagons was new, and the teams was in good shape. One of the wagons had quite a farm outfit loaded onto it—plow, hand seeders, hoes, shovels, cradles and what not, and they was all new. Another thing, they hadn't broken camp, but they'd et and there was bacon left in the fry pan and two-three biscuits in the Dutch oven, so I figured that they wasn't as starved as they looked and was far from being busted.

First off, Obey ast me my name and told me his, and then he wanted to know where I come from and did I know Point of Rocks. When he found that I'd come right a-past there from Deadwood and was acquainted with Owgoost Schreckendgust he got real excited and called his wife up to hear all about it.

"Point of Rocks," says he. "Isa there rocks there already then? I ain't seen a rock for a month yet—not one rock!"

I can't get off his lingo the way he twisted it, but I got the gen'ral drift of his remarks. He was a heap worried about them rocks. Here was miles and miles of land all around that hadn't nothing more solid on it than hardpan, and you had to go down twenty or thirty foot to find that. Seemed like to him that farming would be just pie under them conditions, and he'd more'n half a notion to stop right where he was and start to build him a house.

"But if there ain't no rock already, what yet can a man build with?" he says

I told him he might try sod or haul him some lumber from the nearest yard, but I reckon he thought I was a-joking him. Houses was built out of rocks, and fences likewise. How did I figure he'd fence in any land if there wasn't rocks to pile?

"Where did you come from, anyway?" I ast him.

"Pennsylvany," he says; "but we come on the steam cars the most of the way. But we been driving the wagons two weeks last Monday."

Only I allowed that was a right smart of a way to come and ast him how come he got started, and he told me that he'd sold his farm and his cousin had wrote him that there was good land and a-plenty of money in the Black Hills. His cousin had got a ranch all picked out for him, with all the plow land he'd be likely to need and the best kind of water, and also timber till you couldn't rest. Rock on it, too, but it was all heaped up to one side or the other in big chunks and out of the way, not like what he had on his Pennsylvania farm, where it was all mixed up with the dirt and come up from below as fast as you picked it off'n the top. I reckon, from what he said, there was just about enough soil on that place of his to keep the rocks from rubbing together. It must have been a holy terror.

"You was in big luck to get off of it, I judge," I says, and at that Obey broke loose. It come out the way the river had been the day before, bankful, foaming and rushing. His hands flew out, and he shook his fists at the skies above; his eyes like to have started from their sockets, and the veins swelled in his scraggy neck.

"Luck!" he squeals. "Luck! You call it luck maybe that I throw away to the birds a million dollars, or anyways a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, ain't? Luck! Och, himmel! Luck to let a dirty, cheating loafer take away from me ease and comfort where I could live out my days and not turn my hand for a stitch of work already! Luck to lose blood horses and buggies to drive around in, and cigars to smoke and fine clothes to wear, with a gold watch and chain and a tie pin of diamonds yet! Yes, I am lucky for all those things and more; I am lucky that this skellum takes from my wife her silk dresses and her hats with feathers of ostrichers, and also her hired help and carpets with roses all over and velvet furniture; it is luck that my boys get no colleges and my girl maybe must hire out or work in the fields when she is big enough and has no piano nor not even an accordion. If that is luck, I am the luckiest dumb fool that ever worked from starlight to starlight in winter cold and summer heat all my days till my coffin lid is nailed over my face."

He was a-sweating all over that brown face of his when he stopped for breath, and it was the cool of the morning. His woman patted him on the shoulder and said something to him in Dutch that quieted him down some.

"You think I'm crazy, maybe," he says to me, after he'd gulped once or twice. "Well, I get a mad when I think of it all. Mister, I worked like a dog ever since I can walk steady on that forty acres, and when my father give up and passed on to everlasting glory, amen, I worked the harder, taking out rocks and putting in seed, piling up rocks and taking out not so much crops season in and season out, where I grudged the Sabbath for the time I lose to make two ends meet, and all the time in debt and struggling out of debt and then in debt again, and for what? For a bare living and the bare skin out at my elbows and the knees of my pants also. And the good God keeps right on sending my wife more children for us to feed and put clothes on to cover their nakedness. All them years I work and stay—and then I am too dumb to hang on maybe a year longer. I sell out."

I told him I thought he'd showed mighty good sense. All that puzzled me was who the dickens would want to buy such a place. He said he'd tell me how that come, and he done so. Seemed like he was plowing up some rock already when a buggy stopped on the road that run along the creek by his farm, and a feller climbed over the stone wall and come up to him. He was a considerable of a dude, according to Obey's tell. He had a black mustache and black eyebrows that run straight acrost without any break between. He was smoking a seegar, and the smell of the smoke and the barber's dope that was on him was like the flowers in May. He said that his name was Kelly, and he gave Obey a seegar that was a mate to the one he was a-smoking himself and allowed it was an elegant day. Obey admitted that it was, but he said he was stocked up with fruit trees and hadn't paid the last two installments on Caleb Cowper's Compendium, or Ten Thousand Invaluable Recipes for Home, Farm and Shop and didn't see his way clear ever so to do. Furthermore, if the lightning wanted to strike his house or the barn, the lightning was welcome to go right ahead and strike, but he wasn't in the market for no rods.

"Far be it from me to urge you to buy any," says Mr. Kelly. "The way I look at it," he says, "lightning is a dispensation of divine Providence that it's sinful to interfere with. But I ain't got nothing to sell," says he. "I'd be more likely to buy than sell. The fact is I was just a-passing when I noticed the rock you've got in your fence, Mr. Schreckendgust. Would you maybe already yet be willing to sell me that fence?"

Obey asked him what he wanted of it, and he allowed it was composed of a particular kind of stone that was specially fitted for bridge filling.

"I notice you've got more of it here," he says, picking up a chunk by his foot. Then he looked around. "Why, bless my soul, your whole farm is full of it!" says he. "Now I wonder if you'd like to give me an option on the whole place. Of course you'd have to bear in mind that I'd have to run the risk of finding bridges to fill, and not open your mouth too wide in the matter of price; but I think, anyway, I'd be justified in offering you—well, say ten dollars spot cash for the option. What do you say, Mr. Schreckendgust?"

"What's an option?" Obey ast him, and he went to work and explained.

"You see," he winds up, "if I don't find no bridges in paying quantities and the deal falls through, you'll still be ahead ten dollars; and if we take up the option, you'll be getting a good, liberal price for your property -provided you haven't hauled off none of the stone. We'd have to insist on having that in black and white—that you don't sell no stone."

He pulled out an elegant pocketbook stuffed full of bills and picked out a ten spot and held it out. Obey's fingers itched to grab it, but he sort of controlled himself and studied for a while.

"What would you pay if you bought the farm?" he asks.

"What would you be willing to take?" says Kelly. "You know what it's worth to you better than I do. If you ask too much, I'll tell you so."

Obey studied again for quite a spell. He had been thinking of letting the farm go and working for straight wages anyway. Him and his wife had been talking it over only the night before. He figured that if this Kelly would pay him two-three hundred dollars for the place and let him keep his team and the cow, he'd be doing mighty well; but if he ast that much, the feller might go off plumb disgusted and he wouldn't even get the ten dollars for the option. Finally he told Kelly to make him an offer.

"You know more about bridge filling and what you can make off'n it than what I do," he says. "You make me an offer and if it's too little I'll tell you."

"Well, sposen we put the price at a thousand dollars," says Kelly.

Obey said the shock was such that he came nigh to keeling over. A thousand dollars was more money than he'd ever dreamed of owning, even when he was young and the future looked sort of rosy. He looked at the feller to see if he was joking, and then, to make sure, he ast him if he wasn't.

"No," says Kelly, sober enough, "I ain't a-joking. I think a thousand is every cent it's worth and I won't pay no more if you talk a year. Take it or leave it."

"It ain't enough," says Obey, recovering out of his shock. "Not near enough."

"You must take me for a sucker," says Kelly. "Well, just out of cur'osity, what do you think it's worth? Let's see what you've got the nerve to ask."

"Ten thousand—and you can take it or leave it," says Obey.

Kelly bust out a-laughing. "I'll leave it and bid you a good day," he says. "It's been a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Schreckendgust—it certainly has."

He went off, still a-laughing, and

"What's the Matter With the Crazy Little Fool?" Says the Feller to Me. "You Better Keep Him Off Me, or I'm Liable to Hurt Him Serious"

(Continued on Page 36)

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Capitol at Washington, D. C., a beautiful American edifice. Generally considered to be the most stately legislative building in the world.

Body by Fisher

A *Man's* Car That All *Women* Admire

It's a man's car, all right. Big .... rugged .... powerful as the driving wind. Ready to hit the roughest overland trail. Capable of conquering the sharpest mountain grade.

* * *

Masculine from bumper to bumper .... from oversize tires to the uppermost curve of its roof. Yet even with its power and size and staunchness, it's a car that women all admire.

They admire the brilliant beauty of its Fisher bodies .... its arresting style and rakish lines. They thrill to the luxury of its appointments .... to its smoothness and silence at any speed.

* * *

And when they drive it, they're grateful. For its soft clutch .... its smoothly shifting gears .... its velvet action four-wheel brakes ... its marvelous handling ease.

They find it exactly the car they've always wanted. The All-American Six is winning American women along with tens of thousands of American men.

Special Sport Equipment

Available on all body types .. six wire wheels with tires ... special front fenders with tire wells ... two special tire locks and locking rings .. collapsible trunk rack ... $100 extra on open cars ... $110 on closed cars ... six disc wheels with same equipment, $75 on open cars—$85 on closed models.

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New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 34)

Obey started up his team. Out of the corner of his eye, he seen Mr. Kelly climb over the stone fence and he almost weakened enough to pull up his team and holler to him to come back; but just then Kelly sort of turned 's if he meant to come back anyway, so Obey drove on—just a few yards too far, for when he looked again Kelly had got into the buggy and started off, and in less than a minute he was out of sight around a bend in the road.

"I went into the house and I cried," says Obey. "Yes, dumb fool, I cried—cried because I'd been a hog and lost a thousand dollars—ten dollars anyway. I could have got that ten dollars safe, and for that I would have let him take my place, all but my team and the cow, and welcome. Even if I have no more, I would still have my wages I could earn and a better house than I am living in; also, maybe a chance of a thousand dollars and no more fight, fight, fight to keep out of debt. If I had ast him three hundred dollars the first time, maybe he would have paid me right away off the cash money out of that fat wallet and taken his chance of finding some bridges. Maybe you would cry, too, mister, if this had happened with you. And it was hard to tell my wife; but I told her what a dumb way I had acted. It was because I thought that if that feller had offered me a thousand dollars, it was worth much more as that and might we could dicker a while. But instead, he laughs at me and drives away."

I allowed that was mighty tough luck, but such was apt to be in trade with the best of traders and maybe it was all for the best; and I told him that he would find a good camping place for noon if he crossed right then and followed back on my trail.

"I ain't finished telling you about this yet," he says. "It was the next day that I was plowing in the same field that that same buggy comes around the bend. I knew it to once by the horse, which was a bay horse with a white face, and when it stopped by my fence I see it is the same feller, Kelly. He didn't get out, but he hollers to me, 'Have you woke up out of that dream of yours yet, Mr. Schreckendgust?'

"I make that I don't hear him and I go right on plowing. I have thoughts that I was right yesterday, after all, now he comes back; but when he gets out of the buggy I will not act dumb, but I will take the ten dollars sure and he can pay me what he likes for the farm. Then he shakes the reins and drives on and my heart sinks down by my stomach already, and then he stops again and it jumps up into my throat and chokes me as he gets out. I say to myself, 'I will not be dumb; I will not cut my nose to spoil my face this time. I will not be a hog'"

Seems like this here Kelly comes up to him chipper as ever and hands him over another of them good seegars and asks him if he'd made up his mind to accept the lib'ral terms offered—to wit, one thousand simoleons purchase price, if any; and Obey right away forgot about all his good resolutions and told him that the purchase price was ten thousand—no more and no less. Kelly laughs right hearty and slaps him on the back and tells him that he's right comical.

"But now we'll get right down to brass tacks and quit joking," says Kelly. "Yesterday," he says, "I'd give up all idee of throwing away good money on your place, but this morning I happened to hear of a big bridge that they're a-going to build acrost the Susquehanna and I feel tol'able sure that I can get the contract for the filling from a friend of mine. It's a dead secret about this bridge, and I'm trusting to your honor as a gentleman and a scholar not to let a breath of it leak out.

"Well, here's the point: I've got to make sure that I can deliver the goods if my bid is accepted, but you know and I know that you ain't got all the rock that there is in this here valley, so I ain't going to pay no fancy price for it. Maybe I won't need it at all. A thousand dollars is a plenty for this forty acres of yours, but I like you, and just to show you that I'm not hidebound, I'll pay you twelve hundred dollars for the farm if I buy it, and to make it interesting, I'll hand you twenty-five dollars here and now for the option at that figure, the option to run for ninety days." He pulls out his pocketbook again and thumbs out two tens and a five and waves 'em at Obey. "Grab 'em quick before I change my mind," he says.

Obey shakes his head. "My price is ten thousand dollars if you buy, and if you get any options out of me, you'll pay right down the money fifty dollars to me," he says.

"You're bound to have your little joke, ain't you?" says Kelly. "Well, fifty down for the option goes, and if I buy which may or may not be—I'll pay you thirteen-fifty, and that's my last word."

"The last word I got for you on the purchase price is ten thousand what I have said," Obey told him.

"Then I've wasted another quarter of an hour of valuable time, for we can't deal," says Kelly. "I will now shake hands with you, Mr. Schreckendgust, and wish you good-by and many, many years of health, prosperity and happiness, and while we will never meet again, I shall always cherish your mem'ry."

He held out his hand and Obey shook it, and then he walked back to the buggy and climbed in and drove off. Obey looked for him to come back all that afternoon, but he didn't come.

Obey didn't sleep a wink that night—just turned and tossed and groaned and cussed himself out. He told me all the thoughts he had enduring that time, but they was much the same thoughts he'd had the day before, only a little worse. That's neither here nor there. Next morning he couldn't eat none of the breakfast his wife fixed for him, but just swallered down some coffee and hurried out to the field with his team and started to plow. He plowed back and forth and acrost and sideways and cat a cornered, any way the team took a notion, as long as they kept a-moving. All Obey done was keep his hands on the plow and his eyes on the bend in the road, a-hoping and praying for the bay horse with the white face. At noon he wouldn't even go into the house for dinner, so a couple of his boys brought him out a lunch. He couldn't eat no more than a bite even then, with them young ones a-staring at him and wondering what ailed him, not reelizing in their innocent little hearts how their dumb fool pop had ruined their chances by the way he'd acted yet. Obey couldn't keep the tears out of his eyes when he looked at 'em.

But Kelly didn't show up and, come dark, Obey felt like he had a spell of fever. What Kelly had said about him not owning all the rock there was in the valley come to him and plumb spoiled his supper, and along about nine o'clock, when his wife was coaxing him to go to bed, he took a lantern and started up the creek about a mile to his near neighbor's—a feller name of Kiplander, I think it was. Kiplander had gone by his bed already yet, but he come to the door in his shirt tail and Obey ast him if he'd seen anything of a man name of Kelly and whether he'd sold him maybe any option.

"Yah," says Kep. "Sure. He iss a sucker, that feller. He gives me ten dollars cash for the priv'lege of maybe giving me a thousand dollars for this here place of mine what he can have for half the money. I got that ten dollars sure in my jeans and in ninety days maybe I get a thousand dollars more if I don't sooner get the pneumonia a-standing in my bare legs here. You come see me in the morning, Obey, and I show you that ten-dollar bill."

He shut the door and Obey staggered back home, his heart plumb broke, knowing that if they was a-going to build a bridge acrost the Atlantic Ocean, Kiplander would have enough filling for it on his place after he'd furnished a-plenty for the Susquehanna bridge. He broke the news to his woman and told her that he'd made up his mind to start out bright and early in the morning and see about hiring himself out, the way he'd talked of doing, and he hoped, once they got out of it, that he'd never set eyes on his ancestral home again. The county could take it for taxes and welcome. Yes, he'd start out and see Haldenmeyer early in the morning.

He didn't though. He was a sick man, come morning, and his wife made him a stay abed. He didn't care. He didn't care about nothing. Bed was as good as anywheres else for him, less'n it was the silent tomb. The best thing he could do was curl up and die. A dumkopf like him hadn't no business living, no matter what his woman said to the contrary. He prob'ly would have kept in the same mind and passed out, only a little before noon there come a knock at the door, and about twenty minutes after his wife answered it, she come back with Mr. Kelly and some other feller that wore nose glasses. His wife spoke up mighty brisk and sharp.

"Obey," she says, "these here gentlemen want to buy our place already yet maybe, and you've got to quit acting dumb and not cut your nose to spoil your face and be a hog, but act sensible and reasonable."

"That's the talk!" says Kelly. "Mr. Schreckendgust, we're a-going to settle up this here business here and now, one way or the other. This document in my hand is an option all filled out for you, and here's a fountain pen all filled up with ink. All you have to do is write your name down above where Mrs. Schreckendgust has signed it—see?—and Mr. Smithers here, who is a notary public, will witness the signatures and everything will be lovely. At Mrs. Schreckendgust's special request, and to remove any last lingering doubts and scruples on your part, we have advanced the purchase price of the farm to fifteen hundred dollars. The fifty dollars for the option Mrs. S. has already received. . . . Can I help you to sit up?"

Obey sat up. He reached around and took a drink of water and then he looked Mr. Kelly straight in the eye.

"You can either you like take your fifty dollars back again or you can put to it another fifty to make a hundred for the option, and I will not set the scratch with a pen on this document only if the price is eight thousand dollars, and this is my last dying word and you can take it or leave it."

"Och! The poor foolish man!" cries Mrs. Schreckendgust. "He is like a mule stubborn. Pop, you must act sensible."

Well, they had it back and forth, and the young ones come in and begun to bawl and there was a great hullabaloo, and finally Obey come down to seven thousand, and then six and then five. There he stuck, and he stuck so firm and fast that there wasn't nothing for Kelly to do but make out a new option for sale at five thousand and hand over another fifty dollars to Mrs. Schreckendgust.

"Well, that's that," says Kelly, after Obey had signed. "I doubt if we ever get that hundred back on this particular deal, but we've got the whole tract tied up now, and God is good to the Irish."

Obey said that as soon as Kelly and the other feller had gone, he got up and put his pants on, and the next day he took his woman and all six of the young ones to the circus.

"Bully for you," I told him. "That was sure some trading, and you come out on top in a way that done you credit. Well, I'm like this Kelly," I says. "It's been a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Schreckendgust, and, like I said, you'll find a good camping place if you follow back on my trail, although I doubt whether you'll make it by noon. . . . Come haw, Buck! Come haw, Bright, come around haw!"

I shook out my whiplash and was a-swinging it back to start up my team when Obey caught me by the arm.

"Mister, I haff not finished telling you this," he says.

"You think I come out on top?" he asks me, his face beginning to work again and holding onto my shirt sleeve. "You call that the top? Listen then, mister, and I tell you where I am—I am face down, with this Kelly sitting on my back and rubbing my nose into the dirt; that is how like I am to the top. Don't I tell you at the first that he takes from me anyway a hundred and fifty thousand dollars anyway, maybe more? Och! All I ask now is that I put my two hands on him oncet already! Only that I hold him by the throat, that robber, and choke him until his slick tongue comes out from his lying mouth full of falsehoods and deceits yet—him with his bridge fillings and his black and white that I am not to haul away any rocks! Only I ask that—that I can squeeze tighter and tighter and say, 'How about that Susquehanna bridge, mister? How much you pay me for an option on some air—good air that is fine for balloons fillings and also to breathe?' Yes, I would like to ask him that."

For all Obey wasn't a heap bigger'n a pint of cider, he looked so gol-derned savage that I wouldn't have bet high on Kelly if the two of 'em had come together. Howsever, he went on to say that he got his hundred dollars to the bank the day of the circus and found that it was perfectly good money, and after the circus nothing happened for a week or two; and then one day there come men and teams to a place below him on the same creek and they begun unloading timbers and machinery of some sort and iron pipe and a steam engine like they was a-going to thrash. The next thing up went a derrick and word went around that oil had been found along this valley—rock oil, Obey called it. Two more derricks went up a few weeks after that and pretty soon the whole section was a-bristling with 'em. This here Kiplander, he got his thousand dollars and they sunk a well on his place and struck oil. From what Obey said, I reckon it was pretty lively in the valley—something like a new gold camp, wide open and hell roaring. All manner of ungodliness, Obey put it. But it wasn't until Kiplander's well begun to produce that Kelly took up his option on Obey's place.

Obey was dumkopf enough to feel right good about it yet. He went with his woman into town with the lawyer who was 'tending to the business and there they paid him his money and took his deed, giving him notice to clear out of the way as soon as convenient. He wasn't sorry to get away, and he moved his plunder and the old cow over to the farm where he had been figuring he'd work. The man who run the farm—Haldenmeyer—give him a cordial invite to visit as long as he'd a mind to stay. He had a high respect for Obey and would have done anything for him—even sell him a part of the farm, which was larger than he reelly needed—practically give it to him, account of the esteem he had for Mr. Schreckendgust. Obey might have took him up, only that he had got these letters from his cousin Owgoost at Point of Rocks.

Owgoost must have been a flowery letter writer. Anyway he got Obey strong in the notion of going out to this here paradise of ours and, as Obey's wife didn't make no objections, there didn't seem to be much in the way of him a-going. So he sold off his stock and other effects and went to town to buy his railroad tickets to Omaha, Owgoost having advised him to outfit there. He was a-coming out of the ticket office when he run into Kiplander who had been on a protracted bender after he'd got his money. Kiplander had news for him. The company that Kelly had sold out to had struck a gusher on the former Schreckendgust farm. A gusher was where the drill went down plumb in the middle of the rock oil, and this oil comes through the pipe up heftick und potslick and wrecks the derrick and floods everything yet till they stop the hole. Kelly was mad that he sold too soon. All he gets from the company iss

"How much do you think?" Obey gurgles. I could have made a guess, but I seen he wanted to tell me. "A hundred

(Continued on Page 38)

Hurtling into space! Mr. Charles B. Webber, Jr., *going over the top . . .*

"'Afflicted' *was a mild word for my case*"

East Milton, Mass.

"My EMBARRASSMENT was natural enough. I work in a bank and am in constant contact with people with whom appearance counts.

"Also I am thrown socially with a group of young people interested in sports—and a blotchy complexion doesn't fit there either.

"I was 'afflicted'—that's a mild word for the case—with a whole series of eruptions. No sooner had one harvest of them begun to disappear than another crop sprang up . . . The situation got on my nerves.

"I knew that my father had found Fleischmann's Yeast beneficial. I myself began eating three cakes faithfully every day. The results were surprising—and amazingly prompt. My skin cleared—completely. My morale rose—enormously."

Charles B. Webber, Jr.

FRESH as any vegetable from the garden, Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*—not a medicine.

Yet this food possesses a truly remarkable power. The power to cleanse the intestines of poisons. To keep them active. To "regulate."

As your constipation disappears, your whole being awakens to new vigor and life. Your blood clears. Your skin freshens. Your indigestion gives way to healthy assimilation.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. And write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D-56, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

RIGHT

"I WAS TENDING the gates at the crossing. A fellow from the power house down the line happened along, and we got to talking about different things. I happened to mention how I had tried all kinds of medicines for my indigestion and he said, 'Why not try Fleischmann's Yeast? I take it regularly.' Well, after eating it for a few months, I felt ten years younger. My indigestion simply disappeared."

William Miller, Little Neck, L. I., N. Y.

LEFT

"I WAS SO NERVOUS and run down I couldn't stand the slightest noise, and could hardly do my housework. I weighed only 97 pounds. And I was badly constipated.

"Naturally I am only too glad to submit my own little 'True Story' of what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for me and indirectly for my family.

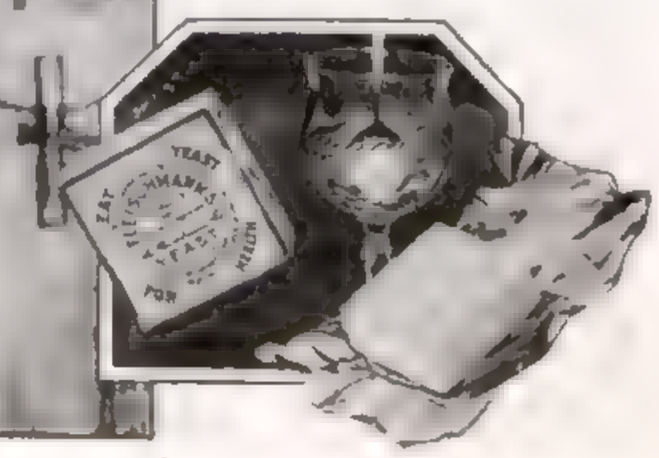
"I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast on or about the first of August after reading about it and through the advice of friends.

"I am now entirely relieved of constipation, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. I have never felt better in my married life than I do at this time."

Mrs. M. S. Parsons, Minneapolis, Minn.

Health, new joy in living —this easy way

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to form a regular daily habit. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



(Continued from Page 36)

and fifty thousand dollars, he gets. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars! A hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

He just naturally screamed it out the last time. "Yes," he says, "that iss how much he robs me out of, that devil. Well, right off I go to a lawyer and he tells me that I can do nothing. He charges five dollars to tell me that, and would charge more, but he has a sympathy for me. Well, I go then to the company office and I tell the feller by the desk how it iss that Kelly schvindles me—just like I tell you, and the feller he says I should talk to Kelly about it, or maybe write him a letter. I tell him I will not write, but I will wait and see if Kelly comes to sell the company some more gushers and then if I put my two hands on him oncet I bet I get my rights.

"So I sit on a bench and I wait until they shut the office, and the next day I come back and I sit and wait, but still Kelly does not come. There waits others on that bench, and I tell them about this Kelly and how he robs me from my farm where my pop works and where I work all my life, and all the time there is millions of dollars the ground under that is ours and he cheats us out of. I ask is that right. I ask is that justice. And the feller by the little desk he tells me I should hire a hall and give him a rest.

"I tell him that I do not need a hall no more than he needs a rest, that loafer, and he gets a mad at me and him and two other fellers they put me out by the door, and then comes a policeman and he says either I should go home or go to the police station, so I go home. I come back the next day, but I am not so dumb that I go in at the office, but I walk up and down on the sidewalk and see who comes and who goes. The next day I come again and I would come still already, but the time for my tickets is nearly up and my wife talks—talks at me, and Haldenmeyer he says if I am going I should better go. Also that gusher has spoiled my sleep already and Haldenmeyer's wife is not polite and I cannot eat what she cooks and it makes me weak not to eat. So we are here.

"But I ask you, mister, is it right I lose my money like this? And there is something I did not tell you yet about this Kelly and how he cheats me."

"Sure you told me that part," I says. "He certainly was one deep-dyed, dirty, deceitful dog, and it's a pity you didn't get them two hands of yours on him. . . . Listen to me," I says. "When you cross, head straight for that clump of willows, a little to the right if anything. You'll see my tracks there, and all you've got to do is follow them back and they'll take you to Point of Rocks. If there's anything else that you haven't told me about Kelly that you can think up on the way, I'll maybe get a chance to hear it when I see you again. So long, and better luck to you—no worse anyway."

I spoke to my team in no uncertain tones, as the feller says, and cracked my whip a couple of times and they moved on, me with 'em. I wasn't sorry to have met up with Obey, just the same. It give me something to think of as I went my lonesome way, and I counted it time well spent a-listening to him.

Human nature is always kind of interesting to me, and Obey'd showed himself plumb full and a-gushing with it. Seems like a man ain't never satisfied no matter what kind of a deal he gets. Instead of thinking it might be worse, he feels that it ought to be a blame sight better. That's my experience, although I did hear about a man that was always contented back where I come from. Yes, sir, whatever a wise Providence give that man was good enough a-plenty for him. He was satisfied with his wife even. Never kicked about anything—wages, grub or weather. The superintendent of the poorhouse where he died allowed he was a model to all—never gave no trouble about nothing.

I was late getting to Manory's that night. Along in the afternoon there come on a rain and hail, and the gumbo on the trail was mighty bad. Pulling up out of a gully my chain busted, and the wagon rolled back and spilled about half the load and I strained my wrist when I slipped on a wet bowlder. On top of that, when I started to light my pipe I spilled my matches out of my waterproof box, and I needed a smoke right bad. I mentioned these here little happenings to Bill Manory, but Bill didn't show no sympathy to speak of.

"Hard luck!" he says. "But then you ain't the only one. I had rheumatiz most of the winter, myself, and there was a feller come along by here yesterday morning that made me ashamed of complaining about it. Talk about your hard luck! Go on with your supper, and I'll tell you about it. It ought to cheer you up. Seems like this feller was a-plowing on his farm one morning—it wasn't much of a farm, being mostly rock, and he had to work like all get out to make a living on it. Anyway —— What's the matter with you now?"

"You can't cheer me none by telling me that," I says. "I've heard it already yet. Mr. Schreckendgust was down at the river this morning, and I met him."

"Did he tell you the whole thing?" Bill asks.

"He alluded to it a considerable," I made answer.

"About how this here Kelly let on he wanted the place for bridge filling?" Bill goes on, kind of anxious.

I says to him, "Bill," I says, "if you grudge me these here victuals, just say so and I'll get up from the table right away and quiet and orderly, but if you try to spoil my appetite by telling me about Kelly, wore out as I am, I'll bust you one on the cabeza."

I felt thataway about it, too; and when I got to Sidney and John Mackenzie and Orrin Bascom and Joe Shumway each and separate and within an hour of each other told me—or started to tell me about Obey Schreckendgust I wasn't no more inclined to listen. The second day I was in town I got into a sociable little game with Ed Wickham and a couple of boys from Cheyenne, strangers, and the last deal—as far's I know—one of them boys put a whole lot of confidence in the three kings he'd got, and then, after the pot was all swelled up to nearly two hundred dollars, he got a bad attact of cold feet and let Ed gather in all that wealth on a scaly ten-dollar raise.

"Seems like that's a mighty high-handed proceeding, but I dunno," he says to Ed. "Just out of idle cur'osity, I'd like to know what kind of a hand you was bluffing on."

"No trouble in the world to show goods," says Ed, and turns up a pair of jacks.

"Well, dog my cats!" says the Cheyenne boy. "Just think of me letting a pot like that get apast me when by rights it was my pot all the time! Say, that's almost as bad luck as a little Dutchman had that me and my friend met up with as we come in here the other day. He was a farmer from Pennsylvania, headed for the Black Hills with his wife and a raft of kids. He told us ——"

"Where are you a-going to, Sam?" Ed asks me.

I told him I was getting weary and aimed to go to bed, and I cashed in my chips and went there. A few days later I started north again and a puncher from the Lazy-K on Redwater, and Doc Oliver, the storekeeper at Chimney Rock, sprung Obey on me. When I got to Buffalo Gap I stopped at Brooks & Brunschmidt's and nooned there. Most always I'd get my first news of the Hills there after I'd been gone. That time Brooks told me about the big strike Larry O'Neill had made at Rochford. Larry hadn't never had a dollar to his name or a pot to cook in, as the saying is, before he run into that pay streak, and here he was independently rich for life, if he didn't blow it all for whisky.

"But there ain't no more discoveries in the Hills to amount to anything," says Brooks. "Mining ain't what it used to be. They tell me there's a heap of excitement right now over these here oil wells in Pennsylvania. About a month or six weeks ago a Dutch outfit come through here—Schreckendgust, the man's name was—and he told me and Brunschmidt that they was a-taking millions of dollars' worth of oil out of a well on the farm he'd owned just before he left. He didn't get nothing out of it himself though. He claimed ——"

It got so finally that when I ran into a man I'd start in to tell him that when I crossed White River on my last trip I met up with a little Dutchman name of Schreckendgust who'd come from Pennsylvania, where he had a farm that he sold for five thousand dollars, not knowing that there was oil on it that was worth a million or more; and it was nine chances out of ten that whoever it was would say: "Sure! He told me about it. He took up a claim at Point of Rocks. Yes, he told me all about that dirty deal he got. Hard luck! Fine weather we're having, if it don't hail. Who's going to be our next sheriff do you reckon?"

That claim of Obey's was quite a piece back in the hills at the Point, and clear off of the main travel road. That's how come that while I met Owgoost every oncet in a while, it was two or three years before I seen Obey himself. Owgoost told me Obey was a-thriving and liked the country all right.

"If he could forget how they bunco him out of his gushing oil wells back in Pennsylvania, he would be satisfied, but he does not, and he don't let nobody else forget either," says Owgoost. "It ain't Christian the way he hates that man Kelly. And he is a good worker and his woman she works good and the boys is a big help and the girl also yet. Only Obey is dumb to talk all the time to everybody about his gusher and the bridge filling that Kelly fools him with."

It was on a Fourth o' July that I fin'ly seen for myself how things was. I was a-coming out of Rider's pool room in Custer just before the marshal formed the parade to go to the grove, when a short, fat, red-faced gentleman wearing a good suit of clothes, neat polished boots with morocco tops, a nifty hat and a wide glad smile caught me by the sleeve and guessed that I didn't know him. He guessed right. I didn't—not at first.

Then he says, "Maybe you don't remember me at White River one time already at high water when I was there with my family yet."

I looked at him again hard. It didn't seem possible, but it couldn't have been nobody but him talked the way he done.

I says, "Sure! Mr. Schreckendgust, ain't it? You told me how you had a contract to fill a bridge acrost the Susquehanna River, you and a man name of Kelly that was a pardner of yours, and made a hundred and fifty thousand dollars between you."

"Och, no!" says he. "Himmel! That iss all wrong. Listen and I tell you how it is. There is no bridge; only a lie, that is what this robber Kelly tells me. One morning I am plowing on my farm ——"

"You're looking right well," I says to him. "How's the wife and the young ones, and what do you think of the Black Hills by this time? Ever feel you want to go back to Pennsylvania?"

"No, I don't want to go back," he answers. "And my wife she is well. While I am plowing ——"

"Is she here in town with you?" I ast him.

"Yes," he says, "we are all here in town. . . . While I am plowing a buggy drives up, and a feller gets out who is ——"

"I'd like right well to see her," I told him. "Going down the street?"

As we walked along he kept on a-trying to tell me, and I kept on staving him off and having lots of fun doing it until we come to where there was a fine big surrey a-standing in front of Paul Clemman's. In that surrey was a real fleshy lady in a white shirt waist and wearing a bonnet full of roses and wheat ears and stylish white cotton gloves. At the other side of the back seat was a mighty pretty young lady in a white dress with a blue sash and eyes that was bluer than the sash was, and in between them was two young boys about eleven or twelve and another one younger still on the fleshy lady's lap. On the front seat was a husky lad of maybe eighteen holding the lines on a good matched team of sorrels and another boy maybe a year or two younger—say, fifteen. I guessed the girl to be sixteen or seventeen. She was a-talking to Roy Jones who was a-working in his daddy's hardware them days. A right nice young feller Roy was, but Obey looked at him mighty sour as we come up. He didn't wait for us, though; he reddened up some and lifted his hat to the ladies and moved off, and the girl she blushed, too, and began to fuss with her bang.

"Well, here is my fam'ly," says Obey, prideful, as he had a right to be; and he went on to tell his wife who I was and we shook hands all around and there was some more talk that Obey busted in on to say something about Kelly.

He didn't get far. Right off, Christina, which was the girl's name, ast him why not talk about George Washington and Nathan Hale and Benedict Arnold, considering what the day was, and her mother she allowed that Obey wasn't a-keeping the promise he'd made not to rake up them bygones until anyway they got back home.

I reckon Obey would have started an argument, but Steve Hackett rode up just then with his marshal's sash on and headed them into the parade. I wouldn't crowd in, though kindly invited, but I seen them all at the grove later on and got real well acquainted with Miss Christina and treated the crowd to ice cream that the ladies of the M. E. Church was raising some funds with. Later on I seen Roy Jones a-hanging around and looking wistful, and I went up to where he was and ast him why he didn't take a brace and ast Miss Christina if she wouldn't honor him with a dance in the bowery the boys had put up. He allowed it wouldn't do no good with Obey around, account he'd got blacklisted by losing interest in Obey's story about his gusher.

"Say, don't it beat time how a smart, lovely girl like Christina should be the daughter of an old fool like that? I reckon she is though. Mis' Schreckendgust is certainly all wool as well as a yard wide. The boys, they're all right too."

I told him Obey would maybe forget in time.

"He seems to be prospering," I says.

"Sure he's prospering," says Roy; "but not at the rate of thousands of dollars a day, which is what that gusher is turning out on the farm that should ought to belong to him. Otherwise he might forget. But Christina will be of full age and consent in another year, so we got to make the best of it till then. It ain't hopeless."

I said I was glad of that and that I'd put in a good word for him with Obey when I got a chance; and when Obey and his woman give me a pressing invite to come and see them I said I'd sure drop in the next trip I made down, and a couple of weeks later I made my trip and left my outfit at the Point and borrowed a horse from Jack Skinner and rode a couple miles out to Obey's.

Well, Owgoost had certainly picked his cousin a jim-dandy place. You went through a narrow pass to get there, and then it broadened out into a park of maybe twenty-five acres as level as a floor, with a stream of clear water a-running through it and on the hillsides the finest stand of pines I'd seen in a long while. I wondered how it was the sawmill men had overlooked it. At the farther end of the park there was two outlets, one of 'em back of the house opening into another park bigger than the first and the other where the brook run through, not so wide and some broken up, but good grass just the same. The rocks on the hills was pink gray and a-sparkling with mica flakes where the sun struck, and on the right fork of the pass a shoulder of rose quartz jutted out. Lower down there was croppings of limestone, snow-white. Take all that and the green of the alfalfa and you'd have gone far and wide to find anything sightlier.

(Continued on Page 40)

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Buy Pinaud's Lilac today at any drug or department store. Signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

{Lilas de France}

Copr. 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

(Continued from Page 38)

Nature had done the most of the work, but Obey had put on the finishing touches. Me, I like them touches of a man's hand on the grandest kind of scenery. Seems to me sort of lonesome without 'em. Obey's big log house and his barns and fences may not have been ornaments in themselves, but just the same they ornamented that park a heap. The house was a log one and a-plenty big even for a big fam'ly. It had a wide gallery in front that was paved with slabs of rock, and there was vines with clusters of yellow honeysuckle and pink rambler roses a-climbing up the pillars. The walks up to the gallery and around some flower beds was paved the same way, and all the house yard was fenced in with white pickets. It was sure a surprise, running onto a place like that.

Obey was expecting me, and he give me a welcome that made me feel like I'd be willing to hear the oil-well story again from start to finish. But right then he was all took up with showing me the place, and I want to tell you that barn of his was a model, the way it was fixed, and all the other buildings the same way. He had a considerable machinery and there wasn't a spot of rust on any of it; his stock—horses and cows both—made me open my eyes. The cows was all black and white—Holsteins, he called 'em—and they was good for beef and for milk both. In the left-fork pasture he had Percheron mares and colts a-grazing, and even his hens was blooded. Obey allowed that it didn't cost no more to feed fine stock than it did scrub, and there was more money in it, and he sure carried out that idee.

"Well," says he, "I had a good start with capital already when I come, and that makes things easier; but the place I would make money on with nothing at all to start. The soil —— Wait, I show you some potatoes what I raise. I raise everything. I have no fig tree, but I have vines mit grapes and wine I make from it I will show you also. But now we go eat dinner."

It was a sight to see Obey a-standing up and saying a grace in Dutch at his table, with his family all ranged along the sides of it. And the dinner was a dinner for your whiskers. After it was over we went out and sat on the gallery, and Christina brought out a pitcher of wine and glasses and a box of cigars. The boys had gone off to work. Pretty slick! Obey lit his cigar and I lit mine and he poured. While he was a-doing that, I seen somebody a-coming up the pass afoot. He come slow and he kind of limped.

I says to Obey "You'll have to get another glass, I reckon. Here comes one of your neighbors."

Obey took a look, and then he says "That ain't no neighbor of mine." He hands me my glass and says *"Gesundheit!"* And I says "Happy days!" And it was sure good.

By that time this feller had opened the gate and come a-limping up the walk. I seen he was tol'able ragged and one of his boots was out at the toes. He was a tall feller with a big black mustache and eyebrows that grew straight acrost his forehead. He hadn't shaved for quite a spell. He come closer up to us, and then, all of a sudden, Obey's glass smashed on the rock floor and he made one leap and landed right atop of that there wayfarer, tumbled him over and fell on him.

"Robber!" he yells. "Cheater! So you come to me at last, ain't?"

He had the feller by the throat and was a-trying to bump his head on the walk The feller give a couple of heaves and throwed him off and just then I got around to 'em and they scrambled to their feet.

"What's the matter with the crazy little fool?" says the feller to me. "You better keep him off me, or I'm liable to hurt him serious."

Obey was a-struggling and panting. "It is Kelly!" he shouts. "Kelly, the robber, who steals from me anyway a hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Let me get my two hands on him yet!"

"Well, you got my name all right," says Kelly, rubbing his head at the back; "but I'll be double darned if I ever laid eyes on you before. And what's all this delirious ravings about a hundred and fifty thousand? I never had that much money but once in my life, and much good it done me; but I sure didn't get it from you. See if you can't quiet him, friend. If you don't, I will."

"I reckon you'd better be a little patient, hombre," I says to him. "If you're the Kelly he's talking about, you got him to sell his farm to you 'way back in Pennsylvania—gave him five thousand for it and turned around and sold it for a hundred and fifty thousand. That's his trifling grievance against you."

Kelly stared at Obey for a moment with his mouth open and then he says: "By the piper that played before Moses, it's him! He's the little Dutch scoundrel that jockeyed me out of five thousand dollars for an infernal rock pile that wasn't worth fifty at the outside. Let me get at him!" He grinned as he said that though.

Obey broke out again with "Liar! Dirty liar! Lies you tell lies, lies! That well on my place it gushes and you you ——"

"Yes, it gushed," says Kelly. "It gushed just long enough to get me to put every cent I got on the deal and all I could scrape and borrow right back into the company stock, and then it petered out so's it didn't gush enough to make a grease stain on your pants. It busted the company and it busted me so bustedly that I've never been anything but busted since. . . . Say, you mean to tell me you own this here place?"

Obey nodded. Inch by inch a smile was beginning to spread over his face.

"You're a darling," says Kelly. "You'd kick if you was hanged. Well, considering the way you gouged me on that deal and assaulted me just now, the least you can do is give me a square meal and a job of work until I can save enough money to get out of this rotten country."

"And Obey done that," concluded the old bullwhacker. "He told Kelly he'd give him a job piling rocks to fill a bridge he was a-going to build over the brook, just to learn him what piling rock was like. And from that day to this you never heard Obey complaining about the millions he lost selling his farm too soon."

"Cured him, did it?" said Bart Hollinshed.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Stegg. "But he never did get over telling about the pedigrees and performances of that fine sorrel team that Kelly skipped out with two nights later."

THE IMMORTAL GYPSY

(Continued from Page 9)

Thousands will hear her on this tour, and out of those thousands some young singers will meet and sing for her. Out of those she will perhaps take back a few to France, when she returns to her robber-baron castle on its rocky crag, to live and study in her home.

Four years ago I was fortunate enough to spend a summer at the Château de Cabrières, and the experience was unforgettable from the first meeting with the great prima donna at a luncheon given by a friend in New York, who suggested I might possibly arrange to study with her, to the last glimpse of the castle through the rain as our train chugged over the mountains toward Paris at the end of the summer.

The day I arrived at Cabrières she was showing the castle to sight-seers, glorying in her rôle of chatelaine of a famous edifice, seeing herself as the last of the Sieurs de Cabrières and these her vassals come to pay her court, with no trace in her face or manner of the terrific domestic scene which had gone on the day before, brought about by the servant of one of those innumerable relatives who infest the French family. She had been disturbed enough then to state that there would be no lessons that summer, she simply could not do it, she would wait until I appeared, for I was en route, then she would dismiss everybody. But when I arrived all was serene; she decided we should all go on a delightful excursion far up the Tarn River to a beautiful old castle, where we should eat the most delicious *écrevisses;* in fact, see them caught for our delectation, for the castle was now an inn. In short, we were to make it a gala day.

We were very gay and she told us the history of the eight portraits painted on the spandrels of the vaulted room where we ate; how the original owner had had eight daughters all so lovely that when suitors came to woo they never could make up their minds which they wanted and always went away in despair, so that the eight damsels lived spinsters to the ends of their days.

Thanks to this amusing interlude, all thought of discontinuing a summer's lessons was dismissed, and the next morning—and a morning begins for Calvé at five, when she arises—she started in on the regular routine—lessons from ten till lunch, marketing and study in the afternoon.

Marketing in France is a new experience to anyone who has ever kept house; meat must be used the day it is bought, for there is no ice; vegetables are kept in a cool cupboard, and the bread and cakes from the *pâtisserie*—whose owner is an old friend of madame's, with whom she always spends a gossipy hour in Millau, where she goes for provisions—are stored in another cupboard, of which she keeps the key in true chatelaine fashion. The *vin ordinaire* which is used every day is made from the grapes of her own vineyard and kept in kegs in still another cupboard, and the water is piped down icy cold from a spring up the mountainside. Surely the builders of such a stronghold thought of everything, for with water from that spring and plenty of provisions they could withstand any old siege. Even if the attacking party were smart enough to sidetrack the mountain rill, there was always the cistern in the central court, well protected from poisoners.

Small wonder then that this romantic castle should have appealed to the imagination of Emma Calvé when, as a child, she was taken to see it as one of the sights of her part of the country, or that she should have startled her little peasant playmates with the announcement, at the ripe age of nine, that one day she would own it and carry the keys to its rooms on her belt. Nor should we be surprised to find that with her first great financial success she fulfilled her own prophecy by buying Cabrières—which means, translated, the Place of the Goats—and filling it full of the beauties it deserved.

Last summer, having lost a great deal of money in the collapse of the franc, for, very patriotically, she always invested her money in France, she felt she would have to give up the castle and put it up for sale. It was a bitter decision, and she, with the true Frenchwoman's love of the soil, suffered keenly. But fortunately the place is so far off the beaten track from Paris to the south—why, even French people —— Well, just try to make the P. L. M. office understand you want to go to Millau in the department of Aveyron, and no matter how good your accent, I'll bet four cents you come away with a ticket to Milan. Luckily, I say, this is the case, and so no sale was made, to her intense delight, for now her vaudeville tour brings her three thousand dollars a week, and in California,

(Continued on Page 42)

"Smarty, Smarty, Smarty!"

For two weeks, the "gang" has seen him not. After the ninth reading, "The Black Pirate" does not seem so black. As if sore throat were not enough, and just to prove that justice is seldom tempered with mercy, little sister is on the job from 9 to 5 emitting words of scorn and derision. Was ever a gentleman so galled? Will he ever neglect a sore throat again?

Healthy youngsters may throw off sore throat or a cold in a hurry, but adults are not usually so fortunate. Lacking the stamina of youth, they are easier prey to disease germs.

Watch your throat these days, and at the first sign of irritation, gargle with Listerine full strength. Rinse the mouth with it also

Throat irritations are usually the sign of on-coming colds—or worse—and Listerine, used early, has nipped many a sore throat and cold in the bud. Honestly now, don't you think this simple precaution is worth taking? It may spare you a trying siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Never neglect a sore throat

THE NEXT TIME!
The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.
More than
50 diseases
have their beginning or development in the THROAT and nose. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

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One in your bathroom

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Several in the living room

and most certainly one in your pocket

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Keep matches where children will not even see them. Avoid burning, flying heads and smoldering half-dead match-stems.

A Clark Lighter is absolutely safe in the home or pocket. It cannot light accidentally and it makes no dirt. A Clark will not smudge the cleanest finger nor the whitest kid glove. Replace the none-too-beautiful match-box with neat, attractive jeweler-made Clarks.

You may choose from the stock in any good shop where Clark Lighters are sold, or write for a descriptive circular.

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Showrooms: 580 Fifth Ave., New York
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CLARK

ALWAYS WORKS

(Continued from Page 40)

where she will have to sing four times a day, they will pay her five thousand.

Five thousand dollars a week! May we all earn that at sixty-two!

"Now, *ma chère*," she said the other day, "I keep Cabrières for always. And I am doing such things—you should see. I owe my home, in the first place, to America; now America lets me keep it. My lit-tle home."

She spoke in English, for there is no French word for "home."

So the ancient *salle de gardes*, with its six-foot walls, hung with armor and chain mail, its low roof of Roman vaulting—that is, the round arch and not the groined Gothic kind—with its cavernous fireplace, will ring again with the laughter of young students and the thrill of Calvé's voice as she interrupts her déjeuner to illustrate some song, beating time with a crust of sour peasant bread. And upstairs in the salon the famous portrait of her as Carmen will still blaze like a living thing among the treasures in that beautiful room, while the original—herself—will once more sit at the piano putting those same students through their scales, and all will be as it has been. The gorgeous embroidered satin cover on her piano will still hold the photograph of her teacher, Madame Laborde, and the cloisonné clock that doesn't go but sports an enamel of the Winter Palace surrounded by brilliants, which was given to her by the late Czarina, will still be there. The girls who await their turn—for when I was there we all three took our lessons together; each learning from the others' lessons as well as our own—will sit caressing the ivory *bibelots* madame has collected in her world tours; and when the scales are over and the songs and arias taken up, Calvé will once more explain how to deport oneself before an audience or how to color one's voice to interpret a song.

Watch the Mouth for Character

"There are three main divisions in the coloring of tone," she says. "There is the warm, rich, heavily colored tone for the somber emotions; the light, gay sound for more joyous occasions; and the neutral tone, which is just clear vocal sound on pitch, without any emotion at all back of it. I use it for narratives. For instance, when I sing Le Roi Renaud I have three persons to identify to my audience: Renaud, who is dying, his mother, and his wife. Renaud's words must be sung in the neutral tone, with the suggestion of a groan to express his extreme fatigue and agony; the mother's voice is indicated by a heavy, middle-aged quality, dark with the emotion over her son's death, yet with a forced calmness as she lies to the wife to keep that news from her; the wife's voice must be light and eager, and the narrative part sung in a purely neuter tone. All these, of course, in the degree you wish to express yourself. The words themselves do a great deal of the coloring; you cannot sing somber in a gay, lilting voice, nor can you sing gay in a dark voice without sounding a little silly.

"The swiftest coördination in the world is between thought and the organs of speech, which are of course the same as the organs of song. So swift is it sometimes that the voice betrays what you are really thinking, though your eyes and face may say something very different. A great detective once told me that a man may school the muscles of his face to Oriental placidity under strain, but his mouth will always tell the truth in some way. And, since the lips are the final control we have over the sound we emit, let us pay particular attention to the mouth. When I listen to a person talk I never watch his eyes, for you may prate to me as you will about the expression of the eye, I don't believe the eyes express a thing except as the muscles of the face change the contour of the cheeks. Smile, and see what it does to the skin around your eyes; open your mouth in surprise and note how that pulls the eyes open too. But does the eye itself change? Not at all. Therefore I say, watch the mouth when someone talks to you; therein lies the real character, the real personality.

"You American girls who are such good linguists should pay more attention to your mouths, for control of the lips is essential in beauty of speech. Lip rouge won't help if your mouth hangs slack, nor does anyone care a rap to listen to an actress who prunes and prisms her lines."

How she teaches you to use that mouth, how she gets you to use breath and all the other things are of course what you pay her to tell you. It wouldn't be fair to undersell her by writing it here, would it? And besides, I could never tell it with all the salt and flavor of her own experiences.

The Castle in the Causses

You who may be one of those to go to France to study with her this summer will probably arrive in Paris eager to be on your way south, but I must warn you again, you will have your own sweet time getting to your destination. About noon you will reach Aguessac, the station on the Chemin de Fer du Midi nearest Calvé's home, and descend from your *couchette* well-worn and hungry. The hot sun of the Midi will be at its height, but the refreshing roar of the Tarn River hard by will make you forget that. Madame or her chauffeur will be there to meet you, and you will drive the three kilometers to the castle along a white, white road, blazing in the noonday sun, until at last you will see a rocky crag like most of the rock formation you have noted during the morning on the train; only this will gradually resolve itself into two great cylindrical towers and the various roof levels of castle, terraces, farm buildings and a tiny chapel nestling close, with its multicolored steep roof of Spanish tile glistening in the sun. Directly under this, and a thousand feet below, the motor will turn into a private road and climb the zigzag way straight up the side of the cliff, emerging at last to the park gate in back of the château, the only entrance. Every foot of the way could be commanded by a watcher in the castle, and even should the enemy by some miracle get as far as the park and the very entrance of the building itself, he could never enter, what with boiling oil and other things that could be dumped on him at places conveniently arranged by the architect back in 1070.

It will be strange country you will see as you gaze about—a silent, melancholy country, barren and rocky; not at all like the smiling fields of Normandy and the Loire Valley. You are in the Causses. Try that word on your traveled friends and watch them look blank! No matter how they may brag to you of how well they know their France, be assured you've floored them flat, for it's a safe bet they've not only never been there, but they never even heard of them. Well, just explain that the Causses are mountains, and that you don't mean the Cevennes either. If they still look bewildered tell them that they connect with the Alps on one end, the Cevennes on the other; the Cevennes then run more or less to the Pyrenees, and thus you have a link between Switzerland and Spain. Furthermore, you must say that they are bleak plateaus from fifteen hundred to thirty-five hundred meters high, almost treeless and without water. Roman roads run across their flat tops and eagles walk around the fields as you drive along. Yes, they do, too; I've seen 'em.

If these now-gaping friends want to know anything more about this queer place, refer them to two marvelous volumes by S. Baring-Gould called The Deserts of Southern France; then, if they want to know who he is, tell them he wrote the words to Onward, Christian Soldiers, after which they ought to be pretty impressed. I don't know where they will get these books, however, for I fear they are out of print. Somebody, whom I won't remind of it, lent them to me, and I haven't the slightest intention of ever returning them. Just try to get them back is what I say!

But Emma Calvé is perhaps better equipped to tell the fascinating history of these mountains than Mr. Baring-Gould, even though he climbed down their subterranean caves. She can relate much more dramatically why the Tarn—which should be a bigger river than it is, according to its tributaries—is small in some places and big in others, shallow here and deep there, as it slips away under the cliffs of the gorge to fill great underground lakes; how the very name is a relic of the Hundred Years War, the English having called it by the word the Scotch use now for river—tarn. And perhaps she can be prevailed upon to tell you how she has done more than anyone to advertise the beauties of the Gorges Du Tarn, finally, through her efforts, getting the government to open up a road along the river instead of depending for transportation on the flat-bottomed boats poled up and down the stream between the orange and red cliffs, which rise sheer to two and three thousand feet, a miniature Grand Canyon. Now, in the last year, have been organized motor trips from Paris itself to see these scenic wonders, but for years she was indeed a voice crying in the wilderness. No Californian was ever more proud of his state than Calvé is of her *pays*, only she knows its history, its romance and its people. She will warn you to look out for a Roman coin or ring or bracelet when you wander over the fields, for her farmer has plowed up many; or she will explain to you that the language she spoke to that old peasant woman a while back was the patois of the country.

"And yet it is more than a patois," she said, "it is a real language—the *langue d'oc*. It was once the court language of France, and one distinguished between it and the French we know now by the differentiation in the way one said 'yes'; French was the *langue d'oïl* and this was the *langue d'oc*. It is a combination of Old French, Provençal and kitchen Latin—that is the vulgate, not the literary Latin."

An Echo From the Past

The woman is an amazing linguist as well as an encyclopedia. She even speaks Basque, let alone the patois, French of course, Spanish, Italian and some English. Moreover, she is well acquainted with the literature of all these languages, and as for folk songs—she will sit out on the west terrace after dinner and sing them by the hour. Spanish gypsy songs, Italian street cries or the shepherd songs of her own mountainside—the whole world is translated into music as far as Emma Calvé is concerned. It is her life, her religion and her philosophy. Nothing exists for her except as it is related to music. And Roman history became a real and vital thing to me when I heard her sing a shepherd song that was once a Roman trumpet call, when Millau was the ancient Æmilianum Castrum—Emil's Camp.

I had heard it first at her concert in Carnegie Hall, where it roused a frenzy of applause, but of course did not know either that it was a folk song or that she had collected it. But here in its proper setting it was breath-taking.

We sat on the stone parapet oblivious of the drop of a thousand feet to the valley below, where the mysterious flickering lights of the crawfishermen moved along the narrow stream, vying with the shooting stars which are so plentiful in the Midi in the month of August.

The night was still, for the wind usually dies down at sunset, but even if it hadn't, there were no trees for it to sough through up there on that bleak crag. Far down the *côte*, as they call the side of the mountain, the white ribbon of the road to Aguessac lay close to the Causse Noir, silent and lonely, for there is no traffic at night. A sheep bell tinkled somewhere in the darkness, and Calvé cupped her hands to her mouth to send the long, long notes echoing from rock to rock. What Roman trumpeter might not have stirred in his Gallic

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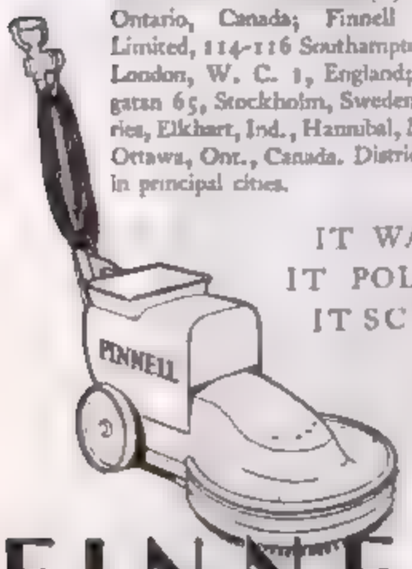

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grave to hear those clarion tones of a familiar call? Or was it the ghostly voice of the shepherd who first made that call his own by sending it ricocheting to his neighbor on the next plateau which tossed back those echoes? Ghostly it must have been, for the shepherd down the hill who watched his flock by night had a horrible voice and sang only *café chantant* unpleasantnesses, to madame's disgust.

The last note died away and the night was once more still, the mountains inscrutable. There was no frenzy of applause this time, yet she drew a long breath of satisfaction.

"I love this country," she said at last. "It is so silent, so strong. No matter where I am in the world, I must come back here every year. From it I get my strength."

If that is her secret I was glad to know it, for at six the morning before, she had decided to rearrange the furniture in her room and had dragged heavy *armoires* in and out for hours. May I have such strength at her age! And not content with that, she had spent the afternoon rummaging in her many chests of treasures for some marvelous Louis XV silk she had had made up into a bed covering; she wanted it to decorate the room of a young lady who was coming to study with madame. She had arrived at dinnertime and was then upstairs unpacking.

In a few minutes the young mademoiselle appeared on the terrace carrying a guitar. She explained that the guitar was to show madame how she had learned to play in two lessons, with no knowledge of the instrument, simply by placing her fingers on certain frets the way they now mark the ukulele chords on a piece of popular music. She had a great gift of improvisation and could make up songs by the yard, which she proceeded promptly to do.

Whether it was that madame did not want her to do much singing before she had really begun her studies, or whether she thought it a little presuming on the part of the young lady to usurp the spotlight in the presence of the three Americans who, after all, had some names of their own in their particular *métiers*, to say nothing of taking it from the great diva herself, or what was the reason, I cannot say; I only know something precipitated one of the most amusing incidents of the summer.

A Cough That Took

It didn't begin amusingly at all, for after half an hour of the three guitar chords and the young lady's voice shooting up and down, we were pretty thoroughly bored, though Calvé had tried several times, with no success, to turn the attention to other things. Failing the gentler amenities, she finally began to cough, and kept it up until she had worked herself into a real spasm; in fact, a good deal more than she had bargained for when she set out on her performance.

Soon she was forced to go indoors, and in a moment we heard a great commotion, her brother excitedly calling the servants as madame staggered up the stairs to her room, which opened off the central court of the château.

We exchanged glances of consternation, the lady with the guitar ceased operations, and suddenly, with one accord, we all flew into the house and upstairs as fast as we could go. I, like the beloved disciple, got there first, just in time to see Calvé burst from her room onto the open gallery, draw a glass of water from a tap in the wall that looked more like a shrine than a piece of plumbing, choking all the while, and crying, "*Je meurs! Je meurs!*"—I am dying! I am dying!

In vain her brother insisted that one didn't die like that—one died in a bed. She stuck to her story. By this time the entire household had arrived and was standing gaping at the scene so dramatically taking place in the light of a single candle.

Suddenly she looked up, saw us all agog, and ordered us all away, slamming the door of her room in our faces. But we had got no farther than the top of the stairs before she flung the door open again to ask if we were going to leave her there to die. Everybody jumped to her assistance and in the confusion I gathered somehow that she wanted some cotton.

I had no idea how cotton could help a choking fit, but mine not to reason why; down I flew to my own room, where I knew I had some in my first-aid kit. Did you ever try to worry off a good-sized hunk of absorbent cotton in a hurry? You might just as well worry off the end of a plank with your bare hands.

The Jelly-Glass Cure

Well, someway I got it off and dashed back upstairs, to find that the ensemble had adjourned to madame's room and was augmented now by all the servants, one of whom added a tiny brass lamp with an open flame, like a miner's lamp, to the light of the one feeble candle. Somebody had preceded me with cotton, and the use to which Calvé was putting it left me with my jaw somewhere in the region of my breastbone. She had removed her gown and was standing in her silk slip, while in front of her was an array of what looked like jelly glasses. Holding one in one hand, she took a piece of cotton—a small piece—lighted it by the flame of the lamp, threw it into the jelly glass, clapped it to her chest and there it stuck! The French people of the household didn't seem much surprised, but we from across the water all but dropped in our tracks. This operation was repeated three times across the chest, each time the flesh bulging up into the jelly glass as the vacuum made by the pinch of burning cotton was established, holding it just where it was clapped. Suddenly she thrust one into my hand to put on her back, and I can never tell you the appalling sensation of having the thing stick there as if it had been a leech! Two more went on her shoulder blades and she retired to her boudoir bristling with these glass wings. I couldn't decide whether they made her look like the goddess Isis or an airplane motor! But at least we now knew the worst of the coughing fit was over and there was nothing serious to worry about.

The reaction from the whole thing was so great that the three of us made a break for the salon and had a plain case of hysterics. I have often heard of rolling on the floor in an agony of laughter, but this is the only time it ever happened to me. Finally, when we could resist the mental picture of the jelly glasses long enough to get two consecutive normal breaths, we asked each other what in the name of the Rockefeller Institute were those glass contraptions anyway, and wiping our eyes we decided to go find out.

We braced the girl of the guitar, who got it through our heads that that was a perfectly normal procedure, that one always had a set of the things in the house, that they were in the nature of counterirritants, and that we should see they would completely cure madame.

Suddenly one of the girls—the young widow of a famous New York doctor—saw the light: "It's dry cupping, that's what it is! I've heard my husband tell of it. Great Lord, we haven't used it in America since the Civil War!"

She then endeavored to explain to them that such things had long been discarded by the medical profession of the New World, along with bleeding, but they gave her the twisted smile of pity for such lack of knowledge. Who were we anyway but a lot of ignorant foreigners? The idea of telling the Old World how to do things!

Well, perhaps they knew best, after all, for the diva was up bright and early next morning consulting in the kitchen with her cook about the marketing and menu for the day, none the worse for her heroic treatment of herself, and showing only the bruised spots where the cups had left their marks as a record of what might have been extremely serious.

I have since noticed that all the foreign chemists' shops do carry those jelly glasses, and am thinking of collecting a set the next time I go abroad.

Shortly after this episode there was much activity on our part, for we were nearing the fifteenth of August, when a fête was to be given in Millau by the department of Aveyron in honor of a native poet, François Fabié, and the *affiches* all stated that not only would the world-famous Calvé sing for her countrymen but *ses élèves* would also add to the festivities. And these same pupils were boning hard every morning on a piece by Reynaldo Hahn which called for four voices.

We had done our bit very well one day, I remember, and full of the *joie de vivre* or something, I burst forth in an expressionistic dance while my coworkers finished the morning's labor with that duet of Mendelssohn's we know as I Would That My Love. The French words have a lot to do with a pretty river and nodding flowers on the bank, so I suited the action to the word, as it were, thereby letting myself in for considerable hard work, for madame saw me, and from then on I had to do it for all the guests who came to the castle and finally for the show itself. The Millau paper, the day after, allowed as how they had been treated to some very pretty gestures by a fair unknown, and I guess that about covered my one and only appearance as a *première danseuse.*

The day of the doings was even more busy, for in the morning I noticed, coming up the steep road, a little delegation of young men, the leader of whom bore a large bouquet. They had left their bicycles at the foot of the hill, but still wore the clips around their trouser legs. By the time they had reached the entrance to the gate, Calvé had put on her prettiest frock and stood on the east terrace waving them a welcome.

"Who are they?" we whispered.

Homage From the Godchildren

"These are my children," she replied. "During the war I was their *marraine.* I took it upon myself to try in some way to help the families left destitute by the loss of a father or brother, and these are some of my godchildren. This is my fête, too, you know; this is my birthday, and they never forget."

They had reached the great iron-studded door now and entered, gasping a little from their long climb and with the embarrassment of having to make their little speeches. The leader bowed stiffly, presented madame with the fast-wilting bouquet which he had clutched firmly before him all the way, and congratulated her on her birthday. The others grinned moistly, and when the time came cried "*Vive Emma Calvé!*" with tremendous gusto. She accepted the gift as if it were from a king, and made a most lovely speech of thanks, whereupon they shouted "*Vive!*" once more, and we all went into the dining hall to drink her health before they made their bows and escaped down the hill.

By five o'clock the house was in a turmoil; madame had ordered supper for that hour, since she was to sing that night, and of course it wasn't ready. However, she was—and had been since four—so she occupied the interval until supper was announced by closing up all the doors and windows so that no robbers could get in. At half-past five we were all bundled into the cars and started off to Millau, where the fête was to be held in the open-air theater. First we were to go to the apartment of a friend of hers, where we would receive finishing touches to our make-ups and meet the quaint old woman who had been Calvé's benefactress in her youth, who cares for her

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as if she were her own child, and was, at the moment the car deposited us on her doorstep, engaged in curling the diva's hair.

At last we were all ready, and we three girls sallied forth to see what we could see. It was still daylight, so we found our way to the open field where a tiny theater, hardly bigger than a Punch-and-Judy show, had been rigged up and decorated with real boughs, instead of the canvas ones I was so accustomed to. The populace was arriving on foot, by bus from the more remote parts of the province, and by bicycle. All the family came, and, though there may be a lot in the papers about the smallness of the French family, when all the relatives get together they certainly make an imposing aggregation. We were immediately the object of their attention, for we had a foreign look, and the small boys gathered in a circle, staring as only French children can stare. Finally I asked one of them if he thought we were a zoo, at which sally he giggled and squirmed, but went right on staring.

A French Fete

We were very interested to see what this festival would turn out to be; and I wonder how many places there are in America the same size that would have a town orchestra brave enough to attempt some things of Gounod's, the Arlésienne Suite, and other things of the same musical caliber. They had a man do a monologue in the patois, wearing the traditional red bandanna and stiff black felt hat, who sent them into stitches—it was maddening not to understand what he was talking about, and yet we got a much better idea of the sound of the language, because our ears weren't cluttered up with the meanings of the words and we could hear the rolling, rugged vigor of the phrases which poured off his tongue until our senses were thrilled by the sound of it—the town boys all piled upon the stage to sing songs in the patois, and at last Calvé recited a poem of the little man for whom they were giving the fête—François Fabié. Gloriously her fine speaking voice gave out the verses—she had rehearsed it at home from the east terrace, making us go way down in the park to be sure we could hear her—then she brought on the poet himself, a frail, middle-aged man with a little beard, who bowed to his countrymen, talked to them of the beauties of their mountains and read some of his poems. Then—ah, then came the great moment when the pupils did their stunts, which were greeted with polite applause, and the stage was Calvé's.

The next day the festivities moved nearer home to the village of Aguessac, for of the three days set aside for fun, Aguessac's day was the feast of its patron saint, the Virgin, and the whole town turned out into the one main street. There were funny races and sort of Halloween games for young and old, including a game where they stretched a string across the road from tree to tree, and hung, somewhere along in the middle of it, a frying pan whose bottom was smeared with thick black grease in which was embedded a five-franc piece. The idea was to stand upon a table with hands tied and get that five-franc piece out with your mouth!

Suddenly a shout at the other end of the street rose, and down the road lickety-cut came what looked to be a house on wheels; in fact, was a house on wheels, which drove up to an open field and proceeded in what is known as a trice to unlash and erect a tent, fit together the sections of what turned out to be a loop-the-loop for one bicycle, assemble an audience, dash on some clown white and give a show—a tiny two-men-and-a-woman circus. The only music they had was the drum which the woman beat—she couldn't roll it for the loop-the-loop effect, so she just beat it louder as the clown made his loop, finishing out the door of the tent. But the village audience didn't seem to miss anything. Real mountebanks they were, driving their little horse and cart from town to town following the summer fêtes, jongleurs doing their stuff on the feast day of the Virgin. Here was what we of the theater had all come from, and I found my eyes wet to hear the mother-in-law joke, the local allusions, and to see the clown socked on the head with a bladder stick.

They had one very cute trick with which they ended the entertainment—what vaudevillians call "the wow at the finish"; the *patron*, or boss, of the show rigged up a springboard and did some jumps over a barrel or two, then he got three little boys to bend down while he jumped over them, then four little boys, and then five. This impressed the audience considerably, but he announced that he would now, as a special added attraction, jump over ten little boys. Everybody went "Ooo-oo-o-o!" and his assistant corralled the urchins.

As soon as he had ten he told them to bend down in line, but to hide their faces in their caps, because, since it was a tremendous feat, of course they would be scared and perhaps would raise a head while he was jumping over. They all hid their heads dutifully, not noticing that the assistant had been giving rolled-up newspapers to five other little boys who, when the "Allez!" signal was given, ran into the ring and paddled those ten upturned bottoms with yells of delight.

That night we brought the holiday to a close at the castle by celebrating Calvé's birthday, which we couldn't do the day before on account of the concert, with a dinner party at which we all appeared dressed in the costumes of her famous rôles. She dug them out of trunks and we arrayed ourselves according to our types; I was Manon, in pink satin and brocade; one girl who had beautiful long blond hair wore madame's yellow chiffon robe for Ophelia; the other, a dark-eyed petite person, wore Carmen's shawl and green skirt. The French girl reverted to her own Turkish trousers; her mother wore another Manon dress and powdered her hair; Calvé's brother wore a mandarin coat, and her nephew took some of the chain mail off the walls and did himself up in that; and last of all, madame made a grand entrance in the trailing cloth of gold and jewels of her costume for Messalina—a part she never played in this country.

Her Own Baedeker

I wonder what that old castle must have thought as we gathered around the great refectory table in the dress of all those centuries? How many times before, it must have seen panniers such as I wore, medieval draperies such as Ophelia's, and heard the shivery sound of chain mail! It had nothing to say about it, however, and stood as inscrutable as ever, silent, brooding, and, I always thought, a little sinister, as if to say, "I can swallow you all up and no one will be the wiser. You could all disappear, as have those others who wore such clothes. Stranger things than that have happened here."

But these were only fleeting thoughts that crouched back in the shadows; around the candle-lighted table Calvé surveyed all her selves and was moved to answer our congratulations of her forty years on the stage by rising to toast America, to whom she owed her greatest successes and her home. She lifted her glass and suddenly began The Star-Spangled Banner, which was sort of an anachronism when you think of it; but I'll say this: She knew the words!

Four years later I returned for a brief visit just about festival time to find another set of *affiches* on the walls, announcing that Emma Calvé would sing at the fête for the national musical instrument of the mountains—the bagpipe—and the lady herself gathering together her music and accompanist preparatory to setting off for the little hamlet of LaGuiole, where she was to sing for her neighbors and countrymen. Of course I trailed along with mouth and ears open, the better to listen to her travel talk as we went: Here to our left was Rodez, the capital of the department, where, next to the Gothic cathedral, was the famous Place Emma Calvé which she gave to the town, singing a whole year in concert to pay for it; but at least she had saved the ancient houses and the square itself from being demolished to make room for modern buildings; over there was the beautiful valley of the Lot, and up here a well-known whey cure. She was a regular Baedeker all the way to the village where she was to appear.

And when the time for the concert came she stepped up on a small platform erected in the school and gave a program of eighteen songs, ranging from folk song to César Franck, giving as much to her audience gathered in that little hall as ever she gave at the Metropolitan or Carnegie.

She had been so delighted with one old bagpiper in the contest that she had requested him to bring his red velvet *Dudelsack* to her concert and perform with her. He was in for more than he thought, however, for she got him to dance the *bourrée* with her after she had finished singing, saying to the crowd:

"I have watched you today in the square and you have forgotten all the quaint figures of our national dance. Let me show you how my grandmother taught me!"

Calvé as a Danseuse

Light as a feather she tripped across the stage, all hint of weight lost in the grace of her movements. Charmingly she pretended to flirt with the now completely flustered old gnome as she danced the figures, until at last she burst out laughing, and grabbing the poor chap around the neck, planted a large kiss on his cheek and fled from the stage as the mob roared.

We left her there with people crowded around her.

"I can never say again, 'Come see me at Cabrières,' my dears," she said as we prepared to leave. "When you return to France it will belong to somebody else."

But if Emma Calvé has brought anything to America in the years past, or is doing so now, America has returned the compliment by giving to her, in the first place, her beloved castle, and by allowing her to keep it. She has a villa in Nice for the winter months, when the Causses are cold and covered with snow, but always in the summer you will find her—that is, if the Chemin de Fer du Midi will let you—in her grim, austere home in the rocky deserts of France. From there she has set out on all her gypsying, and back there she has returned from all her triumphs.

Last night we were bidden by a sudden telephone call to a farewell party to be given to madame, and thinking of course she was about to set out on her tour west, I asked her when she would arrive in California.

"California? *Mais, ma chère*, I am sailing tonight at midnight on the Paris!" she cried.

"Sailing?" I said, stupidly.

"*Mais oui.* I am going back to France. I have changed everything, canceled the rest of my tour—everything. It has all happened in the past few days. You see, it has been arranged that I give two farewell performances at the Opéra Comique, of Santuzza and, of course, Carmen, after which I am to do the same at Covent Garden in London! But what makes me happiest of all"—she gripped my hands—"is that I am to be made a Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur in January! I was notified a week ago, and that is really why I am flying back."

Gayly we toasted her, madly she ran into another room to fling a cloak around her and gather together her bags and possessions. Twice she lost the keys to her trunks, three times made false starts toward the door, only to be stopped by more friends who wished to say good-by. Finally, with her arms full of flower boxes, purse and the train of her gown, she rushed off after kissing us all, singing her farewell, bubbling with the joy of living, and dashing off to her new adventure with all the zest of her indomitable youth.

I am sorry for California, but—*Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, salut!*

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

Proves a Revelation

It has been suggested to me that possibly some people might think that our beautiful production of *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* is merely a picturization of the old drama shown on the stage

If such an impression exists, it is most erroneous

Universal's screen version is the most pretentious effort ever made with this American story as the vehicle. It required two years to make and cost nearly two million dollars.

In the stage plays, the crudest of painted scenery was used. In Universal's picture version the entire company was sent into the Southland and much of the play was enacted in the very country where the action was laid by the author.

Dame Nature was our scenic artist

And you simply can't conceive the beautiful and natural effects thus secured. No painter in the world, regardless of the character of his talent, could possibly reproduce on canvas the beauty we have secured through the medium of the camera.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," as produced by UNIVERSAL, will be a source of constant wonder to you from title to conclusion. And I can say, in all truthfulness, that never before has *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* been played in such a mighty and realistic manner.

This picture, as UNIVERSAL has created it, is not just a picture. It is a great spectacle, in my estimation, and you can't gain any notion of its grandeur without seeing it with your own eyes.

Keep watch for it. Then write me your conclusions.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

The Stationer

Today.....as five centuries ago, he is right on the job every business day-

FIVE hundred years ago, in the medieval marketplace of Olde London Towne, vendors of various wares were each assigned a single day of the week on which to exhibit their goods. On other days they had to hawk their products farther afield.

The merchant who sold writing materials, however, was considered so important and necessary to the community that he alone was licensed to sell in his appointed place, *every day*.

From this interesting fact came the name Stationer—signifying one who remained *stationary* in one place.

As in the Fifteenth Century, so in the Twentieth. Today, as then, the progressive stationer is an important man in every community. He is in constant touch with the accounting problems of many fields. He is well posted on up-to-date means and methods of keeping business records. He is well qualified to be your valued helper and adviser.

The stationer who sells National Loose Leaf and Bound Books is a good man to know—and to call on often. If you don't know the name of this stationer in your vicinity, write us for it. National Blank Book Company, 123 Riverside, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

National

Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

Simplify business control

NATIONAL

HIGH TIDE IN SPECULATION

Continued from Page 23

shares. It is the A's who make up the greater part of the year's enormous stock-market operations. Time out of mind—or at least for the thirty-odd years in which I have been reading speculative literature—they have been solemnly warned that they are quite sure to lose in the end. Yet there they are, hopeful as ever, making up the bulk of 576,000,000 shares in a year, and borrowing from the banks and others a considerable part of $4,000,000,000 in real money that might perhaps be better employed.

It is not a good condition. Nobody pretends that it is. Nearly everybody except those directly engaged calls it a bad condition. At least as far back as I can remember, and doubtless much further back, many thoughtful people have been seeking—or hoping for—a remedy. Fifteen years ago competent students of the subject thought a remedy had been discovered. But the very measure which those competent students of the subject relied upon to diminish speculation has tended, on the contrary, to increase speculation. It perfectly illustrates the familiar point that when you try to remedy anything by a law, you never know what's really going to happen. You are shooting off a blunderbuss. It may bring down the carrion crow, or it may lay low the family sow.

Fifteen years ago takes us back to the beginning of 1913, and to a world in some respects surprisingly different from this present one. For example, newspaper files at the start of the year contain a statement that in the twelvemonth just ended, 192,500 automobiles and trucks were actually made in the United States. Following that statement was an interview with a prominent motor manufacturer who declared that too many concerns were making motors; quite overdoing it. He was right, too, for somewhat later in the year a number of motor and accessory companies went into bankruptcy.

Early in the year, I find, too, an analysis of the popular vote for President in the preceding November. It says that although two new states had been added to the Union since 1908, and California and Washington had bestowed full suffrage on women, the total vote was only 144,036 more than four years before. Wilson, the winner, received 6,286,214, which was 122,892 less than the number cast for Bryan, the loser, in 1908. Taft and Roosevelt combined received 7,608,093, which was 70,913 less than the number cast for Taft alone in 1908. But the Socialist vote grew from 434,645 in 1908 to 926,090 in 1912.

Troubled Times

Until I read the above I had forgotten how different fifteen years ago was. It was the end of a period in American development which has been irreverently dubbed the muckraking era. After the Dark Ages of 1893–1896, a business renaissance got well under way in 1898. Many trusts were formed, many stocks were watered, many fortunes were made. After a while many people grew dissatisfied. President Roosevelt vigorously denounced "malefactors of great wealth." An investigation of the big life-insurance companies, conducted by Charles Evans Hughes—until then little known outside of New York—disclosed instances of shocking carelessness in handling other people's money. The late Thomas W. Lawson published his romantic Frenzied Finance with great success. It seemed that the best way to attract public attention was to select some opulent corporation and heave a brick at it. A number of Republican senators revolted against high protective rates in their party's new tariff bill. Finally party dissension reached such a pitch that Colonel Roosevelt placed himself at the head of the left wing and ran for the presidency against his old party comrade, Taft; also against Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic nominee.

This three-cornered fight should have aroused intense interest, but the Democratic vote and the Republican vote, counting both wings, was less than four years before. Had people grown weary of being agitated about malefactors of great wealth? Anyhow, the net result of all the agitation, politically speaking, was to elect a Democratic President, by a minority vote, along with both houses of Congress; and to increase the Socialist vote by nearly half a million.

There was an uneasy feeling in Wall Street—hopefully shared by the country at large—that the new Administration proposed to do something to it; nobody then knew just what, but something unpleasant. Congress promptly met in special session to pass the lowest tariff bill since the Civil War. There was war in the Balkans. A Federal judge at Indianapolis sentenced thirty-three labor leaders to prison for having participated in a dynamiting conspiracy—an epilogue of the famous McNamara case. Downtrodden wage slaves, at any rate, had sufficient surplus funds to buy high explosives. Riotous proceedings in a West Virginia coal strike. J. P. Morgan died in Rome. Vice President Marshall further hurt Wall Street's feelings by suggesting that a proposal to confiscate all private fortunes in excess of $100,000 at the death of their owners would carry by two to one in a popular vote. The St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad went into bankruptcy. All the while financial writers were talking about a silent panic in the stock market. Presently the postmaster general recommended government ownership of telephone and telegraph lines. The year ended in gloomy mood.

A Cure for Speculation

Total sales of stock that year were only 83,470,693 shares, which also was a record for this century. The last year, prior to 1913, in which stock sales had fallen below 100,000,000 shares was 1897, which ended the hard-times era that began in 1893. There is, then, one absolutely sure cure for excessive stock speculation—namely, hard times. Nobody, I assume, wants that cure. Stock sales in 1913 were but little more than one-seventh the volume of 1927. But in 1913 this was a much smaller country. Building operations, by the best reports I can find, were less than one-fifth as great as last year. Total bank deposits were $17,279,000,000 against $51,132,000,000 now. The latter figure includes $26,000,000,000 of savings deposits, which is about three times the total of 1913. Assets of life-insurance companies—another form of saving—are three times as large. The factory pay rolls show a three-fold growth, which means many billions of dollars of increased purchasing power.

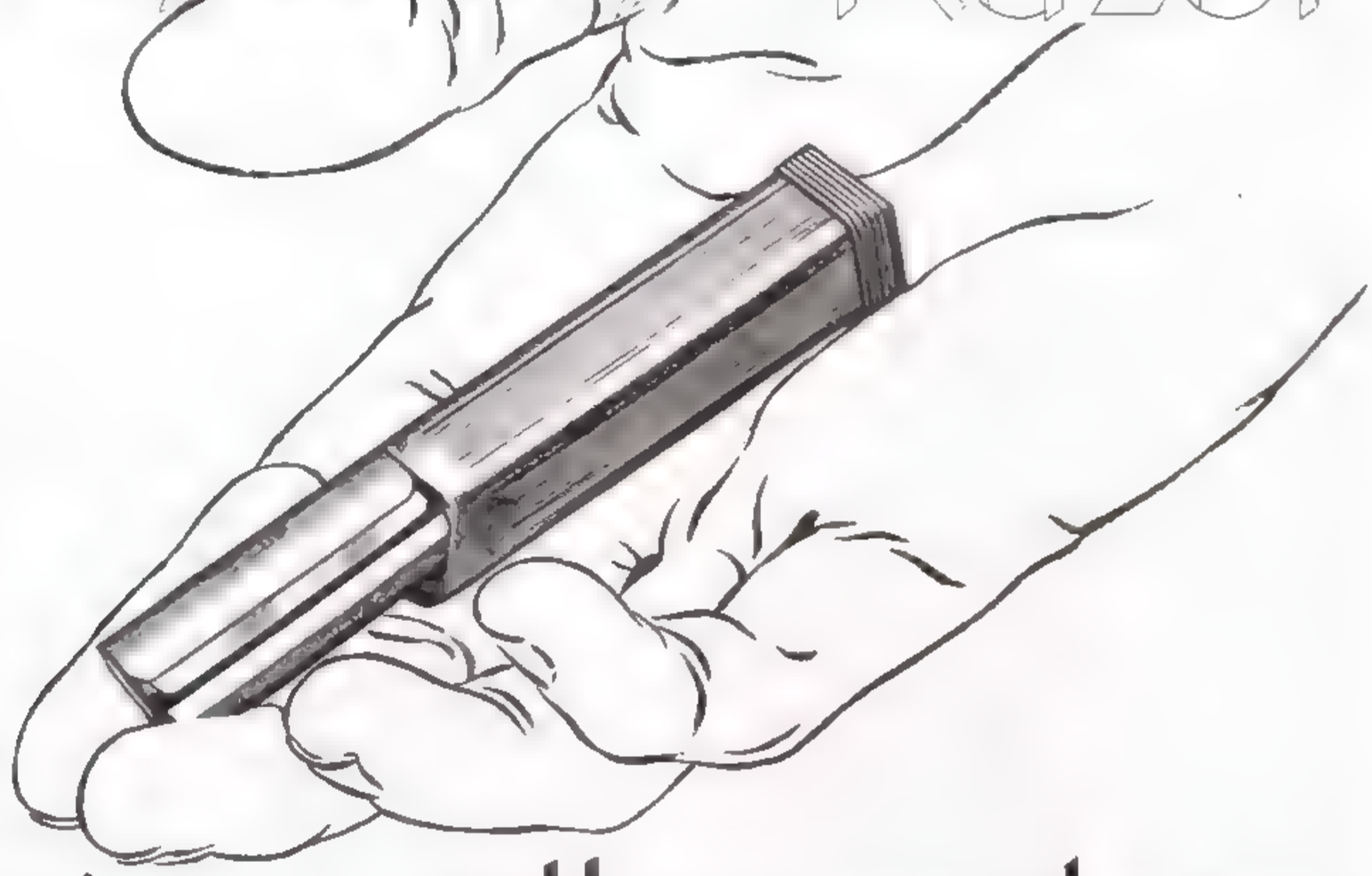
It is a bigger country; but even so it gambles more in proportion to its size than it did before the World War, and is more heedless of it—that is, back in 1913, although stock speculation was only about one-seventh the present volume, it caused more apprehension than it causes now. It was more earnestly discussed, and there was very general satisfaction because the most important legislation of that year was expected to reduce it. To put the matter as briefly as possible, here was the situation:

A very important part of the whole country's bank reserve was always invested in stock-market call loans. When anything went radically wrong with the stock market, as had happened in 1907, there was difficulty in recovering those reserves, and banks far away from New York resorted to an improvised, extralegal sort of currency called clearing-house certificates in order to pay the checks of their depositors.

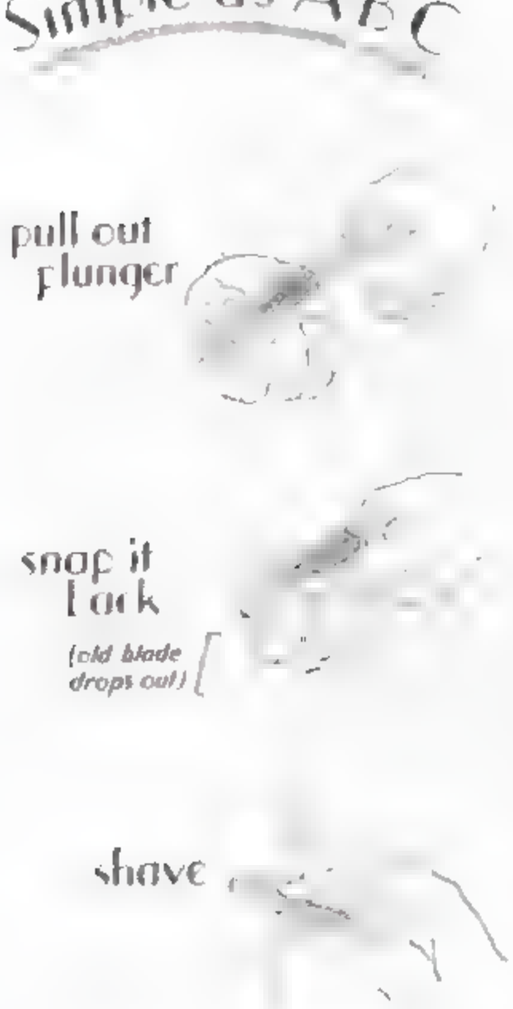
Country banks kept a certain reserve in cash in their vaults to meet depositors' demands. But cash locked up in a bank vault

(Continued on Page 50)

Schick *Repeating* Razor



Here it is . . . all complete



You can change blades in the middle of a shave in split seconds as illustrated above. You never touch the naked blade in changing. For the new blades are all in the handle. Good stores are glad to show the Schick with non-shaving blanks.

Twenty superfine blades go inside the handle of the Schick *Repeating* Razor and one blade is always in shaving position. You don't have to bother with any box or case, or a package of extra blades. When you're lathered and ready to shave, tilt the head of the Schick, and go ahead. You'll have as sweet a shave as the head barber gives a bridegroom

Marvelous blades of highest quality Steel

No razor is any better than its blades. If the Schick were made of platinum, set with jewels, it could not give you a better shave unless its blades were better. The Schick blades are made from the highest quality razor steel. But they cost you no more. In fact, you get 20 Schick blades for 75 cents.

Reloads like a pump gun—saves fussing and drying

To put a new blade in place you simply pull out plunger, snap it back, tilt shaving head—and shave.

The Schick saves just as much time at the end of your shave—in fact, perhaps more. For all you have to do is to hold the head under running water, shake it, and put it away. There's no unscrewing or taking apart, no wiping, no checking up the parts and putting together again. With the Schick you lather, shave, hold under the faucet, shake and put away

You'll say, "This is a real shave"

Thousands of unsolicited letters are coming in praising the shave of the Schick. Men say that the Schick gives them the best shave they have ever had. We would hesitate to put into printed advertisements the wonderful tributes that men have voluntarily written us about the shaving qualities of the Schick.

Next time you are in a good store, ask the razor clerk to show you this remarkable repeating razor. If he cannot supply you we shall be glad to mail you a Schick finished in silver plate upon receipt of $5.00 with this coupon. If you wish the gold-plated model send $7.50. With either razor a clip of 20 blades is included. Magazine Repeating Razor Co., 285 Madison Ave., New York. Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd., St. Johns, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

A smooth shave quick *with a* Schick

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send me a Schick Razor complete with 20 blades. I enclose
☐ $5 for razor in silver plate. ☐ $7.50 for razor in gold plate
☐ Extra clip of 20 blades, 75c. In Canada: Silver-plated razor with 20 blades, $6.50; gold-plated, $10. Extra clip of 20 blades, $1.00.

Name .....

Address .....

City *State*

Dealer's Name .....

(Continued from Page 48)

earns nothing. Naturally the banks wished to carry no more of it than they were obliged to. Other reserves they sent on to the big Wall Street banks which would pay them around 2 per cent interest on the money. Country banks in the South and West might deposit reserves in Atlanta, Chicago, Kansas City, and so on. But the Atlanta, Chicago and Kansas City banks would forward a considerable part of the money to New York. Bank reserves piled up there.

The New York banks had either to keep this money on hand in cash, in which case it would earn nothing and they could not pay 2 per cent interest on it, or else invest it in something that could be turned into cash very quickly. The only investment which met that requirement and was big enough to absorb the bank surpluses consisted of stock-market call loans. Those loans are payable on demand and secured by collateral in the form of marketable stocks and bonds. If the borrower does not pay on demand, the bank can sell the collateral and recover its money.

In ordinary times the call loans worked tolerably, although a great many people objected on principle to putting an important part of the country's bank reserves at the service of stock-market speculation. In a pinch the call loans worked badly, and a pinch, when the machinery is under a strain, is exactly the time when you want it to work well. But as long as bank reserves piled up in the big New York banks and the country owners of those reserves demanded interest on them, call loans were the only outlet for them, or for an important part of them. There was no other sort of paper, in sufficient volume, that could be turned into cash on demand.

The Federal Reserve System, at which Congress labored during a great part of 1913, was expected to put an end to that condition. Under that system, banks were required to deposit their legal reserves, aside from cash in vault, in the Federal Reserve banks of their several districts, and the Federal Reserve banks were forbidden to make loans on stock and bond collateral, or to discount paper so secured, excepting Government bonds. Of course many state banks remained outside the Federal Reserve System and could dispose of their reserves as they pleased, subject to state laws. But everybody assumed that the new system would go a long way toward keeping country-bank reserves out of the stock market and thus reduce speculation.

The End of Wall Street

Senator Owen, chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, who took a leading part in shaping the bill and getting it passed, expressed this opinion: "It cannot be denied that the general effect of the bill will be to deprive the stock market of the use of a considerable part of the bank reserves of the country, which, under the new system, will be transferred to Government-controlled banks. This will be beneficial to the commerce of the country."

Carter Glass, whose rôle in the House of Representatives was similar to that of Senator Owen in the other chamber—the measure being commonly known as the Owen-Glass Bill—was more emphatic. Said he: "The act has clogged the channel to Wall Street. It will break the shackles which Wall Street has cast about the commerce of the country by distributing the money power throughout the land. It will keep at home the bank reserves of the country which have heretofore been massed in New York, where they have been used for the benefit of stock-exchange speculators and gamblers."

The New York World, a champion of the Administration, called the new system "an act of financial deliverance which effects the complete separation of the banking system of the country from the New York Stock Exchange and Wall Street gambling." And Mr. Bryan seized the occasion to bid Wall Street, as a money power, an unaffectionate farewell!

But Wall Street itself quite shared the general expectation that the new banking system would take country-bank reserves out of the stock market. Frank A. Vanderlip, then president of New York's biggest bank—and favorable to the bill as a whole—was called before a congressional committee as an expert witness while the measure was pending. Press reports quoted him as testifying, "It will minimize Wall Street speculation by reducing the amount of money loaned on speculative collateral. It will divert the money that is now being loaned for speculation to legitimate channels of trade." He added the opinion that it would deprive the National City Bank of country-bank deposits to the amount of $50,000,000.

Benefits From Obstacles

A member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. testified: "One thing you can do to stop speculation in New York and to prevent conditions which bring on panics is to prevent the banks of Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City from sending their money in the summer to New York, lending it on call, and then suddenly calling it out in the fall to move the crops." That object, presumably, would be accomplished by the new banking system, because under that system member banks were required to deposit their legal reserves with the Federal Reserve banks of their respective districts, instead of in big-city national banks as under the old system, and the Federal Reserve banks could not make stock-exchange loans, nor rediscount such loans for the member banks. It was believed that member banks, even if they had excess reserves, would fight shy of stock-market loans, preferring to invest their money in paper that was eligible for rediscount at a Federal Reserve bank and therefore convertible into cash in a pinch. Thus the stock market would not only be deprived of the legal reserves of out-of-town banks but of such surplus reserves as they might, at times, have on hand.

Everybody, I repeat, thought the new system would take bank reserves, to a very important extent, out of the stock market, and make call loans decidedly less popular with country banks. But under the new system, in fact, we see exactly the opposite result. More bank money is loaned on stocks now than ever before, and country banks generally find call loans more attractive than under the old system. Testifying last spring before the House Committee on Banking and Currency, Dr. A. C. Miller, of the Federal Reserve Board, commented on the subject as follows:

"I would say this: That the call-loan market has become a much more attractive place for the investment of surplus bank funds than it was before the institution of the Federal Reserve System. . . . I think the Federal Reserve System has made the resort to the call-loan market by the interior banks much more secure, in that it is hard to imagine a contingency under which there would be any difficulty in getting their money back promptly. They get it back more surely now because of the existence of the Federal Reserve banks, and I think the reserve system, in that respect, has had an effect quite contrary to what was expected when the act was passed. . . . While in the old days there was no question of the ultimate security of these collateral loans, experience had demonstrated that in times of acute strain out-of-town banks might have difficulty in recovering for home use the balances they had in New York. It was impossible for all to liquidate at the same time and get the cash, and so we had those sharp periods of monetary famine, of which 1907 was the most acute in recent years."

In short, under the old system, the money had to come out of the stock market, and in convulsive times, with everybody trying to liquidate at once, getting money out of the market was not so easy. But now out-of-town banks need not worry over that contingency, because they or their New York correspondents can quickly get money out of the Federal Reserve banks, panic or no panic, by rediscounting commercial paper. The call loan, then, is safer and more liquid than it was under the old banking system, hence more attractive to country banks.

Which simply shows how the wisest men may be mistaken as to the effect of a new law. A new banking system had been under discussion for several years prior to 1913. The best men in the country had contributed to that discussion. Congress spent months over the bill to establish such a system. No legislative measure, I believe, has ever received more careful, expert attention. If, in respect of stock-market speculation, the new system has had an effect opposite to what was expected, we must by no means charge that up to the men who shaped the bill. It is not likely that we shall ever get better legislative services in the shaping of any bill. But to tell how a new law will work implies reading the future, and with the negligible exception of seventh daughters of seventh sons, nobody can do that. Some people, sometimes, can guess a little better than their neighbors, but the gift of prophecy is very uncommon.

For one thing, nobody in 1913 foresaw that bank deposits would increase threefold in fourteen years. No fourteen years in the past disclosed such a growth. A threefold increase in bank deposits will mean approximately a threefold increase in bank reserves, because reserves must be in proportion to deposits. So, the middle of December, 1927, the commercial banks of the country belonging to the Federal Reserve System had $2,418,572,000 on deposit in the twelve Federal Reserve banks. This, with cash in vault, was all the reserves that the law required them to keep.

But at the same time out-of-town banks had $1,291,317,000 on deposit in the big Wall Street banks, which was more than double the out-of-town bank deposits of those banks in 1913. At that time an out-of-town bank could count its deposit in a Wall Street bank as part of its legal reserve. The new banking system changed that. Under it, only money deposited in a Federal Reserve bank counts as legal reserve. Hence it was quite generally expected that the big Wall Street banks would lose out-of-town deposits. Mr. Vanderlip calculated the loss for the National City Bank alone at $50,000,000. But, in fact, their out-of-town bank deposits have greatly increased.

The Sources of the Loans

The big Wall Street banks, the middle of December, 1927, held for their own account $1,230,124,000 of loans to brokers and bond dealers on stock and bond collateral—what are commonly called stock-market loans. That amount, it will be noted, corresponds pretty closely with their out-of-town bank deposits. Generally speaking, the stock-market loans of Wall Street banks will roughly approximate their out-of-town bank deposits. In that sense it may be said that this out-of-town bank money, or most of it, goes into stock-market loans.

But on the same date the Wall Street banks had loaned $1,874,106,000 to brokers and dealers on stock and bond collateral for the account of out-of-town banks. Adding the two amounts together, it might be said that $2,604,230,000 of out-of-town bank money was invested in stock-market loans. It should not be supposed that when a Wall Street bank receives a deposit from an out-of-town bank it immediately earmarks that particular money for stock-market loans. But the amount of stock-market loans made by Wall Street banks for their own account roughly approximates their out-of-town bank deposits. In addition they loan an even greater sum as agents for out-of-town banks.

Every out-of-town bank, no matter where situated, finds a New York account convenient, or even necessary, in the regular course of its business. Payments all over the country are constantly being made in New York, or in New York funds. Even if the out-of-town bank is in a Western village its customers will now and then be calling for New York exchange. To furnish that exchange the bank will keep an account in New York. The New York bank will pay it about 2 per cent interest on its deposit above a certain minimum. When an out-of-town bank finds surplus money accumulating it may deposit the money in a New York bank at 2 per cent, or it may direct the New York bank to invest the money for its account in call loans, the rate for which the middle of December was 4.5 per cent. That is the meaning of the $1,374,106,000 item.

The Wall Street banks had also invested $954,125,000 in stock-market loans for account of others. That means individuals and corporations, domestic and foreign, with surplus funds on hand, who had directed the banks to place those funds in loans on stock-market collateral. The three items above enumerated come to $3,558,355,000, which is the total of stock-market loans at that date that were handled by the Wall Street banks for their own account, for the account of out-of-town banks, and for the account of others. But reports gathered by the Stock Exchange from its members show, in addition to that total, about $500,000,000 of brokers' loans which were not handled by the banks, bringing the grand total of such loans above $4,000,000,000, of which amount roughly 30 per cent was supplied by Wall Street banks for their own account, 34 per cent directly by out-of-town banks and 36 per cent by others.

Federal Reserve Control

Keeping these proportions in mind helps one to understand how little the Federal Reserve System can do about it. That $4,000,000,000 was mostly surplus money. There was no scarcity of bank credit to meet all the legitimate demands of industry, commerce and agriculture. Nobody with good bankable paper was refused a loan. At all twelve of the Federal Reserve banks the rediscount rate was only 3.5. Any bank anywhere in the United States which belonged to the reserve system could send its commercial paper to the reserve bank of its district for rediscount and get money at that low rate. The middle of December the amount of paper so discounted at all twelve of the reserve banks was only $494,973,000, or 10 per cent less than a year before; and the twelve reserve banks held an amount of gold equal to 70 per cent of their total circulating note-and-deposit liabilities.

In short there was an easy credit situation. Now the relations of a member bank to the Federal Reserve bank of its district are very much like your own relations, as an individual depositor, to the bank in which you keep an account. Unless you are a borrower, it is none of your bank's business what you do with your money. Only when you apply for a loan can the bank question you and exert pressure by refusing the loan if it thinks you are using the money recklessly. So the Federal Reserve banks' only practicable control over the stock-market-loan situation was in respect of the $494,973,000 which they had advanced to member banks by rediscounting their paper. When a member bank came to a Federal Reserve bank to get money by rediscounting commercial paper, the reserve bank might have spoken as follows:

"We view these huge stock-market loans with great disapproval and are determined to do everything in our power to reduce them. We are particularly determined that no Federal Reserve money shall be used, even indirectly, for such loans. Therefore we will not rediscount this commercial paper for you unless you first call in whatever money you have loaned in Wall Street."

But there is no likelihood that such an attitude on the part of the reserve banks would have been effectual, for the member banks that had borrowed $494,973,000 from reserve banks by rediscounting were by no means identical with the banks that were

(Continued on Page 55)

Light up....for safety

EMPTY SOCKETS ARE EXPENSIVE. Accidents happen on dark stairways; dishes are broken in dark pantries; clothes are torn in dark closets. Be sure you keep a supply of Edison MAZDA* Lamps on hand. Fill empty sockets with the right lamps and assure yourself plenty of light whenever you need it.

People are buying Edison MAZDA Lamps by the carton, for convenience and better lighting. Packed in heavy cartons, they are safe from breakage and always handy when sockets need refilling. Spare lamps often save embarrassment.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

New Features

that set a new standard in automobile value

Bigger and Better

For years, Chevrolet has pioneered into the low-price field the features of advanced design found on the world's finest automobiles. As a result, Chevrolet cars have always provided modern appearance, modern comfort and modern performance.

And never has this progressive policy been better exemplified than in the Bigger and Better Chevrolet—with its numerous notable mechanical advancements.

Built on a 107-inch wheelbase, 4 inches longer than before—and offering marvelous new bodies by Fisher . . . this great new car is everywhere hailed as an amazing revelation in automobile value!

Among the vital engineering advancements it incorporates, are new alloy "invar strut" constant clearance pistons . . . new mushroom type valve tappets . . . new non-locking four-wheel brakes . . . new semi-elliptic shock absorber springs . . . new worm and gear ball-bearing steering mechanism . . . and a complete new steel motor enclosure!

So many vital contributions have been made to every phase of motoring luxury, that only a close personal inspection can convey an adequate impression of the fine car quality provided in the Bigger and Better Chevrolet.

In beauty, in comfort and in performance, it climaxes every previous Chevrolet achievement in the development of luxurious transportation at low cost!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Here is a low-priced car with every quality feature and all the completeness of detail demanded in the world's finest automobiles! Go see your Chevrolet dealer. Ask him to show you this great new car and explain the new order of value that it represents. Get behind the wheel and go for a drive—as far as you like, and over roads of your own selection.

It will take you less than half an hour to learn why the Bigger and Better Chevrolet is everywhere hailed as an automobile sensation—why everyone calls it the world's most luxurious low-priced automobile!

A Partial List of Chevrolet Quality Features

Improved fully enclosed valve-in-head motor.
3-Point motor suspension.
Stronger frame 4" longer; wheelbase 107".
Larger, deeper Harrison honeycomb radiator.
Thermostat control cooling system.
Centrifugal water pump.
New alloy "invar strut" pistons.
New instrument panel indirectly lighted.
New ball-bearing worm and gear steering.
Semi-elliptic shock absorber springs 84% of wheelbase.
New wind-tunnel type fan shroud.
Safety gasoline tank at rear.
Larger balloon tires 30" x 4.50".
New streamline bodies by Fisher.
New genuine Duco colors.
Theft-proof steering and ignition lock.
AC oil filter.
AC air cleaner.
Single-plate dry disc-clutch.
Oil pump for efficient lubrication.
New crankcase breathing system.
New two-port exhaust.
Heavy one-piece full-crowned fenders.
Alemite pressure lubrication.
Vacuum tank fuel supply.
Improved Delco-Remy distributor ignition.
Combination tail and stop light.
New hydro-laminated camshaft gears.
Improved mushroom valve tappets.
Large 17" steering wheel with spark and throttle levers located on top.
Rear vision mirror.
Fisher "VV" one-piece windshield on closed models.
Automatic windshield wiper on closed models.
Semi-floating rear axle.
One-piece steel rear axle housing.
Bullet-type headlamps and parking lights.
Steel disc wheels.
Gasoline gauge.
Klaxon motor-driven horn.
"V" type long life fan belt.
Underwriters' approval gives lowest fire insurance rates.
Independent emergency brake—70 additional square inches of braking surface.

and 4 Wheel Brakes

Reduced Prices!

The COACH
$585

The Roadster	$495
The Touring	$495
The Coupe	$595
The 4-Door Sedan	$675
The Sport Cabriolet	$665
The Imperial Landau	$715
Utility Truck (*Chassis Only*)	$495
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There are as many uses for DUCO *as there are objects in your home*

An afternoon is sufficient time for your husband to give the bedroom a charming colorful coat of Duco.

Hundreds of small objects about the house give Duco a chance to bring new beauty into your home.

The bookcase is an ideal place for the rich colors of Duco.

Chairs and tables, desks and lamps, practically everything in your home can be made more beautiful with Duco.

THERE is hardly any limit to the number of ways in which Duco will make your home more beautiful. The dining-room chairs will be brighter and gayer with a sparkling new Duco surface, so too the end-table in the living room will find an added charm in the lustrous brilliance of Duco.

Look around you now . . . isn't there a desk, a secretary, a bed, a dresser that would appreciate a Duco color? Wouldn't the kitchen be more attractive with cheerful, vivid Duco greens or yellows on table, chairs and cabinet? Delicately tinted bathroom fixtures today are so much smarter than the all-white bathroom. And with Duco you can so easily make the children's room as gay, as many-colored, as charming as the pictures in the fairy-tale books. Where you want to keep the natural grain of the wood, transparent Clear Duco gives your floors and woodwork a hard, flint-like surface and Duco stains have a rich full texture.

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Address

(Continued from Page 50)

at the same time loaning, directly and indirectly, some five times that amount to brokers and bond dealers. In good part they were different banks. There comes in another interesting effect of the new banking system that was not clearly foreseen. Testifying before the House Committee on Banking and Currency, Dr. John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin, put it this way:

"There is a limited supply of gold which is the property of all the member banks, and which has been impounded in a single fund controlled by the reserve banks. This limited fund of gold is the basis of a limited supply of credit which the reserve banks can furnish to the member banks. Any bank which takes more than its fair share of that limited supply is infringing upon the other banks. So there has grown up a code of business ethics which says that no member bank is acting fairly toward its fellow members if it borrows from a reserve bank simply in order to lend to the public at a profit. . . . There has grown up that rule of ethics, or custom, of the banking craft that they will not have their statements show that they are in debt to the reserve banks if they can avoid it. . . . In this they are not acting according to the principles of self-interest, for self-interest would dictate that they borrow from the reserve banks and then relend the money to the public at a profit. But they won't do it. They like to show that they are relying on their own resources and not leaning on the Federal Reserve System."

A Powerful Credit Lever

At the end of December, for example, the rate on call loans in Wall Street moved up to 5.5 per cent. At that time any bank anywhere in the United States, if it belonged to the Federal Reserve System, could have borrowed money from its reserve bank by rediscounting commercial paper at only 3.5 per cent and then have sent the money to Wall Street to lend on call at 2 per cent more. But it is safe to say that no bank did it. As a general rule no member bank will turn to a Federal Reserve bank for money unless it is obliged to in order to meet the legitimate demands for loans at home. Therefore, if the Federal Reserve banks had said, "We will lend you no money until you call in your Wall Street loans," the net effect by way of curtailing those loans would probably have been negligible, for many of the banks that were lending on call were not rediscounting. But the effect by way of exasperating member banks would have been considerable, for nobody, whether an individual or a bank, likes to be told that he doesn't know enough to run his business properly.

The Federal Reserve banks could have reduced those stock-market loans by selling their United States Government bonds and certificates of indebtedness, of which they held, in round numbers, $600,000,000, and that is another point in the new banking system which was not clearly foreseen. In brief, it works this way:

X owes Y $1000 and borrows the money at the First National Bank. The bank puts that $1000 to X's credit and X transfers it to Y's credit by giving him a check for the amount. The result is that the First National's loans are greater by $1000 and its deposits are greater by the same sum. By and large it must keep a reserve of $120 against that deposit liability, which reserve will be in the form of a deposit to its credit in the Federal Reserve bank of its district. The Federal Reserve bank then sells a Government bond of $1000. Y buys the bond, paying for it with a check on the First National Bank. The Federal Reserve bank, receiving the check in payment for its bond, debits the amount to the First National Bank. That wipes out not only the $120 of reserve against X's original deposit but $880 additional reserve, which is the underpinning beneath $7000 of other deposits. If the First National then called X's loan of $1000 and $7000 of other loans, and the loans were paid off by checks on itself, it would again be square with the world in the matter of legal reserve, and both sides of its ledger—the loan side and the deposit side—would have been reduced by $8000 because the Federal Reserve bank had sold $1000 of Government bonds.

In general, when a Federal Reserve bank sells a dollar of Government paper, it thereby cancels a dollar of reserve credit, which, on the average, supports eight dollars of member-bank credit. So, by selling their Government securities, the Federal Reserve banks pull a string which operates with eightfold power by way of contracting credit at the other end. Contrariwise, when the Federal Reserve banks buy Government securities, giving reserve credit in payment for them, they let out a string which operates with eightfold power in expanding credit. Theoretical economists have contended that by simply manipulating that string—buying or selling Government securities in the market—the reserve banks could regulate fluctuations in commodity prices. At any rate these open-market operations in Government securities give the reserve banks a powerful lever to ease or to tighten credit that was not well understood when the system was launched. This lever is a good weapon against inflation. By selling securities, then advancing the rediscount rate, the reserve banks can at any time put a strong brake on expansion of credit. By selling the whole of their $600,000,000 of Government paper the reserve banks could, theoretically at least, at once reduce bank credits by no less than $4,800,000,000. That, of course, would smash the stock market, but it would also smash plenty of other things that nobody wants smashed.

Setting Fire to the Barn

The Federal Reserve banks, in short, can check speculation by making money dearer, but borrowers for legitimate business purposes would have to pay the higher rate, too, and the operation would be something like setting fire to the barn in order to drive out the rats. In a situation of easy credit, like that which prevailed during 1927, there is no way to prevent money from going into stock-market loans. And we may as well admit, however regretfully, that as long as people can get hold of the money there is no way to prevent them from speculating if they want to. If ever a real-estate boom comes your way you will see the most moral members of the community buying corner lots on a margin in the expectation of winning through a rise in the market price of the lots, exactly as other people buy stocks on a margin.

Stock-market speculation, on the whole, is less inimical than real-estate speculation. It sticks up in plain sight where it can be measured exactly day by day. Liquidation can always be forced, when that seems necessary, by pulling the money strings, and liquidation is immediately effectual. Experience shows that even in the worst panics there is always somebody able and willing to buy stocks at a sufficiently attractive price. But liquidating inflated real estate is a slow and painful process. Though stock-market speculation has hugely increased in fifteen years, some other forms of speculation have greatly decreased.

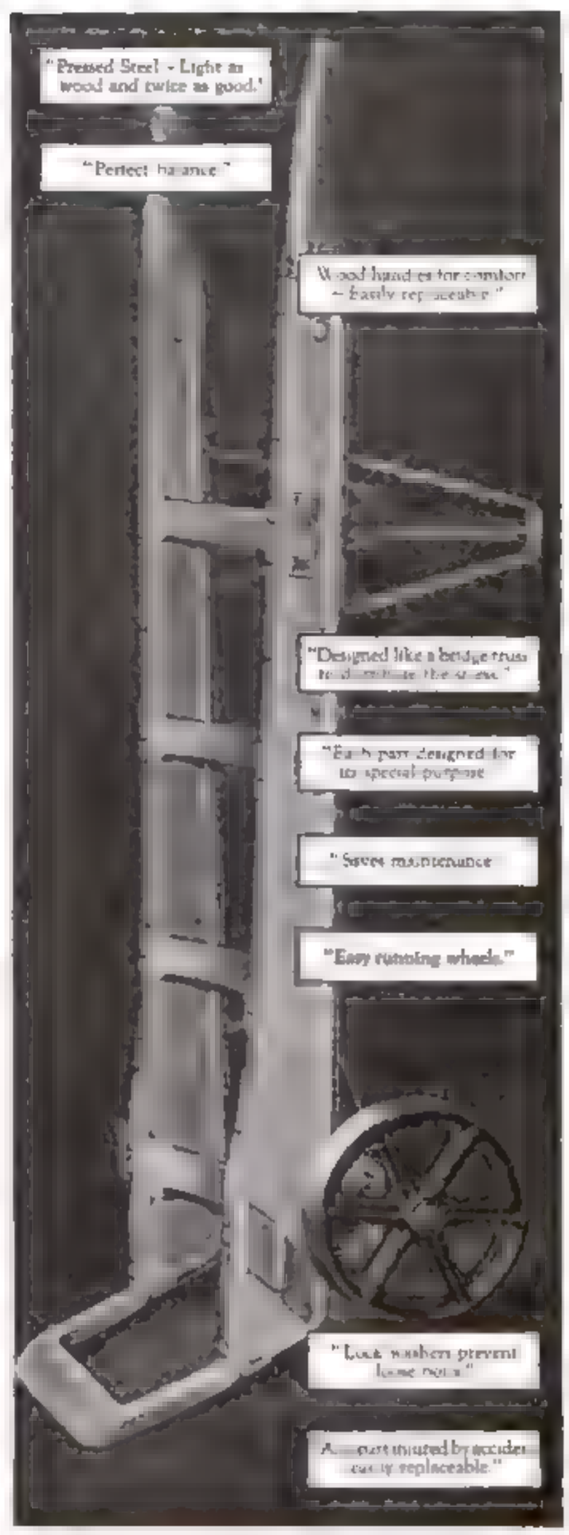
Ease Makes Fat

Formerly manufacturers pretty generally speculated in their own raw materials. If they used sugar and thought that commodity was likely to advance, they laid in a big stock, expecting to reap a profit on the rise in price of sugar in addition to the usual manufacturing profit. Wholesalers and retailers did likewise. The village grocery at which we traded when I was a youngster had not only a capacious cellar but a brick warehouse across the alley on the railroad. I once listened with awe while the grocer pridefully told my father that his warehouse was half full of sugar—a supply sufficient for many months—that he had bought a little while before when he thought sugar was going up. That was a common thing. Now, with the machinery of production and distribution much better organized and closer geared, hand-to-mouth buying is the rule all along the line. One of the greatest manufacturing plants is said to run with an inventory of raw materials never in excess of two weeks' normal requirements. There has been a slackening of the business pace the last four months, but inventories are relatively low—no big piling up of unsold goods. On the whole, stock speculation is preferable to commodity speculation.

Stock speculation on this scale is an effect of easy money, but not the effect that should give us most concern. Ease makes fat. Continued easy money makes poorer paper, and we have had easy money for six years—easy to get short-time loans, easy to sell long-time bonds. If you should assemble all the bank officers who extended credit last year by making short-time loans, and all the investors who extended credit by purchasing bonds, and put them under oath, probably they would swear that they had been just as careful in extending credit in 1927 as they were back in 1922. They would think at the moment that they were telling the truth. But it wouldn't be the truth. Ease makes fat. With continued easy money, here and there the loan that isn't quite so good gets by; the bond that is a couple of shades under the mark finds a buyer. Perhaps some men who extend credit will hold the scales as strictly now as in 1922, but not all men. Taking the whole portfolio of paper—short-time and long-time—there is a deterioration. How many individuals in the United States, do you suppose, are as careful now about borrowing and spending as they were back in 1921, when a big smash in commodity prices and much unemployment had thrown a healthy scare into us?

Let-down by a great many lenders, borrowers and spenders all over the country is more to be feared than the stock market.

Winter on Killington Peak, Vermont



"the best trucks we have ever used"

—writes the Boston Tidewater Terminal, Inc. "The first 'American' Pressed Steel Hand Trucks we bought proved their worth so positively and so quickly that, as you know, we bought thirty-three more.

"They also have confirmed our belief that these are the best trucks we have ever used."

This is typical of letters and comments from hand truck users all over the country, in widely different fields of industry and commerce. To you we make the following:

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Buy a sample truck, look it over and then put it to work where you can watch it. If you are not satisfied that it is saving you money through better service—send it back and we will refund the purchase price.

Ten styles in all popular sizes

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TRUCKS
PATENTS PEND NG
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BUILT TO WEAR WITHOUT REPAIR

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Appliances
Complete Gas Cooking
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for Homes without City Gas

KITCHENKOOK—the GAS RANGE for the MODERN RURAL and SUBURBAN HOME

GREAT strides have been made in bringing comfort, convenience and beauty to the kitchens of modern rural and suburban homes. Most important of these comforts is Kitchenkook, the cook stove that provides every convenience and advantage of the city gas range.

Kitchenkook is, in fact, a gas stove, making its own gas from gasoline. In cleanliness and uniformity of heat it is not excelled even by gas; the cooking speed is greater. With Kitchenkook come: ready convenience, a cool kitchen, better and faster cooking, perfect baking.

The beautiful white porcelain range shown here has four cooking burners, a roomy oven and a real broiler. Like all Kitchenkooks, it lights with a match; no other generating required; all burners ready in one minute. Has oven thermometer and a handy cutlery drawer. A porcelain enameled tray under the burners and the absence of exposed bolts make it easy to keep clean.

A booklet describing this fine range and 15 other models in detail, and name of nearest dealer where you may see the Kitchenkook in operation, sent on request.

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All American Products:
Light with a match.
Generate their own gas from gasoline.
Use no wicks, are [illegible] and odorless.
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American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
Dept. C. 3, Albert Lea, Minn.
Send me full particulars about American K[illegible]
Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]

THE WHEELBARROW

Continued from Page 8)

bristling around the nape of his neck. But his reaction was similar to that of the girl—a rush of anger and a distaste at being thus faced down, coerced, almost intimidated, by a young and at normal moments uncommonly pretty woman.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," he snapped. "I've got no intentions against the fellow with the wheelbarrow, if that's what's scaring you."

It seemed to him then that if he had slapped her in the face the result could not have been more enraging, and he realized instantly that the reason for this was his admission of what she might have feared but had not until this moment been sure about—that he had seen the man with the wheelbarrow. Her tawny eyes blazed at him. It seemed entirely in excess of anything which the trifling situation could possibly demand.

This impaired the strength and skill of his defense. Amory was of medium size, well knit, a good enough athlete in an all-round way, fully able to hold his own in any ordinary clash with a person of his size and weight. If there had been time to think, Amory might have guessed that the girl's determination to get possession of the watch was not because of any value in this article or because his refusal to surrender it had aroused a temper naturally violent. He would have perceived that its importance to her was that of a piece of evidence that had to be suppressed.

There had been ample time for the man with the wheelbarrow to lose himself in the thick underbrush, hide his burden and escape. But the watch would be incriminatory.

There was no time to weigh such considerations, for the chances are that Amory, rather than find himself in a rough-and-tumble with the young woman, would have given her the watch and then explained himself and his presence there. But before he could brace himself properly she had launched her attack.

Of course he could not meet it with a blow, and as a result he found himself clasped suddenly in a pair of strong arms, a leg hooked out from under him by the girl's well-developed one, and the pair of them pitching into the deeper water. This plunge quenched Amory's lingering compunctions. He caught some sort of hold and managed to squirm round so that they struggled and floundered for a moment, side by side, both their heads clear of the water.

There went forward from this point a wrestling event in which no holds were barred, no fouls considered. The girl was lithe as an otter and, as it seemed to Amory, as much at home in that animal's medium. Their struggles carried them out into the pool, which was better perhaps than if they had pitched the other way onto the stones of the shallows. And here, in about two feet of water, the athletic event became something between catch-as-catch-can and water polo.

Neither antagonist was able to hold the head of the other under long enough to score a decisive point. They were, for the most of the time, so closely locked that the immersion of one breathing apparatus included that of the other; then the clinch would be broken and they would scramble up, Amory retreating toward the bank, but unable to reach it before the girl flung herself again upon him.

Like Amory, she did not once strike. Neither did she attempt to claw or bite. Whether she was sporting enough to scorn such feline tactics, or more probably because she was athlete enough to know that they were damaging only superficially, she confined her efforts to repeated attempts at getting Amory down and tearing the watch from his pocket. Several times he felt her tugging at it in an effort to rip it away. But the good stuff and costly tailoring stood the strain.

Amory's own tactics were purely defensive. As chance offered, he worked toward the bank, and finally, reaching it, he managed to break away and scramble up to the top, where there was a growth of spruce with a carpet of firm needles free of undergrowth.

Here, breathless and nearly spent, he made the tactical error of not bolting off into the woods. But, for one thing, his masculine pride prevented, and for another, he underrated the energy left in his adversary. The girl had scrambled up after him and promptly tackled him in football fashion, and the wrestling was renewed again, this time more hotly and efficiently because of a proper mat where their breathing was not impeded.

The pair went down, and in the scuffling that ensued, Amory discovered that his opponent was not struggling blindly if strongly to get him down and loot his pocket of the watch, but going about the business with a certain method that showed gymnasium training. The girl's skirt was in rags, her shirt torn half off one shoulder and side. Both her stockings were in rolls about her ankles. Her skirt dragged loose over one hip ready to fetch loose altogether.

Amory was at a disadvantage from the start; first, because any solely defensive policy is always a disadvantage and again because his repeated attempts to withdraw from the conflict without actual flight had cost him several times the chance of a hold that the girl could scarcely have broken and in maintaining which Amory could have reasoned with her at his leisure. But he had not wished to employ it, even on this strong and furious young female desperado. He would, in fact, have preferred to deal her a clean knockout under the angle of the jaw with the ball of his hand.

His own light but strong and serviceable and well-stitched costume had suffered also, more from his own efforts than those of the girl. The costly but conscientious Park Avenue outfitters who had imported that suit and fitted it to him may not have had in mind its service in such a mêlée, though the exigencies of yachting, which may be severe with a sailing rig, were doubtless considered. The strong double-stitched pockets could stand the strain of catching on the spoke of the steering wheel or cleat or belaying pin, and the back and shoulder seams resist powerful efforts of the wearer. Even the buttons were put on to stay. But the coat had not been buttoned, and the silk shirt, with the singlet under it, was torn to ribbons, and the trousers had suffered a number of right-angled tears, first from sharp stones and then from jutting spikes of broken branches where he had floundered against the trees; this damage penetrating to the integument beneath. Amory's face also was scratched and abrased, not from his adversary's nails but where it had been ground at moments against terra firma both wet and dry. His scarf and collar were gone and he was minus one shoe that had been a little loose and become unlaced, and so was scuffled off, probably, by the girl's sneaker in their writhing, straining twistings.

Then, as the bizarre struggle continued with no evidence of waning strength on the part of the desperate young amazon, whose efforts were directed repeatedly toward a clinch that might enable her to get one free hand into his side pocket, Amory's forbearance began to slip its cogs. So far he had done his best to avoid not only brutality but the employment of crushing weight. This had forced him to employ, when possible, a sort of arm's-length wrestling that was terribly fatiguing, and he felt now that he could not keep it up much longer. The alternative was thrust upon him either to suffer defeat at the hands of the girl, and so to lose the wrist watch, or else to throw forbearance overboard and treat his adversary precisely as he would a man.

He might have done this latter long before but for the inhibition roused by the consciousness that for all her violence this girl

Continued on Page 58)

SHOE HEALTH
for Your Boys and Girls

Buster's Picture in Every Pair

BUSTER BROWN
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If your children are nervous, high-strung and cross at bed-time the reason may be traceable to ill-fitting shoes.

Give them *Shoe Health* in Buster Brown Health Shoes. They are correctly made to allow full freedom to the sensitive nerves of little feet. They encourage relaxation of the whole body, proper posture at all times and the correct growth of delicate foot bones and muscles.

Buster Brown Health Shoes are smart, too. A style for every child, from infancy to college age—for play, for school, for dress.

Check up on your children's health—their *Shoe Health*—gained only from wearing correctly made shoes, properly fitted.

For Men Brown bilt Shoes *For Women*

When you wear Brownbilt shoes, you, too, will know the meaning of *Shoe Health*—realize that properly constructed shoes are a marvelous aid to better health. Health principles of shoemaking are applied to our entire line. You may have your choice of the season's most advanced styles in Brownbilt shoes, for the basic principles that promote *Shoe Health* do not affect the smartness and vogueishness of our footwear.

Sold by the Better Shoe and Department Stores Everywhere

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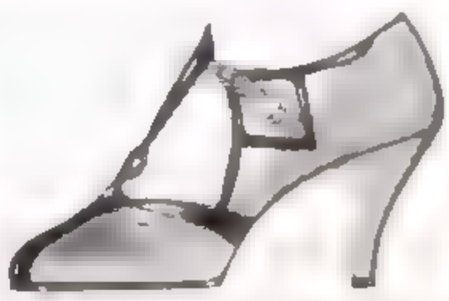
Fifteen Great Specialty Factories — Daily Capacity, 70,000 Pairs

You are most certain of Shoe Health when you buy Buster Brown or Brownbilt Shoes at stores which display the Shoe Health emblem. These stores practice careful, accurate fitting, without which you cannot enjoy the full measure of Shoe Health.

A Buster Brown Health Shoe Pattern for girls. All the smart style the little lady demands, and absolute assurance that in adult life she will be blessed with perfect feet.

Little boys are particularly hard on shoes. Buster Brown Health Shoes combine Shoe Health with smart style and a sturdiness calculated to resist the wear of active living.



To enjoy Shoe Health in such beautiful creations as you will find in BROWNbilt Shoes marks the final dress emancipation of women.

Many a man who tires too early in the day, and accepts the condition as a natural result of a strenuous pace, finds when he wears correctly fitted BROWNbilts that faulty shoes previously worn were largely responsible.

"SHOES FOR EVERYBODY FOR EVERY OCCASION"

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$20 Down
Under the F-M Finance Plan, as little as $20 puts this unit in your home—balance in small monthly payments. Ask your dealer
ONLY
$70
Cash
will make it a
better home
Out beyond the city water mains—where children can really play and a house becomes a home—you can easily have the comforts of running water.
Fairbanks-Morse volume production and world-wide sales have now placed within the reach of every family an automatic water system at an unparalleled low price. A complete, self-contained unit—motor, pump, automatic switch and tank—all within a compact neat enclosure. It will deliver 210 gallons per hour to kitchen, bathroom, laundry—wherever you use water in the home or its surroundings. Think what it means in convenience and sanitation. Running water available at the turn of a hand!
When Fairbanks-Morse can offer a water system of such high capacity and quality at such low cost, why deprive yourself and family of the benefits of running water? Just use the coupon to secure an interesting booklet that describes this F-M System in detail. Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Manufacturers, Chicago, U. S. A.
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My source of water supply is.
☐ Shallow Well ☐ Stream ☐ Spring
☐ Deep Well ☐ Cistern ☐ Lake

(Continued from Page 56)

was still no common type, no mere associate of lawbreakers, but a lady, and that she had felt the measure absolutely thrust upon her. In the few words exchanged between them, her speech, though choked by anger, had been well-bred, its tone and accent right; while the fact that she forbore the feminine tactics one might have expected, and struggled on in silence, except for labored pantings, with no words of vulgar abuse, was also significant. Likewise was the undoubted gymnastic training revealed. As a result, Amory, rather than subject her to indignity, might have watched his chance to break away and bolt for it, preferring the loss of his own dignity rather than to shame her.

The force a man brings to any violent effort at any sort of mastery is proportionate to the reason for such efforts. Nobody, however strong, can hope to draw upon his best half-heartedly when there is lacking the nervous impulse inspired by some fundamental emotion.

Amory, unsupported by any causative factor, and hampered even more by a sort of protective inhibition to hurt his girl adversary, had been, throughout the struggle, fencing rather than dueling. He was rather in the position of attendant to an insane person, obliged to subdue a raving patient who is physically strong and skillful without injury to that unfortunate.

And the girl in her fury would, though sportsmanly enough in her tactics, ignore entirely such forbearance on the part of her opponent.

An arbitrary treatment of this case was now forced upon him precisely as though he had been strolling on the border of a secluded lake, come upon an indiscreet bather who had got beyond her depth and who, in his efforts to rescue her, had grappled frenziedly in a way to drown them both. In such a case the rescuer is justified if he deals a stunning blow.

Amory, in desperation, felt this measure forced upon him. It must expose him later to charges of brutality, cowardice, foul tactics—everything that was unsportsmanlike. But he could see no help for it. Better to stop this disgraceful struggle by the sudden impact of a padded blow—the ball of his hand under the angle of the girl's jaw, with the concussion that might partially or wholly stun her—than to expose her to the humiliation that must otherwise result when she got her senses back.

But he was saved such necessity. As he freed his arm to deal as modified a knockout as he could, he discovered his opponent to be hampered. Her flannel camp shirt, torn out at the neck, had slipped down over both shoulders and bare arms to the elbows, serving to bind them as might a straitjacket.

Amory was quick to take advantage of this. He gripped both her wrists, thrusting them up behind her and beneath her shoulder blades, at the same time bearing down upon her all his weight.

Thus held in chancery, her struggling stopped instantly; her strength appeared to leave her at finding herself pinioned beyond hope of breaking the disabling hold. The sudden relaxation passed through the vigorous body as through a creature killed. Its passivity was complete, and the abrupt change from violent muscular contraction to such yielding softness as could not have occurred in the male athlete of heavy bone and hardened muscle appalled Amory. It seemed incredible that this vigorous creature could, by withdrawal of will, become instantly so completely plastic, so tenderly inert. It brought back to him what he had been in danger of forgetting—that she was, after all, merely a young girl who, through some mad impulse, had seen fit to plunge into a desperate struggle with a man of superior strength and stature.

He was pretty well spent himself. Still holding her wrists thrust back under her, he raised himself a little and looked into her face just under his own, and he was reassured to discover that she had not collapsed, but merely that her muscular strength had entirely run out. Her tawny eyes were half open and looked straight into his with an expression that he could not read. The flame in them was gone, replaced by a look of lethargy, and yet they were intent, questioning, unfrightened, but very much alive.

They seemed to say, "Well, it's all over. You've won. What are you going to do about it?"

A rush of shame swept through Amory. He realized their position, that his weight was crushing her down and that she was badly disheveled. He loosed his hold of her wrists, swung himself aside, then scrambled to his feet and stepped back a pace or two.

The girl stirred slightly, freed her arms, stretched them above her head as if to ease the joints and muscles subjected to so great a strain. She turned slowly on her side and watched Amory. He glanced at her, then looked away. His reaction at that moment was not of triumph but of shame. The girl raised herself on one arm.

"I thought I could manage it," she said evenly, "but I was wrong."

Amory slipped out of his coat, then turned and handed it to her.

"Put this on," he said.

She did so, then slipped her hand into the pocket.

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

"No. You can have the watch. You could have had it to begin with if you'd gone about it properly."

"What about your official duty?" she asked.

He wheeled on her angrily. "Official duty? What do you think I am?"

"A Coast Guard officer."

"Well, you're wrong. I'm a yachtsman—by name, Amory Payne—a yacht owner. My schooner Griselda is at anchor over at the other side of the neck. I was walking across to call on the Deforests when this cyclone struck me."

The girl stared at him and began to laugh. She looked down at the black stripes on the cuff of the coat she had thrown about her bare shoulders and her laughter increased. It was not mirthful. It held that gasping high-pitched note that is so alarming to the male person, who is instinctively aware of its uncanny quality even though his experience be slight. Amory glanced at her. She began to rock back and forth, her laughter getting out of all control.

"Stop that!" Amory said sharply.

This order served only to increase the paroxysm. A thrill of horror struck into Amory at this prospect of finding himself there in the woods with a ragged, bleeding girl making the welkin ring in a fit of wild hysterics. His dread of such a situation did not reach the point of realizing its actual danger—that if those screams were to be heard by any men who might be near and they were to come upon this scene, their conclusions were bound to be of a nature that might prove very serious for him.

Amory plunged down to the brook. A piece of brush had caught his cap, knocked off in the first round. He filled it with water, hurried up the bank and dashed the contents into the girl's face as she rocked back and forth in a gale of this same terrifying mirth that yet was not mirth.

The cold douche failed utterly of its effect. She merely clapped her hands over her eyes while the laughter increased. Amory dropped down beside her, seized her shoulders and gave her a shake. All the resistance seemed to have oozed out of her.

In desperation, then, Amory bethought him of a method he had once successfully applied for the quick cure of such a paroxysm. He threw his arm around the shoulders, now soft and yielding under the blue serge, and drew the girl toward him. This movement served to check the uncanny risibles a little and she looked at him in a sort of passive surprise. Her face had changed with the sudden departure of the fury that had possessed it, and Amory was astonished to see how lovely it was. Then, still passive, her head went back, the long-lashed eyelids drooped and her red lips that were wide and fresh parted for another gust of the laughter.

Amory, acting on that impulse that sometimes proves correct, promptly stopped that gap of noise and nerves, bottled those parted lips with the quickest stopper available—his own. He drew her close and kissed her.

The cure proved radical. The laughter was quenched. The girl's lips quivered and the sounds hushed. Then, as this panacea was repeated, she raised her hands, fingers spread widely, held them for a moment in this position, then dropped them on his shoulders and thrust him violently away. A flicker of the tawny flame flashed again from under the long black lashes. As Amory drew back, watching her anxiously, one of her hands flashed up, then landed solidly on the side of his face.

"That's better," Amory said contentedly.

III

THEY sat for a moment a few feet apart, staring at each other.

Then the girl said calmly, "We look like heck."

Amory nodded. "If some real revenue officers were to come along I'd get about a hundred years or be shot."

"Then I may keep the watch?"

"Yes, until you give it back to Paul Deforest."

"Don't jump at conclusions. Will you complete the *beau geste* by granting me a boon?"

"Yes. I owe you that much."

"Then promise me on your word of honor never to say a word of what you've seen and what's happened here."

"I promise. Word of honor as the gentleman I don't feel much like but try to be."

"No matter what happens?"

"Though the heavens fall. That's easy. I'm not interested in the rum running of Paul Deforest or any other guy. And the less said about this rough-and-tumble of ours the better for my credit as well as yours."

She leaned toward him. "Will you go it one better and lie about it if questioned?"

"Like a real gentleman. I'll deny that I ever saw you or him."

"What if you meet somebody going back? You look as if you'd been caught in a cloud-burst and cyclone and rolled about five miles down a ravine."

"I'll sneak back through the woods to the shore and signal the yacht for a boat. What about yourself?"

"I've got a canoe down in the cove and my swimming suit's in it. I'll put that on and paddle back."

(Continued on Page 61)

Choked to DEATH!

the untimely fate of many a fine motor

ON the rusty radiator of many a motor that has grown too weary for life, a placard could be hung, "This motor was choked to death"—and the inscription would be literally true.

The use of the choke, in cold weather starting, is one of the principal causes of crankcase dilution. And diluted motor oil is the "poison" that sends thousands of motors to their graves.

No way has been found to eliminate crankcase dilution entirely. Nor in winter can the use of the choke be avoided. But every car-owner *can* reduce to a minimum the dangers of dilution by changing his oil at frequent intervals and by using an oil created specifically to resist dilution.

How your oil must fight dilution

IN these two ways a motor oil must fight against the dangers of winter dilution.

First: although no oil can eliminate crankcase dilution, the oil must *prevent* as much dilution as possible by sealing the spaces between pistons, piston-rings and cylinder walls. The stamina of that oil-seal largely determines the amount of raw gasoline that is blown past the pistons into the crankcase.

Second: the oil, even when it is thinned out by dilution, must still have enough surplus resistance to maintain a protective oil film over the vital parts of the motor and shield them from destructive heat and friction.

In winter driving, many ordinary oils first fail to maintain the piston-seal which keeps crankcase dilution at a minimum. And second, they lack the extra resistance necessary to maintain a protective film which shields the motor. The oil film breaks, burns and evaporates.

Read How—

crankcase dilution, caused by the use of the choke, shortens the life of a motor. And how one motor oil reduces the danger of dilution to a minimum.

Then bearings and cylinder walls are exposed directly to merciless heat and grinding friction. The result is the wear and tear that shortens a motor's life.

But there is one oil, Veedol, which possesses the special qualities needed for safe winter lubrication. For Tide Water technologists spent years in studying the cohesion, the adhesion and the heat resistance of oil films. Finally, in Veedol, they perfected the oil that gives the

The winter dilution in your crankcase will range between 25 and 30 per cent, and on short runs with many stops and starts may amount to 50 or 60 per cent

"film of protection"—a fighting film that reduces dilution and its dangers to a minimum.

The heat-test Veedol's safety factor

TO assure car-owners of the utmost security against winter engine trouble, Veedol is tested to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the normal operating temperature of each part to be lubricated.

That is the factor of safety that is converting thousands of experienced motorists to the use of Veedol under difficult driving conditions.

Stop today at the familiar orange and black Veedol sign. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol. Let the "film of protection" safeguard your motor this winter.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corp., 11 Broadway, N.Y.
Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

Copyright 1930 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

HOTPOINT'S *Phantom Maid*...

BE FAIR TO YOURSELF

Before deciding on any range for your new home, or your old home, investigate the Hotpoint Super-Automatic Electric Range.

Let Her Do Your Cooking

THE MODERN kitchen range is the Hotpoint Super-Automatic Electric. Women everywhere are finding "it's like having a maid at no cost."

You can put a complete meal in the oven, in ten seconds set the automatic electric timer and heat control; then go shopping, out with the children or away for an afternoon of recreation.

While you are gone the oven turns itself on at the right time, *maintains* the correct temperature, turns itself off when through and keeps the meal warm until served. No watching, no constant supervision—but scientifically accurate automatic cooking that produces the most perfect, delectable food you ever ate.

Hotpoint electric cookery saves time in other ways, too. It is absolutely clean. Your cooking utensils, the walls, curtains and ceiling *stay* clean, fresh and new—for there is no soot. The range itself is a joy—easily kept as clean as a china plate.

And hundreds of thousands of Hotpoint owners will testify that Hotpoint electric cooking is FAST and economical.

Hotpoint Electric Ranges are sold by thousands of Electric Light Companies in various parts of the country, practically all of them giving special, low cooking costs. As soon as *all* electric companies can take care of the demand, this great new convenience will be made available everywhere. Ask your local lighting company if they can supply electric range service in *your* neighborhood; or write us for complete literature and information on Hotpoint electric cookery.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Household Electric Heating Appliances

5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago

Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif

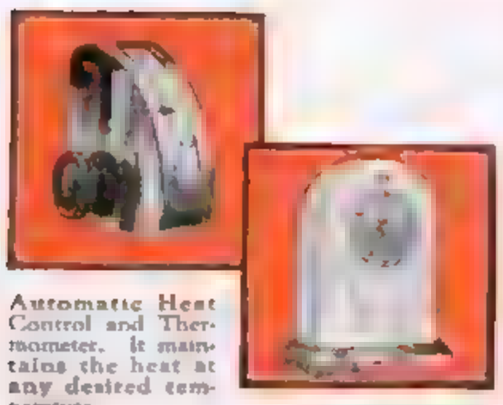
Branches and Factory Service Stations in Principal Cities

In Canada Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Hotpoint

MADE BY EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION



Automatic Heat Control and Thermometer. It maintains the heat at any desired temperature

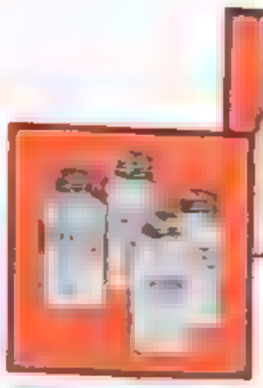
Automatic Electric Timer. Turns the oven on and off though you be miles away

Hotpoint Fireless-Type Cooker. Helps make Hotpoint the most economical electric range.

Smokeless Broiler Pan An exclusive Hotpoint feature; assures better broiling and no smoke.

Two-compartment drawer below oven saves many steps, for kitchen knives, forks, spoons.

Cooking chart in top shelf tells temperatures, length of time, etc., for various foods



The clock, shown on the range, and this four-piece condiment set are also included

Electric light to illuminate range top and inside deep kitchen utensils.

(Continued from Page 58)

"Where do you live?"

"Across the bay."

"What's your name?"

She gave him a malicious look. "Jane Doe."

"All right, Jane, I'll respect the incognito. But you might tell me why you were so determined to go to the mat to get that wrist watch. A barrow full of rum is no such fearful crime."

The girl had by this time recovered her color and her poise. But at Amory's remark both deserted her. She turned white, looked suddenly stricken by some awful dread.

She said slowly, "It might be. Anyhow, I count on you to stick to your promise."

"No fear. I'll do that thing even if your pal slaughtered the crew of a rum chaser first. Any man that a girl like you cares enough about to fight for tooth and nail is worth a good lie. Anyhow, I haven't got the watch and nobody's apt to ask me if I found one and I really couldn't swear to that man's being Paul Deforest—even after I see him for the first time. He kept in a fringe of the woods and the sun was in my eyes. Whatever he's done, he's a lucky bum, I'll say."

"Why?"

"Because you tore me to tatters and nearly got away with me."

"I might have done that, too, if my shirt hadn't bound my arms."

"That point is debatable. I'm open to challenge for a return event, provided it's purely friendly next time."

"Well, there's no telling. We'd better wash off the stains of battle and go our different ways."

She rose lightly to her feet. Amory turned away.

"You may keep the coat," he said.

"No, your shirt's in rags. If you met anybody they'd be sure to wonder how come."

"Let 'em."

She shook her sunburned crop of hair

"Better not. You can come back with me to where I left my canoe and I'll slip into the bushes and put on my bathing suit and take a plunge. Then you can have your coat."

This measure was best, Amory thought. The coat was the only garment between them that had not greatly suffered by their impromptu athletic event. He could say that he had got mixed up in the woods and fallen down a ledge or something of the sort.

Jane Doe led the way through the woods and they came presently to the head of the narrow bight of which Amory had caught a glimpse through the trees. A pale-green canoe was floating, with its painter attached to an old stump, for the tide had started to come in. Jane Doe took her bathing suit and disappeared behind a clump of spruces. Amory bathed his face and hands.

He looked up presently to see approaching a very lovely figure in a pretty swimming costume that it seemed a pity to immerse. She handed him his coat.

"The elbows are pretty bad," she said. "If you meet anybody, keep your arms in at your sides."

"Rock climbing would be the best alibi," he said.

"There's a steep ledge up this ravine a way. You could say you fell off that."

He nodded. "I'm not apt to have to answer any questionnaire."

"Well, if you do, don't forget your promise."

"No fear. It's so seldom I make 'em that they stick in my mind."

She waded out with the canoe and stepped into it. Amory was tempted to ask if there was any chance of their meeting again, but such a query seemed out of order. At the moment of encounter he had been on his way to call on a girl in whom he was deeply interested. Jane Doe's state of heart was evidently more firmly fixed. She had tackled without the slightest hesitation what she supposed to be a seagoing rum scout who appeared to threaten the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness of the man she loved.

Watching her now as, with a slight wave, she picked up the paddle and thrust the canoe ahead, Amory felt that he had grasped the situation. Jane Doe had the look of a Maine girl who had enjoyed advantages. Probably the daughter of a prosperous shipping or lumber man. She had the fresh and vigorous beauty of the well-reared youngsters of the region, for she would be a scant twenty, he thought. Her physical strength was not only natural but cultivated, trained. Her accent was that of Maine, which is not a nasal twang, but old Anglican, often as soft-toned as the Virginia accent, which is of the same Anglican origin. And in the case of Jane Doe it had a rich, deep, throbbing tone.

At any rate, her camp costume which had looked to be the kind one might buy at the sports counter of any big department store, would seem to describe her as hailing from a summer camp thereabouts. She might be a counselor or athletic trainer or something of the sort who had met and fallen in love with Paul Deforest, the youngest son of that talented, good-looking family. It was possible that Paul's illicit activities were suspected or that he was already in hot water, so that his arrest and conviction would have proved a serious affair—something more than the matter of a fine; something to get him shoved behind the bars and so possibly postpone indefinitely a pending marriage. This would seem to account for the girl's determination to secure the evidence against him, an attempt backed by confidence in her physical strength—this most unusual, and supported by gymnastic training.

Amory reflected that he was of a physical type that does not look formidable in clothes, but strips down to reveal an unsuspected physique. His lean face and light girth about the waist and hips, even to the casual glance, had a look almost of frailty. His features were cleanly and delicately chiseled, with gray, thoughtful eyes—those of a gentle-mannered student, or scientist, or technician of some sort. It had seemed to this robust girl, in her fright and anger, a simple matter to flop him down and loot him of the watch. His general demeanor was a warrant that he would not try to use the weapon with which, in his capacity of Coast Guard, she would expect him to be provided.

Watching her now as she skirted the shore closely, Amory drew in his breath deeply. A lucky chap who was loved by a girl like that, and a fool to be mixed up in such traffic. He reflected then that the Deforests had little money—no more than talents so far poorly paid could earn. Paul, no doubt possessed of his full share of the family temperament, was probably desperately in love, eager to marry Jane Doe, and determined to get a stake by hook or crook and as soon as possible. His knowledge, from childhood, of boats and the region and the local irregular characters would fit him for successful operation. Very likely there had been some slip so that he was under close espionage. He might even have clashed with the authorities, done one of them some damage, so that to be caught with the goods would be a very serious matter.

The canoe rounded a jutting promontory where the woods grew to the water's edge and was hidden from Amory's sight. He sighed again and turned away. To be loved by a girl like that—and how that girl could love! Even in their hostile relations he had felt her ardor. What, then, must it be for the chosen mate? Amory's imaginings could appreciate such a reciprocity with a woman who appeared to be so rich in gifts, and now, in comparison, his mental image of Yonne Deforest paled a little. He found his zest for his romantic errand rather flat, lacking in effervescence like a bottle of vintage champagne that has leaked its pressure.

He decided then to go back aboard his schooner yacht and pick his way between the rocks round the promontory to Tide Mill Cove, where the Deforest camp was located; their dwelling in the ancient edifice by which the spot had got its name. Doctor Deforest the title Ph.D. or LL.D. had bought the old mill property years ago on its disuse, when the children were small, dismantled it and sold its heavy primitive sawing gear for junk. Then, mostly with his own hands, he had remodeled it inside and out as a summer home. Amory was curious to see what it was like, and knew that, whatever its shortcomings in modern appointments, it would at least be picturesque.

He washed off the stains of his encounter, brushed them from his clothes as best he could, and being unable, for lack of pins, to mend the several rents, decided to get back aboard as inconspicuously as possible. The best way to manage this, he thought, would be to strike straight across for the other shore, off which his yacht was lying in the little port, then try to attract the attention of somebody aboard without being closely observed himself by any of the local dwellers.

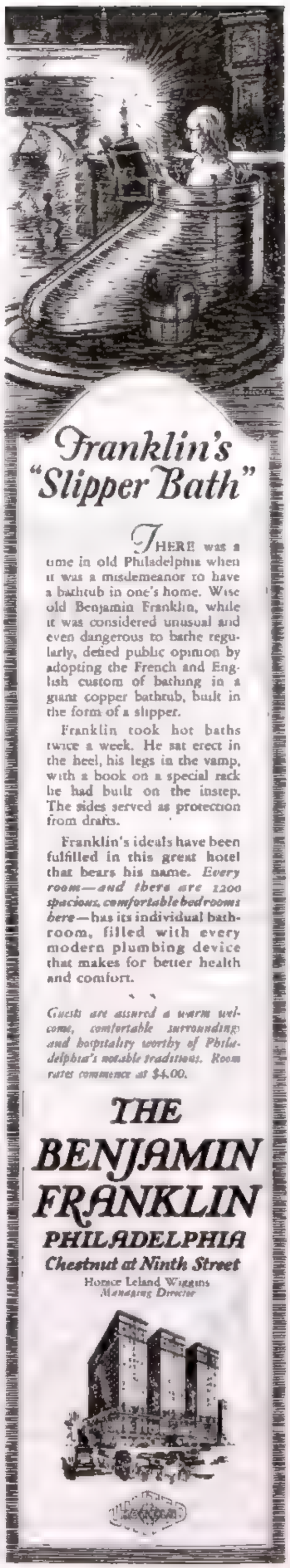
Again he made a good traverse of the two-mile stretch of woods. He had spent his vacations, when in college and law school, on a big tract of timber owned by his father in the Great North Woods. This had taught him not only how to find his way about but to swing an ax, handle a peavey, ride logs and to follow a trail. Later he had supplemented this land piloting by that of coast. He was at this moment his own skipper, sailing master and navigator, his crew composed of a Swede quartermaster who ranked as mate, two hands—a Finn cook and a goggle-eyed boy of nondescript origin whom he had picked up on the end of a wharf. It was at the moment his plan to cruise on to the eastward, possibly visit the Magdalen Islands—the laboratory of the late Dr. Alexander Graham Bell—then go on down to Labrador to the headquarters of the Grenfell Mission at Battle Harbor, where some of his friends girls—were working. A good deal depended on the reception accorded him by Yonne Deforest and the state of heart he might discover toward this talented and charming girl.

The truth of the matter is that Amory had been for some time past in that state of restlessness that may envelop a young man quite as wholly as it does a young woman. He was tired of celibacy, ripe to marry. The age-old urge for mate and paternity possessed him. He was in that prephilosophic state where, at thirty-two, he felt himself a world-worn adventurer who had little to show for his sporadic pursuits of pleasure. *Vanitas vanitatum* and all that sort of thing; likewise *memento mori*. An extreme fastidiousness rather than any lofty principles of conduct had kept him well-behaved, except in rare hectic spots that broke out sometimes almost in the manner of sudden unwarranted gusts of anger in a person of normally equable nature—a ferment working in the blood before its presence there was realized.

Amory discovered then, as he came out on the shore, that his course had been well plotted in the matter of making his mark clear of the little fishing village and the observation of the curious. But his schooner was farther up the bight than he had remembered.

Unless his quartermaster-mate or some other happened to be keeping a bright lookout, which was improbable, his signals for a boat would pass unobserved. In fact there appeared to be no lookout kept at all, which was scarcely subject to reprimand, as he had said on leaving that he would probably be gone for the day.

Then, as he was about to desist from efforts to attract attention by waving his white cap, there glided from behind a mass of rock that jutted out to hide the shore at his right a long grimy boat, a sort of big half-decked dory, in which were heaped some lobster pots and other gear covered by a tarpaulin. This was propelled by a man in a red-checked Mackinaw coat, who was sculling gently with a long oar as he set down his line of traps for the costly crustacean.



Franklin's "Slipper Bath"

THERE was a time in old Philadelphia when it was a misdemeanor to have a bathtub in one's home. Wise old Benjamin Franklin, while it was considered unusual and even dangerous to bathe regularly, defied public opinion by adopting the French and English custom of bathing in a giant copper bathtub, built in the form of a slipper.

Franklin took hot baths twice a week. He sat erect in the heel, his legs in the vamp, with a book on a special rack he had built on the instep. The sides served as protection from drafts.

Franklin's ideals have been fulfilled in this great hotel that bears his name. *Every room—and there are 1200 spacious, comfortable bedrooms here*—has its individual bathroom, filled with every modern plumbing device that makes for better health and comfort.

Guests are assured a warm welcome, comfortable surroundings and hospitality worthy of Philadelphia's notable traditions. Room rates commence at $4.00.

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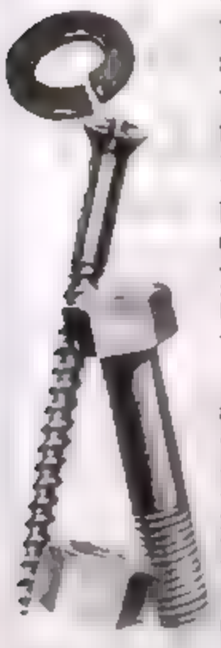
Rust-Proof Because PARKERIZED

EVERY nut, bolt, screw, hinge, door-handle, lock—in fact, every bit of exposed iron or steel used in the construction of your home or office building can be rust-proofed.

Today many architects specify Parkerizing. They know how quickly rust exacts its toll and rust-stains play havoc with marble or other beautiful exterior and interior finishes.

Parkerizing, because of its efficiency, economy and adaptability to mass production and modern factory methods, is used by leading manufacturers in every line of industry *to better their product by rust-proofing.* Its base is Parco Powder, an inert, dry chemical, which, added to a tank of boiling water, forms the rust-proofing bath.



If you are not rust-proofing the iron or steel parts of your product, now is the time to investigate. Our Laboratories are at your service without charge.

Parkerizing Service Plants are located in twenty-three industrial centers.

Descriptive literature, including our new book, "ARCHITECTURE and RUST-PROOFING," mailed on request.

PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
Detroit, U. S. A.

A harsh voice asked, "Wa-ant I should set you aboard, cap'n?"

There seemed no good reason for declining this offer. Amory accepted it, and as the boat's curved overhanging bow nosed in to a steep ledge, stepped aboard. Glancing then more closely at the lobster man, he was not pleasantly impressed. The man was of the lean, powerful, high-featured local type, but his face did not possess the usual local pleasing qualities. Its bleakness was hard, shrewd and sinister, because of small pale eyes set too closely together, a narrow chin and a mouth which, instead of being taut and straight, was full of nether lip and sagged a little at the corners. The late Howard Pyle, a past master in the depiction of the early pirates of our coast, would have welcomed him for a model.

As these sea-gull eyes now passed over Amory a good deal as those of that strong-winged scavenger might examine the drift for choice morsels of what offal it contained, and quick to distinguish it from matter inedible, Amory felt that he had been unfortunate in his compulsory choice of a ferryman. The gull could have been no more keen to fasten on food for its maw than was this longshoreman to fasten on food for his reflection. Amory knew that the man did not fail to note the recent blemishes of his attire and the well-kept skin of his face and hands, with their minor but unmistakable abrasions. It was also significant that, as he sculled easily along at a surprising rate of speed for so heavy a craft, he made no comment of any kind whatever.

There was a grimy motor of a model almost obsolete under a big box with a sliding hatch, but, although the engine must still have been capable of its heavy duty and the distance to the schooner was a good half mile, the man did not attempt to start it.

Then, seeing Amory's eyes on this engine, he said laconically, "I can start her up, cap'n, if you're in a hurry."

"I'm not," Amory said briefly. Then, feeling that a word in explanation of his condition would do no harm, he added: "I started to walk across the neck to Tide Mill Cove, but got turned round in the woods, then fell down the side of a ledge and into the brook."

"Uh-huh. Right thick in there—for city folks that are used to pavements."

The comment was reassuring. And yet for some reason Amory felt that the man did not believe him. This was pure intuition as the bleak, weathered features and light eyes gave no hint at all of what thought lurked behind them. With gold hoops in his ears and a scarlet bandanna in place of the felt hat, the face might have been labeled Portrait of a Pirate.

The boatman injected the clear cold water with a brown poisonous stream and said indifferently, "Them woods ain't so healthy for strangers as what they might be—not since yesterday, that is."

"Yesterday?"

"Uh-huh. There was a rum chaser put in over the other side and landed an officer that wanted to look round a mite. He ain't showed up yet. 'Least, he hadn't when I shoved off an hour ago to set out them pots. Folks ashore are gettin' stirred up a little."

Amory could feel the wild-fowl eyes playing on him piercingly—the way an expert boatman with a gimlet might sound for soft timber. He realized that, aside from his rents and tears and scratches, there must be a question in his having come out of the woods and onto the rocks and trying to signal the yacht from such a distance, instead of making his way down to the little port directly opposite her anchorage. The going along the edge was good enough, the shore line bold and straight. He felt also that his disquiet at what he had just heard must be in some way evident.

But more than the discomfort at being scrutinized by this leathery pterodactyl, he felt a quick suspicion of his own. Here was a report that would seem to account for Jane Doe's wild-woman act. She must have heard about the disappearance of the Coast Guard officer and feared that the owner of the wrist watch was involved in it. Perhaps she had good reason to believe this. Amory did not think that she had actually known anything positive. For all her determination to secure the evidence and her violence to gain this end, he could not believe the girl accessory to an act of murder.

The man sculled on in silence. Amory, whose senses, at all times keenly receptive, were now hyperacute, could feel that baleful glare resting on him speculatively. It began to soak into him that this grim cormorant of a lobster man might not only believe him to have been recently mixed up in some sort of mêlée but suspect the yacht of illicit traffic, that her errand there was fishy.

This in itself would probably have had the support rather than the antagonism of such an individual, but only provided it were made worth his while. With the reticence of his kind, the man would hesitate to make any demand unless his greed outranked this reticence. Amory waited for some overture of the sort. He was quick to appreciate the fact that if the lobster man were to report his signaling from a nook in the shore, shut off from observation except by those aboard the yacht anchored well out, describing also his scratched face and hands, torn coat and trousers and such of the shirt as was visible ripped away at the collar, the whole showing signs of recent immersion—then it was fairly certain that he would be required to describe himself, his condition and behavior to the local authorities: even, in fact, to more central ones at the nearest Coast Guard base.

He might stick to his story of getting turned round in the woods and falling down a steep ledge into the underbrush. But, for one thing, he was entirely unable to describe any such locality and he doubted that there would be any good reason for his having tried to climb up a steep ledge when the topography was such that it would be perfectly easy to go round. A man lost in the woods—if, indeed, it were possible to get lost on such a narrow strip, with open water on either side—does not pursue the tactics of Mark Twain's ant—proceed over the top of any obstruction offered to its course as if for the pleasure of the climb.

There was also to be explained his trying to signal covertly and from a distance when surprised by the lobster man. His whole position, condition and his story would rouse suspicion and be subject to close examination.

Amory was bound by his promise to Jane Doe not to tell a word of what had really happened. The true facts of the Coast Guard's disappearance were pretty sure to be discovered before very long. The tract was not so large but that it could be thoroughly searched. Also he could easily prove his position, occupation, character and general innocence of any criminal involvement.

But meanwhile his embarrassment might be extreme and his suspected connection with the dirty business get into the press and be published broadcast. Amory's nature shrank from this sort of notoriety, and his experience told him that once such a story was widely circulated, a certain stigma always clings, no matter how complete the subsequent vindication.

Perhaps this avatar of ruthless down-east sailors gone wrong and joining in with pirates and buccaneers now got by repercussion what was passing in the mind of his passenger. Such close-to-Nature livers become acutely intuitive, even when unintelligent and devoid of any intellectuality at all. This man had intuition. It was certain that he could feel or sense Amory's inward squirmings as surely as the sea gull might sense those of the prey, still living, in its strong talons.

He said presently, in a low contemplative voice, "You must 'a' had right smart of a fall, cap'n, and fetched up in a heap of rocks and briers. Ought to be all stove up after such a tumble, seems like."

"I am a little bruised," Amory said shortly. It irked him to have to lie to his evil-faced tormentor.

"Maybe you'd better have Doc Thompson overhaul you a mite."

"No. I'm all right except for a few bruises and scratches."

"Come to think," said the man, growing still bolder, "I ought to get my lobsters right ashore to catch the boat. Since you say you're in no hurry, we'll just stop at the fish market. 'Twon't delay us more than five minutes."

Amory perceived the covert threat. He turned on the motor box where he was sitting and gave the man a straight look.

"I get you," he said shortly. "How many lobsters have you got?"

"Eight," was the laconic answer.

"What are they worth?"

The man shot another stream into the ripples that fled past the boat's stern.

"'Tain't always what they're worth, cap'n, but what they'll bring. It might be worth quite a lot to me to land them lobsters here and now. Suppose we say twenty dollars apiece, or a hundred and fifty cash for the lot."

Amory felt a surge of anger choking him. Of all creatures he most despised, a blackmailer ranked first and his victim a close second. He would never have believed himself amenable to such coercion. Then he thought of Jane Doe—his promise—and the Sunday supplements.

"All right," he said, "I'll take them. Set me alongside."

IV

AMORY had gone ashore a little after eight and it was now a little after noon. His crew was at mess, the red pennant flying from the fore rigging and nobody on deck.

As the long lobster boat glided silently alongside, he said to his blackmailer, "Hang on a minute. I'll get your money."

(Continued on Page 65)

The Incomparable SUPER-HETERODYNE to be had only in RCA RADIOLAS

FOR the exacting requirements of congested broadcasting areas, the highly selective RCA Super-Heterodyne circuit is universally recognized as the finest achievement in radio design.

The Super-Heterodyne has been developed exclusively by the Radio Corporation of America and its associated companies, General Electric and Westinghouse, and only in RCA Radiolas is it possible to obtain it.

The incomparable Radiola Super-Heterodyne, when operated directly from your electric light current, is the most advanced development in radio.

A turn of the dial brings to your home—with amazing realism and tone perfection—the music of great symphony orchestras, the songs of famous operatic stars, light opera direct from the metropolitan theatres, news of national events reported on the spot, the speeches of the great leaders of our times.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
New York Chicago San Francisco

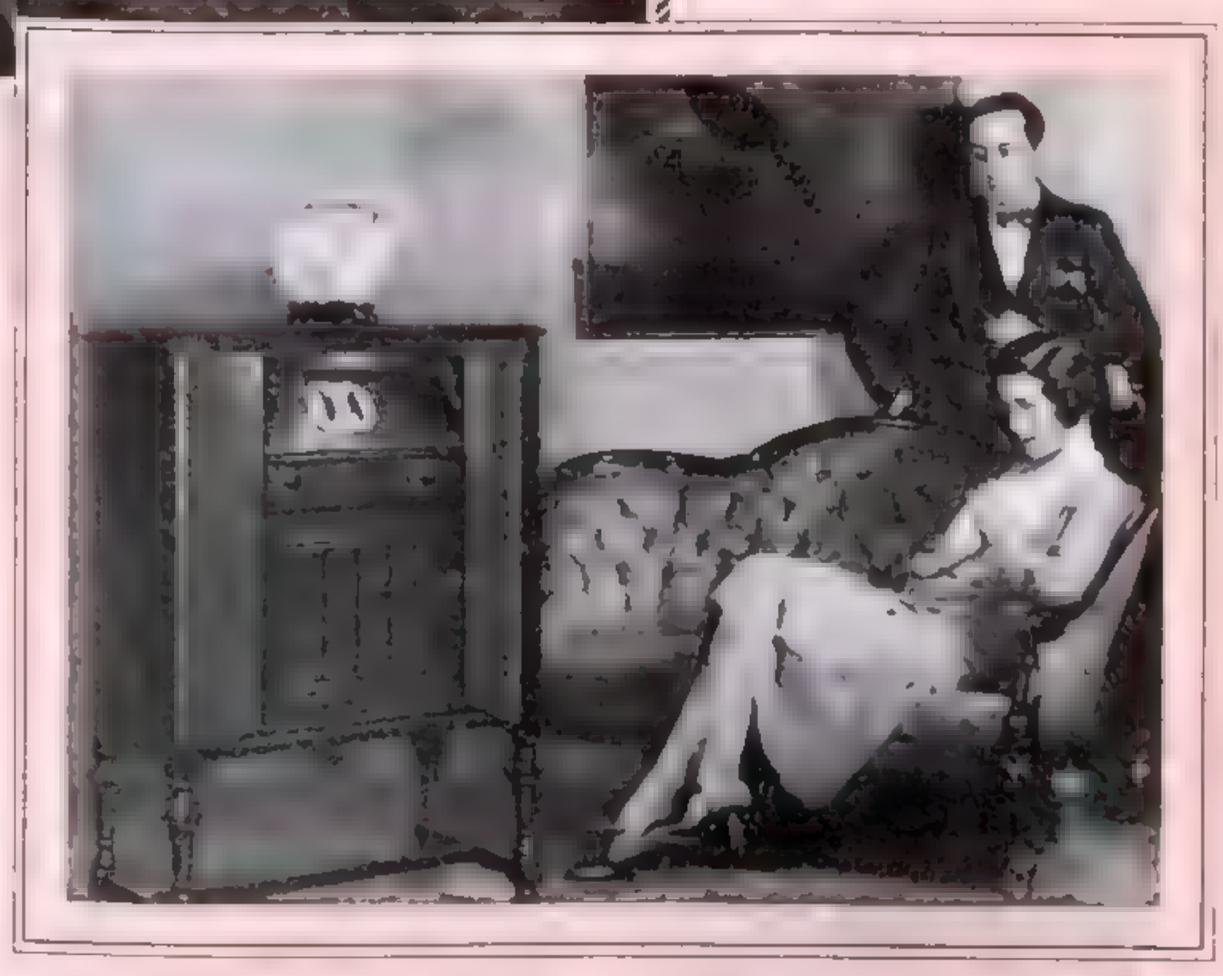
A fine receiving set, like the RCA RADIOLA 30A, reaches out into the air and brings into your home the music of the world's great symphonies.

RCA HOUR
Every Saturday night through the following stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company

8 to 9 p. m. Eastern Time
WJZ WBAL
WEEI WRC
WTIC WHAM
WJAR KDKA
WTAG WLW
WCSH WJR

7 to 8 p. m. Central Time
KYW WDAF
KSD WOW
WCCO WHAS
WØC WSM
WHO WMC
WSB

8 to 9 p. m. Pacific Time
KPO KFI
KGO KGW
KFOA KOMO
KHQ



RCA RADIOLA 30A, in de luxe cabinet, complete with Radiotrons and concealed loudspeaker, for operation from electric light outlet (A.C. or D.C.). Adapted for use with indoor or outdoor antenna.

There are other RCA RADIOLAS ranging from $82.75 to $895 which any RCA Authorized Dealer will gladly demonstrate for you.

Authorized Dealer RCA

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

RCA Radiola

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

If gears are hard to shift Look Out!

You can have easy shifting gears even in zero weather—and you will avoid repairs by doing so

YOUR gears should always shift easily. Even on cold days. If they don't, it means you have either worn-out grease, or inferior grease, in your gear boxes. And any garageman will tell you that 80% of repair bills come from lack of *proper* lubrication.

The important thing is to see that *your* car receives *proper* lubrication. *Don't* just have it greased. Have it *Alemited*. There's a vast difference!

95% of all motor cars today are equipped at the factory with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. This system makes it easy to lubricate every vital part of your car.

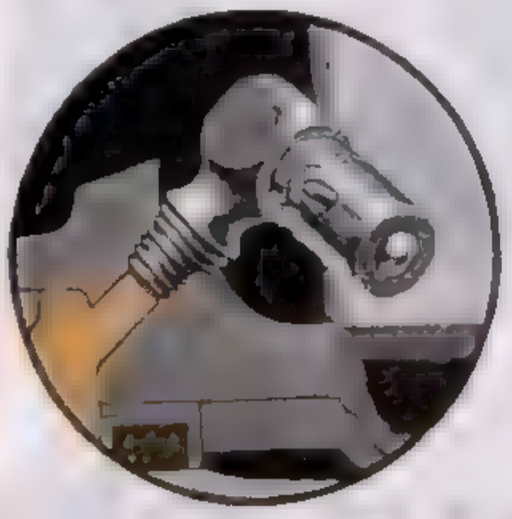
But since the Alemite system was adopted, thousands of greasing stations have sprung up, and cheap greases have flooded the market. This cheap grease thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter it "freezes up," fails to lubricate, and makes gears hard to shift. Most of the grinding noise you hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease. Grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your car. And as your gear teeth wear down, your car becomes noisy.

Alemite-ing

So to protect your interests, and also to protect our own, we developed a special Alemite Gear Lubricant and a special service called "*Alemite-ing.*" The word *Alemite-ing* (*trade-marked*) means to have your car lubricated with nothing but genuine Alemite lubricants.

Alemite Gear Lubricant is a pure, semi-fluid lubricant that will lubricate freely not only in hot weather but also at 15° below zero.

All dealers who give you genuine Alemite-ing service, display the sign shown above. They use genuine Alemite lubricants. The sign shown here is their franchise and your protection. Look for it as you drive. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.



This picture shows the modern Alemite fitting which has replaced old-fashioned grease cups on almost all cars today. Lubricant is shot through it under high pressure to the heart of the bearing. Old grease and grit are thus forced out.

What To Ask For

Genuine High Pressure Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

1. GEARS:—
   By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant.

   The use of Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1½ to 2 more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. And, as stated above, it lubricates freely at 15° below zero, thus giving you an easy gear shift in coldest weather.

2. BEARINGS:—
   Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car (The picture shows how this is done.) This lubricant, specially made for high pressure lubricating, stands up under 3,000 pounds' pressure. Average grease breaks down at 200 pounds. It resists heat up to 200°. (Ordinary grease literally burns up at low temperature, and burns up your bearings, too.) It will lubricate your bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles that come from worn bearings in your car.

3. SPRINGS —
   Have your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. A special spring spraying machine spreads a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs. But more important than that, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that when Spring comes, you will still have a sweet, quiet-running motor car, with no need to send it to the repair shop.

Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2644 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

(Continued from Page 62)

He was able to step from the half deck of the high bulky boat directly aboard his own, and went down the after companionway without being seen by any of the hands. His first act was to strip off his tattered costume and pull on another pair of trousers and a fresh shirt. Then, taking a hundred and fifty dollars from his little cabin safe, he stepped on deck, went to the side and handed it to the lobster man.

"You can get away with this once," Amory said in a low voice, "but take my tip and don't try it a second time."

The man's eyes narrowed. "No, not without I got some more special lobsters to sell."

"Well, you'll find no market with me."

The man took the crustaceans, which had, in the usual fashion, been plugged to prevent their nipping, and laid them one after the other on the deck.

Amory walked to the forward hatch and called down to the Finn cook: "Here are some lobsters. I may have some friends for dinner tonight. Tell the steward to get me a little luncheon."

The lobster man shoved off and sculled away. Amory's mate, hearing his voice, came up, still chewing.

"Finish your dinner," Amory said. "As soon as I've had a bite we'll get up the anchor and go round to Tide Mill Cove under power."

As he went back into his cabin it occurred to him that perhaps he'd got out of the jam rather well. Better to pay this scavenger a hundred and fifty dollars and stop his mouth than to have his disheveled condition seen by others ashore or even provoke the curiosity of his crew. As it had turned out, nobody but the lobster man had witnessed it, and his quick change had presented him to his own people about the same as he had gone ashore. This, Amory realized, would make any story of the lobster man's entirely unsupported.

Amory turned to the local chart and, taking the course protractor, laid down his way round the promontory and into Tide Mill Cove. There was plenty of water between the rocks and ledges, some of which were buoyed. He found himself now indifferent about the effect of his unexpected call on the Deforests. His beautiful schooner—a sixty-footer, with Marconi rig and auxiliary power—was new and the last word in seagoing strength and speed and comfort.

But now Yonne Deforest seemed in some way to have increased her distance. She was like a white sail on the horizon that when first sighted had appeared to be standing on a course which would closely intersect his own, but which, as they held on, proved to be at such a tangent that presently, instead of crossing, they would pass too far apart for more than signaled communication even that uncertain. Or again, Amory might have been likened to a corsair who, having sighted from the masthead what looked to be a rich prize, sights presently another that has the indication of containing greater treasure, even though the chance of capture is more remote.

For how could he be sure that the mysterious Jane Doe had flung herself into their outlandish struggle for the sake of a lover? The man she was trying to shield might be father or brother, and not Paul Deforest at all. The initials on the watch could fit an unlimited combination of names. Perhaps her name, if not actually Doe, might be some other beginning with *D;* and besides Paul, there were Phil and Percy and Perry and any number of surnames of that letter. It really seemed incredible, when one stopped to think, that one of the Deforest boys should have got down to rum running at all, let alone on a scale to clash violently with the Coast Guard.

The conditions were good for Amory to pick his way round to his objective, the tide about two hours on the flood, the water still and the air clear. Once there, it was a fine, deep little landlocked harbor with a sticky bottom and just enough room for his vessel to swing at anchor comfortably.

A little later on, entering the place, he thought that he had never put into a spot of such sheer beauty—a shore of massive rock that went boldly into deep water, and on three sides the woods strode down to the very edge.

They were enchanting woods, old second-growth, but big trees, mostly hardwood—stately oaks, maples and beeches, interspersed with tall white pines that branched loftily, and many silver birches fringing the shore. One could look far into the cool green arcades that were free of underbrush. No dwelling was visible until close in, when Amory could see the vague form of what must be the old tide mill converted by Doctor Deforest into a summer dwelling. There was a jetty and some small boats, a twenty-foot open launch of the torpedo model formerly in vogue, a small sailboat at a mooring, a rowboat with an outboard motor, and on the float a green canoe.

Nobody was evident about the place, and Amory fancied that if he were observed it might be with a little resentment at this intrusion on the part of a stylish yacht that would seem to belong more properly off some big hotel or yacht club. He had told Yonne that he was building a cruising boat, but had not described the type. She might resent his coming thus unannounced. She was the sort of girl to hate anything of the King Cophetua gesture and certainly would not play beggar maid to such a rôle. They were all proud of their rather more than respectable poverty, which was that of real intelligentzia, and this fact made it all the harder to believe that one of them should have got down to rum running—or that and worse.

Nobody appearing in the woodland shadows, Amory got into his gig and rowed himself ashore. As he walked up the jetty the extreme beauty of this nest of arts and muses and science and scholarship became poignant. Only people of exquisite taste and vision could, he realized, so have transformed a shabby old tide mill into such a gem of sylvan loveliness. Every rough natural contour and formation had been tenderly worked up to the full scope of charming picturesque effect. And this probably by the hands of the proprietors—the expenditure of years of time and effort and at scarcely any money cost at all.

The paths were flagged with spaced flat stones hauled up from the shore, the crevices of the rocks scraped out and planted in portulaca and flowering perennials semi-wild. The trees were trimmed precisely right for the effect of vistas, and what had been the heavy big mill building looked now like one in a French *hameau*, with its terrace of red tiles, the long French windows cut down, its staunch if slightly wavy roof of big mossed shingles, stone chimney, and a veranda that looked from the rear over a still, clear mill pond that was low, but on which grew gorgeous water lilies. There were flowers everywhere.

Although not a soul seemed to be about, the premises were wide open; also the doors of a log cabin in the rear, evidently a garage.

Amory looked inside the house. There was an enormous living room. The furniture was massive, homemade, the work of somebody skilled in converting tree trunks and big slabs sawed from the heart of such timber to such use. There was a huge fireplace with inglenooks and wrought-iron garniture, with spit and kettle and the sort of long-handled skillet made classic by Madame Poularde at Mont St.-Michel and her famous omelets, though this fireplace was probably more for decorative purposes than the usual kitchen-range activities.

The whole premises were such as Amory imagined might have been the wilderness home in French Canada of some titled refugee or *émigré*. Nature had been molded by art into service. He remembered that Yonne had been named after the French province in which she had been born, on the banks of the river of that name, when her father had been a student in the Sorbonne and later at the Beaux-Arts.

As he stood rather hushed in this big room, a small animal whisked up onto the top of a highboy and sat watching him with big dark eyes, curious and friendly. Amory saw by the loose folds of skin and soft flat tail and dark stripes along the sides that it was a flying squirrel. He heard then a trickle of water, or rather a soft murmur that was deep and constant and seemed to come from directly under his feet. This must be from the old flume. It would be the same brook as that in which he had lashed and floundered at grips with Jane Doe. A stream of water must encounter many episodes of various sorts in its meandering passage until finally it returns its wealth of knowledge and various experience to blend with the sea.

And here, he pursued his reflections, it flowed for a brief respite into the still shallow pool of the mill pond before its final merging. Here, whatever the stormy events of the varied passage, it found peace—peace and sheer beauty—in this sanctuary the very walls of which, and their surrounding rocks and trees, proclaimed the happy, industrious home. Evidences of this industry were everywhere, inside and out. What a place to achieve, to work purposefully, effectually, in calm serenity and the contemplation of beauty unmarred by any of the riotous clashings of the outer world.

He had just arrived at this impression when there came from somewhere back in that sylvan arcanum a sudden sharp report. There passed close to his head a vibrant whir and he felt a pulse of air against his cheek.

V

INSTINCT, and to some extent experience, prompted Amory to drop. He had once gone through a lumbermen's war in the big timber tract owned by his father, and in the course of this, had fought out a sharp little duel with one of the enemy whom he had come upon spiking a tree. His war experience in the Navy had dealt with bigger masses of explosives.

As he dropped, there came from behind him the clash and clatter of a big dish that had stopped the bullet. The shot had been fired from across the mill pond through one of the French windows, and as this opened down to the floor and the sun was streaming in on him, Amory felt it wiser not to move for the moment.

There must, he thought, be a little war now waging on this peninsula between its smugglers and the Coast Guard detailed to this beat, which was near enough the Canadian boundary to make the game popular. It looked certain that one or more of the Deforest boys were mixed up in it, and once again Amory believed his blue yachting coat had invited the attack. The man across the mill pond could not, from his position, have seen the schooner glide in and anchor, and her engine was of the type used by seventy-five-foot rum chasers, with noise identical.

A good place to get out of. There seemed to be a vicious quality about this quarrel in which its participants resorted to Indian methods in keeping with the early traditions of the place, but somehow lacking in their picturesque qualities. In pre-Revolutionary days pirates who had run north to revictual were said to have landed and hidden some of their plunder, and they might have been sniped by the local frontiersmen.

The sun was beating in on him as he lay for a moment quite still, and the range was short—about a hundred and fifty yards—to the cluster of spruces on the far side of the mill pond from which the shot had been fired. Amory felt goose creeps at the prospect of another bullet just to make sure. The murmur of waters beneath him was more distinct with his head close to the tiles. It seemed better to make a quick scramble for cover, get over against the wall. He did this, and none too soon, as

(Continued on Page 67)

In 1928~ greater efficiency!

MEN who specialize in forecasting business trends seem to agree that 1928 will be a good year for business. But they give warning that in practically all lines there will be need for still greater efficiency, closer economy in production.

It is time to ask, "Is all your equipment really modern? Aren't there new, improved machines it would be a real economy to purchase?" Working capital need not be impaired.

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of what can be done is furnished by a printing concern. A press earning $90 a day was discarded because its crew was capable of greater productivity. On a later model, faster press the gross earned was $115. With the same crew the new press made $25 a day more for the Company. After allowing for interest and depreciation the Company had a net gain from the new press of over $4,000 the first year! This new press, costing $11,000, was purchased on the installment plan.

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THAT'S one of the things that holds me to this faithful old brand. You can pack it for a trip to the wilds or a cruise around the Horn, without once wishing that you had brought some other brand along. Wherever you may be, P. A. is always the same—*and always good!*

As you open the tidy red tin, inhale that fine, fresh, stimulating aroma. Notice that P. A. is equally friendly as you smoke it . . . fragrant and cool and mellow and mild . . . just about everything a fellow could ask in a smoke. You never tire of tobacco like Prince Albert.

Is it any wonder that P. A. is known as the National Joy Smoke from coast to coast? Is it any wonder that pipe-smokers buy more P. A. than any other brand? If you can't answer "No" right off the bat, try a load of long-burning P. A. in your pipe. Then you'll know for yourself why P. A. is so downright dependable, so thoroughly enjoyable.

Better quality and larger quantity—there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 65)

the sniper, still watching his prostrate body, fired again, the bullet flicking the spot just as he quitted it.

Amory stole to a window on that side of the big room and peered out at its edge. Only the serene woods confronted him. For some distance back, flanking the mill pond, the underbrush had been cleared out to leave a parklike growth of small trees, slender silver birches, tall young sugar maples, some white oak growing mostly as suckers from ancient stumps of venerable trees felled for shipbuilding needs. The firs and spruces had been cut out so as not to impede a view deep into the pretty stand of hardwood trees, so that there seemed to be no cover to hide the desperado who had just fired, unless he was lurking behind the dam itself, which would put him at dangerously close range.

In an effort to enfilade this entrenchment with his vision, Amory walked to the far end of the big room. But the window screens prevented his looking out. All that he was able to see were the mill pond, its shores on either side and the pretty stream flowing down quietly under its arboreal arch.

It was at this moment that he detected a change in the murmur of the water of the old flume, as he supposed, which ran directly under the former mill throughout its length. A faint splashing sound interrupted its low trickling murmur. Amory lowered himself softly to the floor and laid his ear against it, when the slight splashings became punctuated.

He understood immediately what was happening. The prowler had fired from behind the dam close to where it jutted from the farther shore, for the mill pond was low—almost empty. Then, keeping under its cover, he had waded along behind it to the entrance of the flume and was now creeping through this sluice to gain the farther end of the house.

Amory moved over to the wall, then passed along it softly in the same direction as the skulker in the flume. He wanted to reach the other end of the house to find, if possible, some point of observation from which to see this potential assassin as he emerged. At the end of the big living room a door opened into what proved to be a pretty dining room, off which was a kitchen built out over the bed of the stream, which here was tidewater, a short arm of the bay. As the windows were screened and on the same plane as the outlet of the flume, it was impossible to see the orifice itself. A man emerging from it would barely fall within the range of vision. But Amory found that by pressing his head against the wire netting, that was a little slack, he could at least determine the general appearance and type of any man coming out of the flume, whether or not subsequently able to identify him.

For the second time, evidently, he had been taken for the Coast Guard officer, but he hoped now that the sight of his yacht anchored close in to the landing would prevent another murderous attempt. He could have hailed the yacht, for that matter, and thus established his identity. But the idea of squalling for help like a timid child in trouble was repugnant, and besides, he wished, if possible, to see this man who had tried to kill him.

So, with his forehead bagging out the slack wire screening, Amory watchfully waited.

VI

HE HAD not long to wait. There came within Amory's restricted range of vision along the façade of the house a flannel-shirted shoulder and half a bare grizzled head; what had been thick black curly hair was now shot with gray. Then, as the man moved back against the wall so that his figure became a blurred mass through the wire netting, Amory caught sight of a big gnarled and weathered hand raised as if to shade the eyes while staring at the yacht that lay directly under the sun.

The fisherman's shirt and the grizzled hair were similar to those of the lobster man who had blackmailed him. There were not apt to be two middle-aged scoundrels of that sort in the same community. Amory had noticed that under the edges of his old hat the lobster man's hair had clustered over his ears in grizzled ringlets, and the chances were that he had worn a heavy flannel shirt of this sort under his Mackinaw coat. Both these heavy garments might have been laid aside, for the going was hot on shore.

Still pressing his forehead against the wire screen to bulge it as much as he dared, Amory was able to follow the movements of the lobster man, who now, at sight of the schooner previously hidden from his view, evidently perceived his error.

Amory could see his shoulder, arm and one leg trousered in corduroy and with a heavy leather boot as the man moved in long swift strides away from the flume to the wall of rough masonry that faced the waterway below the mill. Evidently it was his intention to climb up this and go on about his other unlawful occasions. But from the stride, the powerful frame and the costume, Amory was convinced more than ever of the fellow's identity, and that he was actually one of the rum-running gang—probably its local chief. His lobstering activities would serve admirably as a smoke screen for others more profitable—unless he could command a steady market for lobsters at twenty dollars per.

Amory thought of that part of the boat's cargo covered by the tarpaulin, and association of ideas suggested the man with the wheelbarrow. The long promontory was constricted at this point by a deep, narrow bay on one side and a more open bight on the other, the distance between about half a mile. The contraband might have been landed by the dory on the east, or open, side where lay Amory's yacht and wheeled across the neck for transport to that rich community, the Chimney Corner, directly opposite.

A staid and well-ordered summer colony of the most exclusive sort, Amory reflected, but there would be insurrectionists among its modern members. The man with the wheelbarrow had been heading the wrong way when Amory sighted him, but his furtive movements suggested that he had run into danger and turned to take the back track.

This deduction that the man in the lobster boat was landing contraband at the point where Amory had come out on the shore, and that others were wheeling it across the neck, was good enough as far as it went. The east side was practically open sea, easy of access on a foggy night, while the more populous bay was sown with rocks across its mouth and would be under closer scrutiny. This would explain the lobster man's silent locomotion, sculling close in to the shore instead of using his engine. It admitted also of the mocking avarice with which he had mulcted one hundred and fifty dollars out of a rich young visiting yachtsman whom his keen eye perceived at once to have been involved in some sort of rough-and-tumble.

But all this did not, so far as it went, warrant the present determined effort to assassinate Amory. Some crime more serious than rum running and the suspicion that Amory must have some knowledge of it would supply a motive, however. Amory remembered the flat glare of scrutiny in the man's pale eyes when he stated laconically that a revenue officer had disappeared. This keen if baffling look would have been alert to catch the least reaction on Amory of the information offered.

Then, like the unveiling of a statue of which the draped salients have already indicated the general form and character, the episodes of that day revealed themselves as a single piece to Amory's understanding.

There had not been a load of liquor in that wheelbarrow, but the corpse of a murdered man—the Coast Guard officer. Jane Doe might not have been sure about this fact, but she had suspected it enough to launch her violent offensive effort to secure the wrist watch, an incriminating piece of evidence. Also she had determined to delay this presumable young officer until the man with the wheelbarrow, Paul Deforest, could lose himself in the dense underbrush. Paul, by desperate effort, had managed more than to accomplish this. He had wheeled his load clear across the neck to where his confederate in the lobster boat was lurking in some nook of the opposite shore.

There had not been bait but the corpse of a man under the grimy tarpaulin aboard the lobster boat, and the grim Charon, surprised by Amory when shoving off to scull away, had instantly decided on a bold move, one calculated to disarm suspicion. Later the man might have decided to watch Amory's subsequent movements. He had watched the schooner move out and make the turn at a mark that would take her round the point. Following at a long distance, the lobster man had discovered Tide Mill Cove to be her objective point; then he had landed, cut across the narrow finger of woods and stalked the premises to remove, if possible, this source of danger. Possibly the bleak desperado had feared lest Amory might have seen something that projected from under the rim of the tarpaulin.

Amory's conclusion had been reached before the man had started to work his way along the base of the wall of the ancient mill to the sheer side of the bank that had been stoned up in early days when the structure was built. The corner of this retaining wall in an angle of the building was rough and easy of ascent and offered an excellent salient from which to shoot down a man point-blank as he left the building. The move was strategic, a cunning one, and it would have succeeded but for the faint splashing made by the lobster man in his passage through the flume. Since the shots must have appeared to be fired from the far side of the mill pond, the most natural course of their target would be to slip out of the other side of the house and make a hurried retreat from the quarter opposite that of the attack. It had been the man's haste to reach this covering point that had betrayed him.

Amory now watched him as he swarmed up in the angle of the wall, until, with his head barely above the brim, he found a good foothold, when, raising his revolver to the coping, he hung one elbow over it and settled himself to wait. In this position he could not have been seen from the house proper unless one's head were thrust out through a window, and this could not be done without the removal of the window screen. Even from the porch, he was not visible without bulging out the screen a little. The man would take a chance on that, since he believed his quarry must think him lurking on the other side of the mill pond, ignorant of the passage through the flume.

Amory's first impulse was to take advantage of this tactical error, go back through the house, open a window screen and make his way across the dam to the woods beyond. He was unarmed, and the natural assumption was that when presently he failed to appear, this desperado was most apt to climb up the wall and enter the house in search of him.

Then, just as Amory was about to carry out this plan of retreat, for which he scarcely can be blamed, there came the faint sound of a motor car. The man heard it at the same instant. He clambered, with ungainly stealth, quickly up over the coping of the wall, crossed the open space and disappeared in a dense growth of spruces on the other side.

Amory hurried back through the kitchen and dining room to the front entrance of the house. The jangling tinny sound of the car grew louder in the still air and presently it appeared round a bend. Amory hoped that it was the family returning in force, but saw a moment later that it contained only a young woman and that this was Yonne Deforest.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Great new achievement the 68

—a straight-eight at the price of a six

THIS thing has been coming for years . . . At first, two cylinders in an automobile were considered enough . . . Then came the long and brilliant reign of the four . . . The next development brought about the more flexible six . . . Right now the fourth great change is setting in—it's coming like wildfire!

Most emphatically the new order is the straight-eight—that 'most everyone acknowledges.

But heretofore the straight-eights have all been cars sold in the higher and medium price ranges.

Marmon has changed that and in this sparkling new "68" has brought a Marmon-built straight-eight within the province of lower prices.

The "68" is Marmon's newest and perhaps greatest achievement—a straight-eight at the price of the average six.

This new "68" is an entirely different species of automobile than was ever previously offered to the moderate priced buyer. It's smooth . . . It's quiet . . . It's powerful . . . And equally important to you—it's remarkably good looking! For once here is a car of broad utility and striking economy that at the same time achieves a distinction and charm previously found only in higher priced cars.

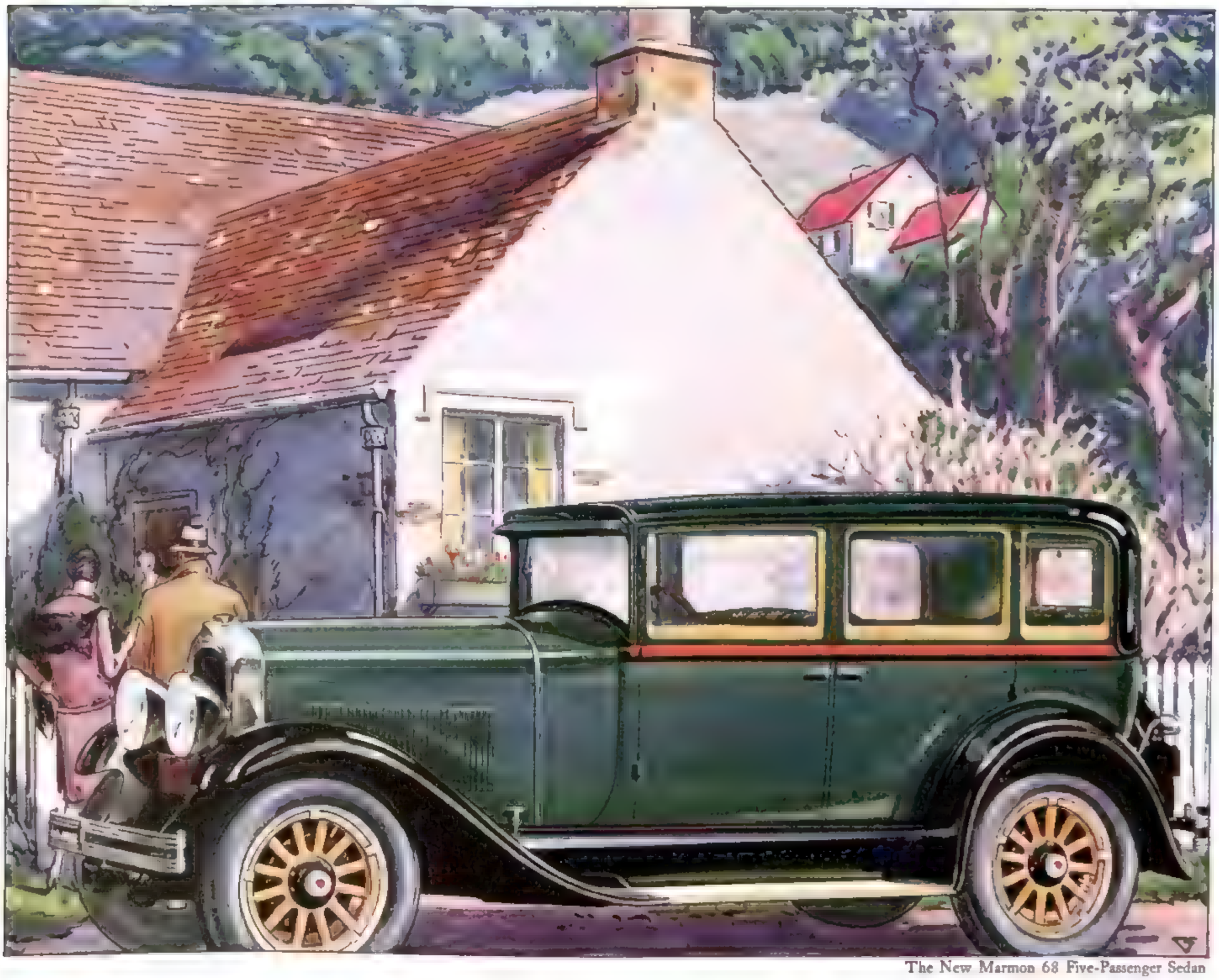
Every inch of this new "68" is true-blue Marmon—everything that Marmon has been in the past—and so much that Marmon hopes to hold in the future. The performance is typically Marmon—the new "68" will outrun anything at or near its price . . . *Top Speed*, for instance, is 65 to 70. *Acceleration* is instant—10 to 50 miles in 16 seconds or better. *Handling*—a perfect jewel in the hand—absolutely no effort at high speed or low—you merely sit there and ride. *Smoothness*—Here's where you really discover what a vast improvement eight cylinders really make . . . No jerking—no breathless effort in picking up the load . . . In this new "68" you turn on the power and start driving.

And remember, too, the "68" is *not* a traffic car exclusively—(even though it is a wonder in traffic)—it's not a second car, necessarily. It's a full-sized five-passenger automobile for a man and his entire family to enjoy.

If you would know just how far-reaching is the improvement of the straight-eight—please try today the New Marmon "68."

NOW ON VIEW AT ALL LEADING MARMON ESTABLISHMENTS, TOGETHER WITH ITS COMPANION CAR—THE NEW "78"

I S A S T R A I G H T - E I G H T



The New Marmon 68 Five-Passenger Sedan

OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE RESULTS

Top Speed—65 to 70 miles per hour.

Acceleration and Flexibility—A really new sensation due to straight-eight motor with "high turbulence" cylinder head which makes possible thorough mixing of present-day fuels under high compression. Also "duplex down-draft manifold" which permits flashing acceleration at low speeds in high gear. Power over the hills and the open road is abundantly at your command.

Easy Riding—Approaching the comfort of far more costly transportation.

Gasoline Economy—13 to 18 miles per gallon, depending upon driving conditions.

Easy Handling—A third easier at least than most cars to park. Short turning radius (approximately 19 feet). Delightfully easy steering—with new large circumference flat-type wheel and steady, easy-acting steering gear. Gear shift and hand brake levers just an "octave" from the wheel, but so placed that they do not obstruct foot-room.

OUTSTANDING POINTS OF ENGINEERING AND CONSTRUCTION

Motor—Advanced "L" head design of straight-eight (Marmon-built), incorporating the latest features found in both racing and stock car practice, delivering 72 horsepower. Particularly quiet in operation. Extremely accessible.

Chassis—114-inch wheelbase, with standard 56-inch tread, with bodies so designed as to give roominess usually found only with much longer wheelbase. Full five-passenger capacity with abundant leg-room and head-room.

Comfort Features—Unusually long chassis springs, controlled by Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers and large rubber shock insulators, instead of spring shackles. The combination produces an unusually soft, easy-riding effect.

Lubrication—Full pressure type, with gear-type pump.

Cooling—Extra large cooling capacity, with impeller-type pump. Thermostatic control localizes the flow through the radiator until the engine is thoroughly heated. This greatly reduces the warming-up period in cold weather.

Brakes—Most advanced four-wheel mechanical type.

$1395
F. O. B.
FACTORY

BODY STYLES AND COLORS

Three standard body styles, with color options, based on new Marmon Jewel Colors: Five-Passenger Sedan (illustrated above); Victoria-Coupe, for four passengers; and Two-Passenger Coupe, with rumble seat.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Free Dog Book—write for it

Dr H Clay Glover s famous book tells how to feed and care for dogs properly. Explains all dog diseases and simple home treatments. Mailed free if you write to: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOTHOUSE DOGS

require this special medical attention

MANKIND has changed dog's natural, healthy mode of life. Too much confinement. Too much soft, rich food. Thus dogs of today are more susceptible to disease. Especially in winter, for then a dog's life is most unnatural. Then his system is weakened by hothouse coddling and lack of exercise.

To fortify dogs against disease during the winter months dog specialists use and prescribe Glover's Condition Pills. As a tonic and digestant they are unequalled. They help to maintain the soundest condition of health. Sold by drug stores, pet shops, and kennels everywhere.

Dog Medicines of finest quality

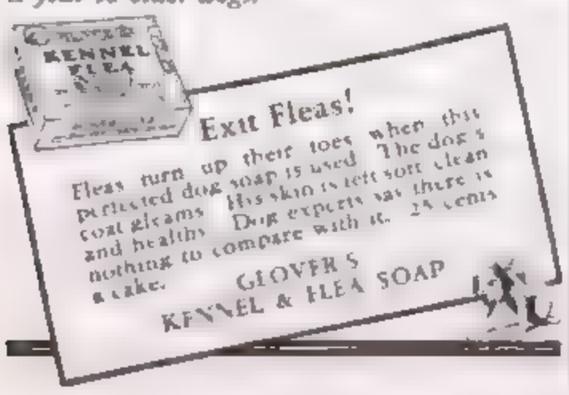
Don't risk your dog's health by selecting medicines carelessly. Demand Glover's. Their scientifically correct formulas insure utmost protection. Endorsed by dog fanciers, breeders, and kennel men as safest and most efficacious for all breeds.

There is a Glover Medicine for the prevention and treatment of every known dog ailment. Below are listed a few which every dog owner should have on hand in wintertime.

GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
DOG MEDICINES

Glover's Condition Pills	65c
Glover's Laxative Pills	65c
Glover's Cough Mixture	65c
Glover's Worm Capsules	65c
Glover's Digestive Pills	65c
Glover's Tonic	65c
Glover's Mange Medicine	65c
Glover's Vermifuge	65c

Note: Practically every dog has worms. Keep yours on the safe side of health. Give Glover's Worm Capsules or Glover's Vermifuge regularly—monthly to puppies and four times a year to older dogs.


KENNEL FLEA
Exit Fleas!
Fleas turn up their toes when this perfected dog soap is used. The dog's coat gleams. His skin is left soft, clean and healthy. Dog experts say there is nothing to compare with it. 25 cents a cake.
GLOVER'S
KENNEL & FLEA SOAP

AN AMERICAN BANKER

(Continued from Page 21)

is permanent and that everything can be done better. Youth, with only the present to judge by, is inclined to believe the existing order represents the finished and perfect product.

We heard indirectly that some of the other bankers had quite a lot of fun at our expense when Mr. Outcault and I began to do our business at the front of our place. All the banks in the city except ours owned their own buildings; we rented a room that had formerly been a clothing store, and this gave point to a joke said to have been started by Miles Reed, of the Reed National, over on Market Street.

"Those fellows are going to try to build up the Merchants Bank by glad-handing the public," he said. "The first thing you know they'll be carrying a stock of second-hand clothing as a side line, and have a puller-in out on the sidewalk!"

I think that was the general attitude toward a perfectly obvious and legitimate evolution of banking service. Yet within a few years the majority of the banks in the country were doing as a matter of course what in 1904 seemed revolutionary and lacking in dignity.

It is certain that this change of policy helped to pull the Merchants Bank out of the rut it was in. We did not have the capital to handle the business of the more important concerns of the city, and our past record was not brilliant enough to attract many new accounts. Our only chance was to work on what business we already had, and to try to develop small accounts into more important ones. In telling what we managed to accomplish, I want it understood that I am not taking the credit to myself. I had a part in it, to be sure, but I could not have gone far without the wholehearted coöperation given me by our president, Guenther T. Outcault. I knew the machinery of banking, but it was Mr. Outcault's calm, sensible supervision that made the machinery work. Often, during the dozen years we were associated together, he argued me out of projects I wanted to put into effect, but once he agreed to anything, he invariably stood behind me in the directors' meetings, no matter how strong the opposition might be.

One certain incident stands out in my mind to prove we were on the right track when we decided to humanize the operations of the Merchants Bank. A week or so after I had moved my desk to the front a young man named George Chappel, who had a chinaware store on one of the side streets, came in one afternoon just before closing time and took his place at the end of the line before the receiving teller's window. When his turn came he handed in his deposit to Wylie Taggart, the teller. Evidently there were both bills and checks in the deposit, for I saw Wylie detach some white slips of paper and lay them to one side while he counted the currency. That finished, he picked up the paper slips and started to check them off, but came to a puzzled stop over one of them; after a moment he handed the slip back through the window and pointed in my direction as though referring his customer to me.

I had only half noted all this, as a person will who is working on something else, but when Chappel started toward the street without coming to my desk it occurred to me that perhaps he thought I was too busy to be interrupted, and I called out to ask if I could do anything for him. He stopped and came back a little unwillingly, it seemed to me, and hesitated before taking the chair I drew up.

"I thought," I said, "that I saw Wylie telling you to see me about something. We can talk about it now if you want to."

I am sure he started to say it was nothing, for he half turned in his chair as if to go. Then, changing his mind, in an embarrassed way he pulled out of his pocket the paper that had figured at the teller's window and laid it on my desk.

"I had this in with my deposit," he said, "but Wylie told me he couldn't credit my account with it unless you or Mr. Outcault gave him permission."

I looked at the paper and saw it was a note for $60, payable in ninety days, and bore the signature of someone named White. I asked Chappel if he wanted to discount the note, for, if so, I would have to know something about the maker. Chappel looked me resolutely in the face.

"I'm going to admit something to you, Mr. Wellford," he said, "that is pretty humiliating. I didn't know that paper was a note. I thought it was some kind of a check. That's how much I know about business!"

Then the whole thing came out. The day before, a man named Charlie White, who ran a little hotel near the Southwestern Railroad station, had come into the chinaware store and picked out an assortment of goods amounting in value to sixty dollars. When that was done he pulled out his fountain pen and a blank form, which he filled out in a confident manner and handed to Chappel with the remark that he supposed his signature was good. Chappel, thinking it some new kind of check, replied that it was quite satisfactory.

Having got started, it was easy for Chappel to tell me more. He had begun business a year or so previously on a couple of thousand dollars he had saved up while clerking in one of the department stores, and was already in rather deep water with his creditors. He admitted that he knew nothing about the actual running of a business except the selling part, and now was finding that was not enough. He seemed to be pretty well discouraged and told me frankly he didn't know whether he could pull through or not. It wasn't so much losing his business, he said; what he hated was the thought that he might have to go through the rest of his life owing people money that he could never pay.

I told Chappel to come back again the next morning and to bring with him whatever records he had that would show what condition his business was in. It seemed to me that here was a chance for constructive banking. Of course it looked pretty bad that a man who was in business didn't know the difference between a note and a check: but when I told Mr. Outcault about it he laughed and said he was fully that ignorant himself when he started in the mercantile line thirty years before. I have always remembered Mr. Outcault's further comment.

"If the credit dispensers of the country knew how little actual business knowledge some of their customers have," he said, "there would be a lot of deaths from heart failure. Now this young fellow Chappel has got a lot to learn, but he is evidently honest. I don't mean just honest in wanting to pay his debts, but honest in admitting his ignorance. He isn't vain, and you can always do something with a man like that. It's the conceited man who is impossible. The fellow who is always looking for admiration just can't tell quite the whole truth about himself, and so you never know exactly where you stand with him."

It wasn't hard, when Chappel brought his books to the bank next day, to learn where his troubles came from. Like a lot of beginners, he had made no formal arrangements for credit, but bought his goods here and there, from any firm that offered to sell him. He was owing money in at least fifty places, when half a dozen good houses could have supplied him everything he needed. Some of the firms to which he owed past-due accounts had been writing him sharp letters, and one or two were threatening to sue.

According to his books Chappel was doing enough business to get along all right if he just knew how to finance. It wouldn't have been good banking at the time to offer him a loan, but we did the next best thing in extending to him the moral support of the Merchants State Bank. At Mr. Outcault's suggestion he wrote to each of his larger creditors explaining frankly his position and asking for extra time on his bills in order that he might clear his books of the smaller accounts. In each of the letters he stated that the firm might write to the Merchants State Bank for confirmation of his statement.

To make a long story short, Chappel gained enough time to settle with his pressing creditors and get his outstanding obligations into the hands of a few houses that were willing to carry him along on his promise that he would concentrate his purchases. It may be that he could have done this without our help, but I am inclined to believe it was his reference to the Merchants State Bank that bolstered his standing to the point where his creditors were willing to give him the time he needed.

No one can answer this question positively, but one thing is sure: The bank would not have had a chance to extend its help if the executives had followed old-time custom and held themselves in obscure private offices. In time the George Chappel Company became one of Southton's solid enterprises, and more than once George Chappel himself has told me that it was only because he had actually to pass my desk that, on the spur of the moment, he decided to confess his business limitations to me.

I wish I could say the Merchants State Bank was equally successful in engineering the collection of the note signed by Charlie White and trustfully accepted in exchange for an assortment of hotel crockery. We did our best, but unfortunately the sheriff was in charge of the hostelry before the paper matured.

I wonder if many people realize the changes in everyday life that business has brought about during the past twenty-odd years. Every Main Street in America has been revolutionized. For example, when I became cashier of the Merchants State Bank of Southton in 1904, there were perhaps half a dozen automobiles in the city. Filling stations had not yet been invented, and owners of cars bought their gasoline at grocery stores; those who were adventurous enough to drive out into the open country were never sure of getting back under their own power. We had no chain grocery stores or ladies' ready-to-wear stores. Radio stores were, of course, still many years off. Our only motion-picture palace was a novelty installed in a vacant room formerly occupied by an unsuccessful quick-lunch restaurant, the front made to look like a Pullman car, and customers were charged ten cents for a synthetic ride along the rapids below Niagara Falls or through the Royal Gorge in Colorado. Only the more important business houses had telephones; for a private family to install a phone was a mark of social distinction.

As a member of the banking fraternity I would like to say that it was the bankers of the country who brought about the remarkable economic progress of the past two decades, but candor compels me to admit that in the beginning, at least, banking followed business, not led it. When business created a new convenience like the telephone or automobile, it actively campaigned to educate the public to the use of that convenience. Banking was inclined to sit back in dignified conservatism and wait for things to happen.

In 1904 not one of the five banks in Southton had ever spent a single dollar in real advertising. To be sure, all took space in the newspapers, but it was an open secret that the expenditure was merely a good-will offering intended to keep us on friendly terms with the newspaper publishers. The character of these announcements was always the same, consisting of the names of the officers and directors, and the amount

(Continued on Page 73)

Living Room
Suite No. 915
Chair No. 353

A sure sign of superior quality

The Kroehler Blue Ribbon Label*

FOR those of artistic taste, yet to whom *value* is important, Kroehler offers a new development in luxurious living room furniture and davenport beds. Each beautiful design is identified by the Kroehler "Blue Ribbon Quality" label.

These beautiful Blue Ribbon Quality models are the newest vogue in design and in coverings. Each piece is a striking example of artistic craftsmanship. Yet, no designs of comparable beauty, style and comfort cost so little. In fact, they are almost *revolutionary values*—that any average home can afford.

This is due to the vast purchasing power and tremendous production facilities of the mammoth Kroehler shops—largest of their kind in all the world—where manufacturing costs are very low.

See these beautiful designs at your dealer's store. Note the moderate prices.

The remarkably long life of Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality furniture, its enduring grace and luxuriousness, are due to the famous "Hidden Qualities." As an example, the Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality frame is of selected, kiln-dried hardwood, strongly braced, glued, doweled and corner-blocked. *Not soft wood merely nailed together.*

Hidden Qualities

Resilient, non-sagging seat springs of Premier quality wire interlock with a spring steel understructure. *Far stronger and more durable than the usual webbing.* Filling is of finest quality sterilized 4-X grade moss and clean, white felted cotton. Seat cushions are filled with patented, yielding coil springs, thickly padded with clean, white felted cotton.

The folding frame of the Kroehler Davenport Bed is all-steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric and helical springs. Ample space for removable mattress and bedding.

Your nearest Kroehler dealer will be glad to show you the Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality Designs. They come in a wide variety of coverings, in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, linen frieze and moquette, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

Most dealers are glad to arrange convenient terms.

Watch for newspaper announcements of Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality Designs and see the display at your dealer's

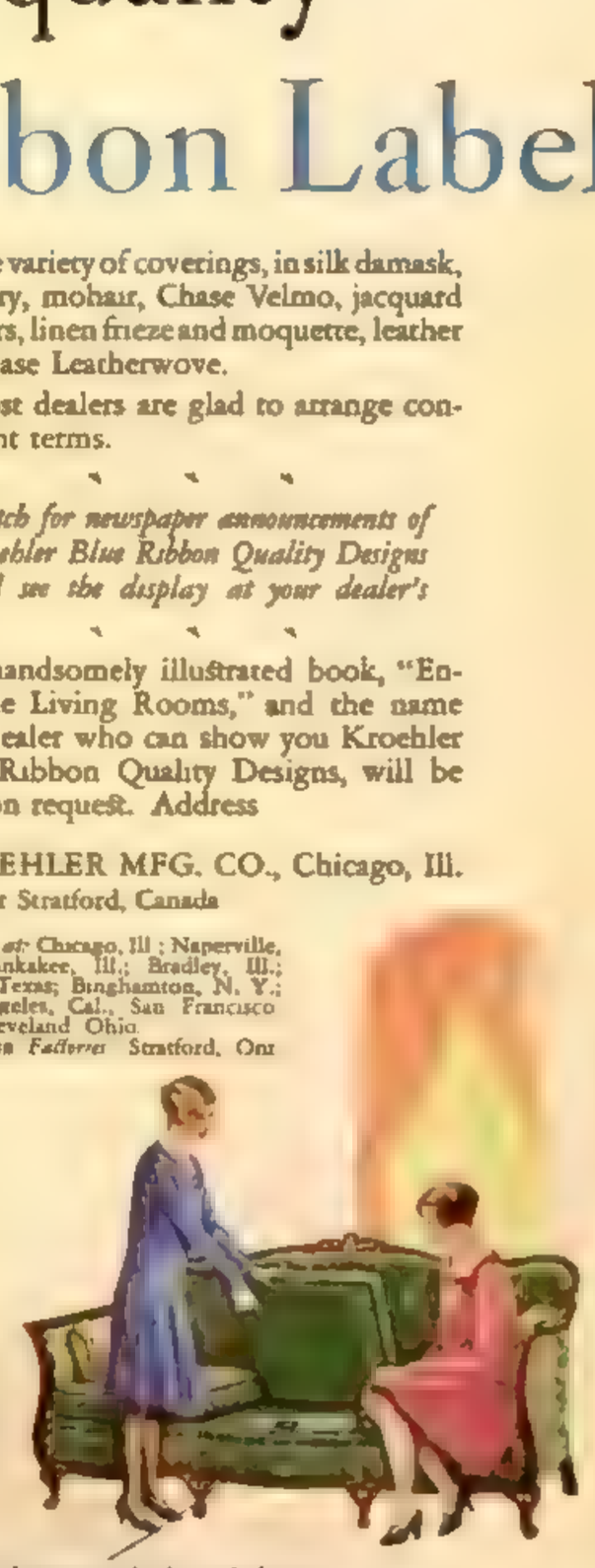
Our handsomely illustrated book, "Enjoyable Living Rooms," and the name of a dealer who can show you Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality Designs, will be sent on request. Address

KROEHLER MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.
or Stratford, Canada

Factories at: Chicago, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Dallas, Texas; Binghamton, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco Cal., Cleveland Ohio.
Canadian Factories Stratford, Ont.

KROEHLER

LIVING ROOM FURNITURE



On davenports, davenport beds and chairs the Kroehler Blue Ribbon Quality Label is sewed on the deck underneath cushion

YOUR HOME SHOULD COME FIRST

THE MIRACLE OF MOVIES

That You Make Yourself

Today thousands are making home movies with professional results. Everything is simple and automatic. No tripod. No grinding crank. No troublesome developing. Complete Home Movie outfit now costs only $140.

DO you believe in miracles? If you could make a movie of your children with all the sparkling beauty and clearness you see in the feature films . . . wouldn't you like to do it?

And if you could see that movie whenever you wished . . . in three, in five, in ten years' time . . . watching your children just as they are today . . . wouldn't you cherish it as your most priceless possession?

Then read these new and almost miraculous facts about Home Movies. They are published in your interest by the world's largest producer of photographic equipment and supplies.

Home Movie-Making Simplified

The hard work is done. The months and years of research have passed. Now, thanks to the effort of Eastman Scientists, Home Movies are as easy to make as the ordinary snap-shot.

The camera is simplicity itself. No need to focus. No grinding crank. Just sight it either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside and the film slides quickly behind the lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality is registered for all time on a thin strip of film. Everything is amazingly simple. The Ciné-Kodak practically does your thinking for you.

Easy to show in your own home

Now comes the greatest thrill of all. When the films are taken, your work is done. We develop them for you at no extra cost, and return them ready to run on your own silver screen.

You simply place them in the Kodascope Projector . . . a remarkably ingenious device for throwing the moving pictures you have made on the portable screen that comes with your Ciné-Kodak outfit.

Just thread this projector and turn the

switch. Then instantly . . . almost magically . . . your screen leaps into action.

The indescribable charm of your children's gestures . . . their smiles . . . their emotions . . . their personality . . . are captured for all time on the film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of a darkened room. Don't let the days and the months slip by without making a movie of your children.

Made by a Famous Company

Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for

Ciné-Kodak

The Simplest of all Home Movie Cameras

the amateur photographer. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making and projection equally simple for you.

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100- and 200-foot reels covering a variety of subjects...comedy, drama, cartoons, travel...are available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per 100 feet, the reel becoming a permanent part of your film library.

Official United States War Department movies of the World War, filmed in action by the Signal Corps, are also available for you to run. War Cinegraphs—200 feet per reel—$15 each. Special authentic war pictures compiled and edited by military experts—"America Goes Over"—2000 feet, taking an hour and a quarter to show, $150.

In addition, feature films, which constitute a complete entertainment and include the biggest screen successes of famous stars, may be secured for a modest rental from the nearest Kodascope Library.

Big production brings low prices

Today, because of the tremendous production facilities of the Eastman Kodak Company, a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the familiar yellow box.

See the Ciné-Kodak display at your nearest Kodak dealer's. Also clip coupon below for interesting booklet.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. SEP-2
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . .

(Continued from Page 70)

of the bank's capital and surplus. Occasionally some adventurous copy writer would add the line: "The resources of this institution are at your service." As a sample of the South's banking conservatism I might cite the fact that almost down to 1900 there were many Southern banks that did not supply pass books or blank checks to their customers. The person who was accepted as a depositor went to a stationery store and purchased those necessities for himself.

When Mr. Outcault and I moved our desks from the rear of the Merchants State Bank to the front, we unconsciously followed the lead of those commercial houses and manufacturers that were trying to make it easy for people to do business with them. Our next move was a perfectly obvious one, though for more than a year thereafter we did not think of it, which is often the way with obvious things. One day Mr. Outcault and I were checking over the running expenses of the bank for the previous year, and under the heading of publicity we found a total of about $3000, which was the money we had spent with the newspapers and for notices in the programs of lodge entertainments, labor-union celebrations, and the like. Mr. Outcault smiled grimly and suggested as a joke that we might as well lump it all together under the head of donations, for that was what it really amounted to.

"We don't really seem to practice what we preach," I joked back. "If some business man came in here for a loan and confessed he was throwing away $3000 a year, we'd turn him down in a hurry. But that's exactly what we're doing ourselves."

Nothing more was said at the time, but it started me to thinking, and a few days later I told Mr. Outcault I had a scheme for getting something out of our $3000-a-year publicity expense. He asked what my scheme was.

"Merely this," I said: "When we put an advertisement in a newspaper, or in the program of the United Order of Oriental Poo Bahs' annual picnic, let us say something."

He asked me to explain in language that he could understand.

"If you will look at one of our so-called advertisements," I remarked, "it won't be necessary for me to explain. We never print anything except: 'The Merchants State Bank, Guenther T. Outcault, President; Boyd Wellford, Cashier; Capital, $100,000. Checking accounts accepted.' Now I contend that is not saying anything. It isn't even news. It doesn't interest anybody and it doesn't bring us any business. Perhaps we gain the good will of the newspaper people and of the lodge brothers, but I'm not even sure of that. Genuine good will grows out of transactions where both sides make a profit. Of course it's our own fault that we don't make a profit out of our publicity, but those people would like us a good deal better if we insisted that the publicity we pay for should bring us some business."

"Your argument sounds all right," was Mr. Outcault's comment, "but what can we do about it?"

"We can do just what any business house or any manufacturer does," I answered. "We can make our advertisements sound as though they were written by human beings. We've got something to sell, so why not plainly ask people to come in and buy?"

Certainly it is significant of the changing viewpoint of recent years that in 1905 a man so progressive as Guenther T. Outcault should have been scandalized at my modest proposal.

"If you mean, Boyd," he said, "that the Merchants State Bank should advertise like a department store, should ask people for deposits, then I must tell you that I don't approve of it. I think it wouldn't be quite ethical."

Nevertheless, he came around to my way of thinking eventually, and gave me permission to try my hand at humanizing our publicity. I always liked to write; as a boy in school I took more interest in the composition class than anything else, so the work I took on myself meant more than merely gaining depositors for the bank. My principal difficulty lay in the fact that I had very little to write about. The Merchants State Bank had no savings department then. We had no safety boxes for rent. The Christmas Club idea had not yet been invented, and we did not sell travelers' checks. I was in the fix of an author who has a great urge for self-expression but is short on things to write about.

Help came to me from a quite unexpected source in the person of Howard Monks, our assistant cashier. After his first natural disappointment at failing to get the appointment as cashier, Mr. Monks grew to be very friendly toward me in his stiff, austere way, and I came to entertain a great respect for him. Though he had been held back all his life by his peculiar lack of diplomacy, he was really a man of considerable depth; and after banking hours we often sat together to discuss affairs of the day. He showed quite a bit of interest in my plan of humanizing the bank's public announcements, and one afternoon evolved an argument that, so far as I know, had never been expressed before and even now, I believe, is not generally recognized.

"Why don't you write a little pamphlet," he said, "and explain how people in a city like Southton can promote their own prosperity by using their banks more?"

I asked him how such a theory could be worked out.

"It's as plain as can be," he answered. "The chamber of commerce and the merchants' association are always preaching about the people spending their money at home, which is all right as far as it goes. But no one has ever told how much good would accrue if all the idle money of the community were in the banks, where it could be loaned out as needed to stimulate business. There are at least half a dozen wholesale and manufacturing concerns here that have to borrow money in New York because the Southton banks aren't able to supply them with as much as they need. Probably they would have to do some outside borrowing anyhow, but it would be a lot less if everyone in town would have a bank account and pay his bills with checks, instead of keeping a roll of currency in his pocket or under the parlor carpet. It sounds funny to say it, but money is really in circulation only when it is in the banks."

I acted on Mr. Monks' suggestion and wrote a little series of paragraphs under the heading, Promoting Prosperity, which I ran in the newspapers in the space where formerly we printed our stiff announcements. Once, for example, I told how the shoe dealers of Southton had to lay in their supplies of shoes at the beginning of each season, and explained how the banks helped finance these purchases so the dealers could have on their shelves what their customers demanded. At other times I wrote in a similar way about the clothing merchants, the hardware merchants, and so on; and always I pointed the moral that the citizens could help their town by keeping their spare cash in the banks, where it was available, and could be loaned for the needs of these various industries. Later these paragraphs were incorporated in a pamphlet that was distributed by the chamber of commerce.

I wish I could say my venture into authorship instantly vivified the banking institutions of Southton, but candor compels me to admit that at first I received more blame than praise. Outside of our own bank and the Southton National, then beginning to progress under the astute presidency of Dr. Axro Cummings, all the other financial institutions were directed by men who had survived the panic of 1893 and who, it was joked around town, gave more attention to surviving than anything else. I heard that when Mr. Lowry Walker, cashier of the Planters Bank over on Market Street, read my first newspaper treatise his remark was:

"If I were a private citizen and some banker asked me to open an account with him, I would think his bank was getting ready to go broke."

Nevertheless, a little story came to us later that took the sting out of Mr. Walker's sarcastic observation. We were showing a healthy increase in deposits all the time, as was also the Southton National; and naturally the others began to adopt more up-to-date methods so as to swim with the current. Even the Planters, the most conservative institution in town, moved its executives out of their private offices to more conspicuous stations at the front, a proceeding that must have hurt Mr. Walker's feelings, for he was a man who mightily cherished the dignity of his position, even though his importance was a bit dimmed at times by the veto power of his board of directors.

A local wag once said of him: "Oh, yes, Mr. Lowry Walker is a very big man—every day except Friday. That's the day his loan committee meets."

Anyhow this was the story: At the Merchants Bank we believed the more people we could get to come into our place, the better chance we had to make friends and ultimate depositors. It happened that the office of the local gas-and-electric company was on one of the side streets, not especially convenient for the general public to reach, and we conceived the idea that it would work in with our campaign of educating people to the more widespread use of the banking institutions of the city if we would offer to accept payments of gas and electric-light bills and thus save people the trouble of going to the Public Service Company's office.

Mr. Outcault himself made arrangements for this with the Public Service Company and then saw the officers of the other banks, all of whom, including the Planters, agreed to accept these payments. One day, a month or so after the plan had been put into effect, an old fellow named Ed Larrabee, who had made a fortune as a railroad contractor and had lately come to town to live, walked into the Planters Bank with the intention of paying his electric-light bill. In spite of the efforts of his socially ambitious wife and daughters, old Ed was no Chesterfield either in dress or manners; and when he saw Mr. Lowry Walker sitting at his mahogany desk just inside the doorway he shoved his bill under the latter's nose and inquired:

"Hey, mister, where can I pay thees thing?"

Mr. Walker looked stonily at him and replied: "I don't know. Ask one of the clerks."

Old Ed ambled down past the line of wicket and eventually found the clerk whose duty it was to receive electric-light payments. That done, he presented himself again before Mr. Walker.

"Say, mister," was his inquiry, "how long you been working in this bank?"

"I have been cashier of this institution," Mr. Walker responded impressively, "for more than twenty years."

"Well, well," said Ed with a great show of astonishment, "I wouldn't hardly believe it that a man could work in a bank twenty years and know so little about it." He grabbed Mr. Lowry Walker by the shoulder and turned him halfway around, at the same time pointing to the rear of the bank. "So you'll know next time," he said earnestly, "I'll tell you where electric-light bills can be paid. It's at that last window on the right!"

The story went around town for a while, was laughed over and dropped, as such things are. But the incident always stuck in my mind as an example of what not to do in business. If the Planters Bank did not want to go into the gas-and-electric-light project whole-heartedly, it was better off to have stayed out entirely, for then no one could be offended. But having gone in, it was up to the bank to give service. Since then I have seen more than one ambitious corporation come to grief because it invited the public's patronage before it was ready to take care of the business its publicity produced.

Banks in those days were free to do pretty much as they pleased, and I must admit that sometimes we were pleased to go rather far in our desire to expand our business. I recall one occasion when without any warning a lot of checks in various amounts came in for payment, signed by someone named Donald Stone. Some were deposited by our own customers and some were sent in through other local banks. We had no account under that name, and Wylie Taggart, one of the tellers, came to me and asked what it all meant. I knew no more about it than he did, and went to Mr. Outcault. He looked at the signature and inquired how much the checks totaled.

Upon being told it was in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars, he remarked: "That's all right; go ahead and pay them. Take care of any others that come in too. I'll get it straightened out after a bit."

It was perhaps a week later that one day as Mr. Outcault was going out to lunch he spied a man going past the door, whom he called in, and after chatting a few minutes, he went back to the vault and got out the Donald Stone checks. When the man saw them he threw up his hands.

"Great grief, how did I come to do that!" he ejaculated. "I meant to draw them on the Reed National. There's where my account is."

Donald Stone, it seemed, was a man from the Clearcreek section whom Mr. Outcault knew, and who had recently bought a home in Southton. The place needed fixing up and he had employed several small contractors for different jobs. When he came to pay them off he used a pad of blank checks that he happened to find in the house, not noticing that they were on the Merchants State, instead of his regular bank. When he learned that Mr. Outcault had honored his signature, he gratefully offered to open an account with us and we as gratefully accepted him as a customer.

At another time we received from a New Orleans bank a check drawn on us by one of our depositors—a retired planter named Redfield—for $7500. The man had a balance of less than $1000 at the time, and our records showed his balance was seldom much greater than that, but Mr. Outcault O. K.'d it for payment. Fully a month later Mr. Redfield walked into the bank and remarked casually that he had been in New Orleans at the automobile show, and seeing a fine car that pleased him he had given a check for it and had driven the car home, stopping to visit relatives on the way. He straightened out the check transaction by giving us part cash and a note for the rest.

It is just as well that present-day banking rules discourage such financial amenities, for they can easily be carried too far where there is keen competition for business. Though we went pretty far at times, we were, at the Merchants Bank, fairly conservative as a whole. Our main idea was to educate the public to the increased use of the banks as a means of promoting the prosperity of Southton, and in this we were reasonably successful. In the five-year period from 1905, when the Merchants State Bank first began to advertise like a business firm, the number of our depositors more than doubled, and the other local banks also had substantial gains.

Whatever my authorship activities may or may not have done for the banking business of the community, they had for me personally the happiest of results. I made an arrangement with the assistant secretary of the chamber of commerce to furnish me with the names of families and individuals who had moved to town, and to all such people I sent letters saying the Merchants State Bank would be glad to have their accounts, and promised in return to do anything we could in the way of advice and information about finding suitable homes, and so on. One of the local enterprises was the Southton Seminary for Girls, a sizable institution that drew students from half a dozen states and employed about twenty teachers. At that time a very small proportion of bank depositors were women, but we sent our letters to these teachers along with the rest.

(Continued on Page 76)

Seven New Creations by Fisher Artist-Engineers

Two and Four-Door Sedans, Landau, Coupe, Sport Coupe, Sport Roadster, Sport Phaeton, embodying New Ultra Modern Styling, New 171-inch Over-all Length, New Radiator Design, New Longer, Lower Windows, New Wider Flush Doors, New Silenced Interior, New Roominess, New Upholsteries and Finish, V-V Windshield, All-Black Steering Wheel, Distinctive Appointments.

New Larger High-Compression Engine

developing 55 horse power and augmented by Rubber Cushioned Mounting, Crankcase Ventilation, New Fuel Pump, Oil Filter, Air Cleaner, New Controlled Cooling System, Pressure Lubrication, Thermostatic Charging Control, Full Automatic Spark Control. Performance is further enhanced by New Rubber Core Clutch, Vertical Radiator Shutters, and New Electrical Starter.

OLDSMOBILE *presents* THE FINE CAR OF LOW PRICE

New—completely new! New, larger and *two years ahead*—in not only the form but the whole spirit of its styling and engineering.

A new Six surpassing in performance, revealing great strides in speed and smoothness. New in handling ease, in riding comfort. New and gratifying in every factor of satisfaction.

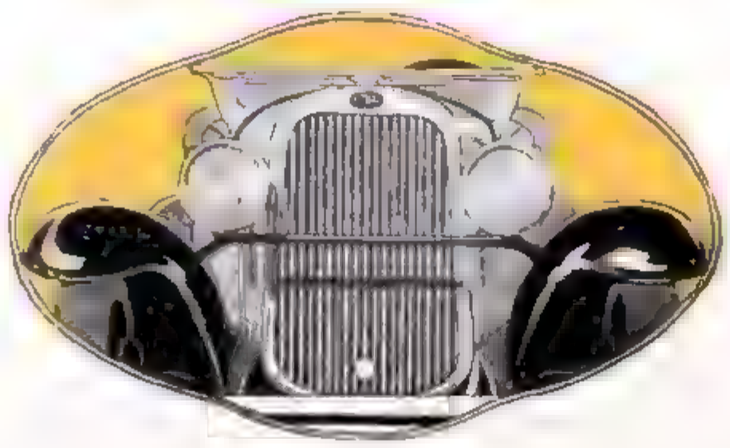
In short a General Motors triumph, the culmination of two years' constant, earnest labor put into its design and construction. A finished product, proved by a *million miles* of testing on the General Motors Proving Ground. The confirmation and reward of Oldsmobile's cherished ambition to produce *The Fine Car of Low Price*.

Never have Fisher artist-engineers achieved more voguish styling—longer, lower, alive with vivid colors. And yet this daringly modish new body by Fisher is only the surface evidence of General Motors progressiveness. This new Oldsmobile sweeps away all former conceptions of values—of luxury, comfort, roadability, long life, economy and performance.

If it is speed you want, just drive this new Oldsmobile. If it is smoothness you seek, you will be amazed to find acceleration so smooth and flowing that it has been compared to the steady, "stageless" pickup of an electric motor. If power is important to you, here is a new, larger *high-compression* engine developing 55 horse power without the use of special fuel. And even with more speed and more power, here also is greater operating economy.

So swift, so smooth, so quiet, so comfortable, so easy to drive and so good looking is this new Oldsmobile, that you will agree with the man who inspected it and said—

"*You can buy a bigger car, but not a better one.*"



New Comfort, New Convenience and New Safety

New Special Springs, Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, New Silenced Interior, Steering Wheel Control of Twin Beam Headlights, Fisher V-V Windshield, Automatic Windshield Wiper, Temperature Thermometer and Gasoline Gauge on Instrument Panel, Rear View Mirror, Traffic Light, Theft-Proof Lock, Rubber Cushioned Bumpers both Front and Rear, and Four-Wheel Brakes.

Finishing Touches of Smartness and Quality

are New Semi-Bullet Headlights, New Sweeping Full-Crown Fenders, Low-Swung Frame of New Super Ruggedness, Chromium Plating, Cadmium Plating of Exposed Nuts and Screws, New Instrument Panel with Indirectly Illuminated Instruments under One Glass, New Smaller Wheels with 28 x 5.25 Balloon Tires, and New Vertical Shuttered Radiator . . . *The Fine Car of Low Price.*

(Continued from Page 73)

One Saturday along in October I was sitting at my desk when I noticed a young lady at one of the customers' tables who seemed to be in difficulties over a slip of paper she had before her. She would dip the pen in ink resolutely and make as if to write, but pause before putting it to paper and look around uncertainly. I had half risen to go and ask if I could be of assistance, when she picked up the paper and came toward my desk. I had only time to notice that she had an extremely agreeable, cheerful face that was set off by brown hair and a blue hat, with a high-necked and large-sleeved dress of the same color. She smiled deprecatingly when she spoke.

"I am afraid," she said, "I shall have to ask how one writes out a check. I've never had a bank account before."

I took the blank check and showed her where she should write out in words the sum she wished to draw and where the amount should be indicated in figures. Her signature she wrote in firm upright stroke—Ellen Bennett. When all was finished she laughed cheerfully.

"Isn't it perfectly ridiculous," she said, "that a school-teacher should be so ignorant?"

Her accent was so unmistakable that I made bold to ask if she might not be from Virginia.

"Why, yes, I am," she responded. "But how should you know?"

"Because," I answered, "you said 'pairfectly.' No one can pronounce it that way except a native-born Virginian."

She replied that my surmise was correct and that she had recently come to Southton to take a position as art teacher at the Southton Seminary for Girls. Her family lived in the western part of Virginia, not many miles from my own native village of Byers. She had studied in Richmond and later in Philadelphia, and now for the first time was earning her own living. She had received one of the Merchants State Bank's letters inviting her to be a customer. A few days previously she had deposited her month's salary, and her present visit was the first time she had occasion to draw against it.

Luckily for me, Miss Bennett had met my sister Harriet when in school at Richmond and this served as a synthetic introduction that gave an excuse for me to ask permission to make a social call. If this were a story of romance I might trace the steps of our ripening friendship, but it will be enough to say that her career as an art teacher ended the following June; and in October, just a year after our first meeting, we were married at her home in Virginia. Of our marriage, in the light of more than twenty years, I can only say this: We have never known a moment when either of us would have married anyone else.

Twenty-five years ago the country was just beginning to enter on what might be called the Chamber of Commerce Era. It came to the South a little later than to other sections, but once the idea took hold, it was pushed with extraordinary vigor and enthusiasm. When I went to Southton in 1903, we had a business men's club that was supposed to promote civic expansion, but it was a rather amateur affair, employing only a part-time secretary, and regarded as a social rather than a business organization. It was not until 1906 that we followed the example of other cities of our size and importance and changed our business men's club into a regular chamber of commerce, soliciting membership among all classes of business men and employing a full-time secretary.

As is so often the case when an idea is new, there was an exaggerated confidence in the efficacy of organization, a childlike belief that our chamber of commerce would somehow work miracles of community development. We started the new regime with a grand banquet at the Mansion House, at which the governor of the state was guest of honor and a young attorney named Sam Bartlett, who had political ambitions, was the principal local speaker. I can still recall the exact wording of Sam's peroration.

"If all the forests of all the world," he declaimed, "were converted into one great sheet of paper; if all the metals of the earth were forged into one colossal pen; if all the ink were poured into one huge bottle—still this paper, this pen, this ink, would not be adequate to write the future glories of this city we call Southton!"

I don't know if Sam invented these optimistic sentiments, but I have heard the same words spoken many times since at booster gatherings, with only the name of the community changed.

Frank Hayes, of the jewelry firm of Hayes & Wilson, was elected president of our new chamber of commerce, and it happened that I was named as one of the directors. For executive secretary a man named Martin Burke, who came from California, was engaged at a salary of $3000 a year.

This Martin Burke was typical of the commercial secretary of those days. He was about thirty-five years old, a short, sturdy man with an eager face and unlimited energy who believed the function of a chamber of commerce was to make as much stir as possible. Once installed in office, he began a hectic campaign for new industries, and scarcely a week passed but that the board of directors was called together in special meeting to confer with plausible strangers who came to town with schemes for making Southton a bigger, better city. I recall that we were successively offered a brewery, an overall factory, an abattoir and a cereal-food plant on terms that predicated cash bonuses to be paid the promoters. One earnest citizen came all the way from Cincinnati to say he would start a clothing store in Southton if we would pay him $5000. We informed him that we already had clothing stores whose owners had established them without being paid to do so; to which he replied that the store he proposed to establish would be such an outstanding one that people would come from far and near to trade with him, and so would be a great asset to the city. As one of our directors, Henry Peyser, happened to be a clothing merchant, the optimist from Cincinnati got little encouragement.

It was about this time that I first had opportunity to study at close range the technic of a really high-pressure promoter. After Ellen and I were married I left the Mansion House, where I had lived previously, and we moved to our own home; but I frequently went to lunch at the hotel, and one day I noticed at the side entrance a handsome automobile in charge of a liveried chauffeur. The car had a banner on its hood on which was lettered, "New York to El Paso," and in the tonneau were two fine Boston terrier dogs. Quite a little knot of people were gathered about, for in 1906 few in Southton had seen an automobile capable of making such a trip, and the Bostons were a little-known breed to our local dog fanciers. Just then a tall distinguished-looking man of perhaps forty, wearing an automobilist's cap and a tweed suit of fashionable cut, came out of the hotel and stepped into the car. Before ordering the chauffeur to start he spoke genially to one or two of the onlookers about his dogs, of which he appeared very proud. Altogether he gave the impression of being an exceedingly prosperous man whose prosperity had not turned his head in the least.

Several times after that I saw the same man around the Mansion House, and was told he was stopping there for a time before continuing his trip over the ragged highways to the West. The general impression was that he was a New York financier on his way to inspect mining properties in Mexico. His name was James L. Spencer.

One day Martin Burke came rushing into the Merchants State Bank from his office at chamber-of-commerce headquarters to tell me that the visit of James L. Spencer might mean great things for the future of our city. Seventy miles to the south of us was a fertile section known as the Grand River Valley, that was naturally in our trade territory, but we had never been able to capitalize our advantage for lack of direct railroad connections. People of that section were obliged to travel more than 140 miles to reach us, and in consequence their trade went largely to other centers. For years there had been talk of building a road, but no group had ever been able to raise the necessary capital. Burke was near bursting with excitement and pride in his own cleverness.

"I've been talking with Mr. Spencer," he said, "and have got him interested in building a railroad to Grand River Valley. He's consented to meet the chamber-of-commerce directors this afternoon. Don't fail to be there."

He rushed off to acquaint the other directors of his enterprise in interesting James L. Spencer, the wealthy sportsman capitalist of New York, in our railroad ambitions. It turned out that Burke's version was not strictly correct, for it was Mr. Spencer himself who had asked for an interview with the chamber-of-commerce officials, but this detail was not inquired into when we assembled for the interview later in the day. The chamber of commerce occupied quarters on the second floor of a building on a side street, above a real-estate office; and when I arrived Mr. Spencer's expensive automobile with the chauffeur and Boston terriers was already parked at the curb. In comparison, the uncarpeted stairway leading up to our chamber-of-commerce headquarters seemed unusually plain and shabby.

This sense of difference was still more marked when our directors were assembled in the board room to confer with the distinguished stranger. We had come directly from our stores and offices, dressed in our everyday clothes, some without vests and one or two distinctly needing shaves. James L. Spencer was clothed in an immaculate black cutaway coat, white waistcoat and gray pin-stripe trousers. His nails were beautifully manicured and on the little finger of his right hand was his only piece of jewelry, a heavy signet ring with a crest engraved in the red-brown stone. Yet somehow this meticulousness of dress gave no hint of studied superiority. Rather, it was as though Mr. Spencer was to meet a body of gentlemen whom he held in high regard and endeavored to show this feeling by appearing at his punctilious best.

In the short talk he made after being formally introduced by Frank Hayes, our president, Mr. Spencer contrived to carry out this impression of deferential courtesy.

"I have become quite interested in your city during my short stay here," he said, "and perhaps as an outsider I can appreciate its great possibilities even better than you gentlemen yourselves. What you need most is a railroad to the Grand River Valley section, and it may be that through certain connections in New York I can help you to secure such a line. I have already done a bit of preparatory work."

He opened his brief case and pulled out a miscellany of papers that he spread on the table. He shuffled these about as though searching for something in particular, and then said, with an apologetic smile and gesture:

"I thought I had brought a letter from Wallace Brothers, Limited, of New York and London, but I must have left it in my room at the Mansion House."

We were all tremendously impressed, for until its reverses during the panic of 1907, the British firm of Wallace Brothers, Ltd., was a financial house of first magnitude and had successfully handled development projects in various parts of the South. I glanced around to see how the others were taking it. Our secretary, Martin Burke, was goggle-eyed with the importance of having brought about so momentous an interview. Fat old Henry Peyser, ordinarily the most cynically outspoken of men, sat in fascinated silence, his chubby hands folded across his stomach. Frank Hayes, our president, scribbled an endless chain of figure eights on an old envelope, as he always did when excited.

James L. Spencer explained rapidly what the Southton Chamber of Commerce must do to secure its new transportation line. We would have to raise locally the sum of $100,000, this sum to be given as a bonus to the syndicate building the line, in return for the advantages that would accrue to Southton as the railroad terminus and the home of its general offices. There were other details, but the principal feature was the $100,000 that we were expected to raise among the business people of our city.

Does it seem beyond belief that nine chamber-of-commerce directors, all reasonably successful men in their own affairs, should have voted unanimously to indorse the project of a stranger who gave no guaranty other than his unsupported prediction that a world-famous firm would spend several millions of dollars in consequence of our raising a bonus of $100,000? Yet that is precisely what we did; and any citizen who lived in a small city during the unquestioning optimism of the early Chamber of Commerce Era will understand our action. It is a state of mind hard to describe. We were swayed by civic pride, by the wish to increase the prosperity of our fellow citizens, by self-interest. When Santa Claus in the person of James L. Spencer dropped out of the sky to offer us our hearts' desire, we were in no mood to cavil. In our own business affairs we were professionals, but in our several capacities as chamber-of-commerce directors we were amateurs and believed somehow that ordinary business rules did not apply to city building.

The campaign that followed is still talked of in Southton. Mr. Spencer was good enough to offer his services as campaign director, which offer our people were glad enough to accept, as we had never attempted to raise such a large sum before. Nothing was said about remuneration, and I think the general impression was that he was to donate his services, but as the campaign progressed he intimated diplomatically that he would expect the usual commission of 5 per cent; and rather than appear niggardly, the chamber-of-commerce officials gave him a written contract to that effect.

In my capacity of chamber-of-commerce director I saw a good deal of him during the following two weeks, and I may admit that I still have a sort of left-handed admiration for the energy and resourcefulness he displayed; though even at the time I felt that certain of his schemes for city building were oddly out of keeping with the sportsman-dilettant attitude that was so impressive during his first interview with our directors.

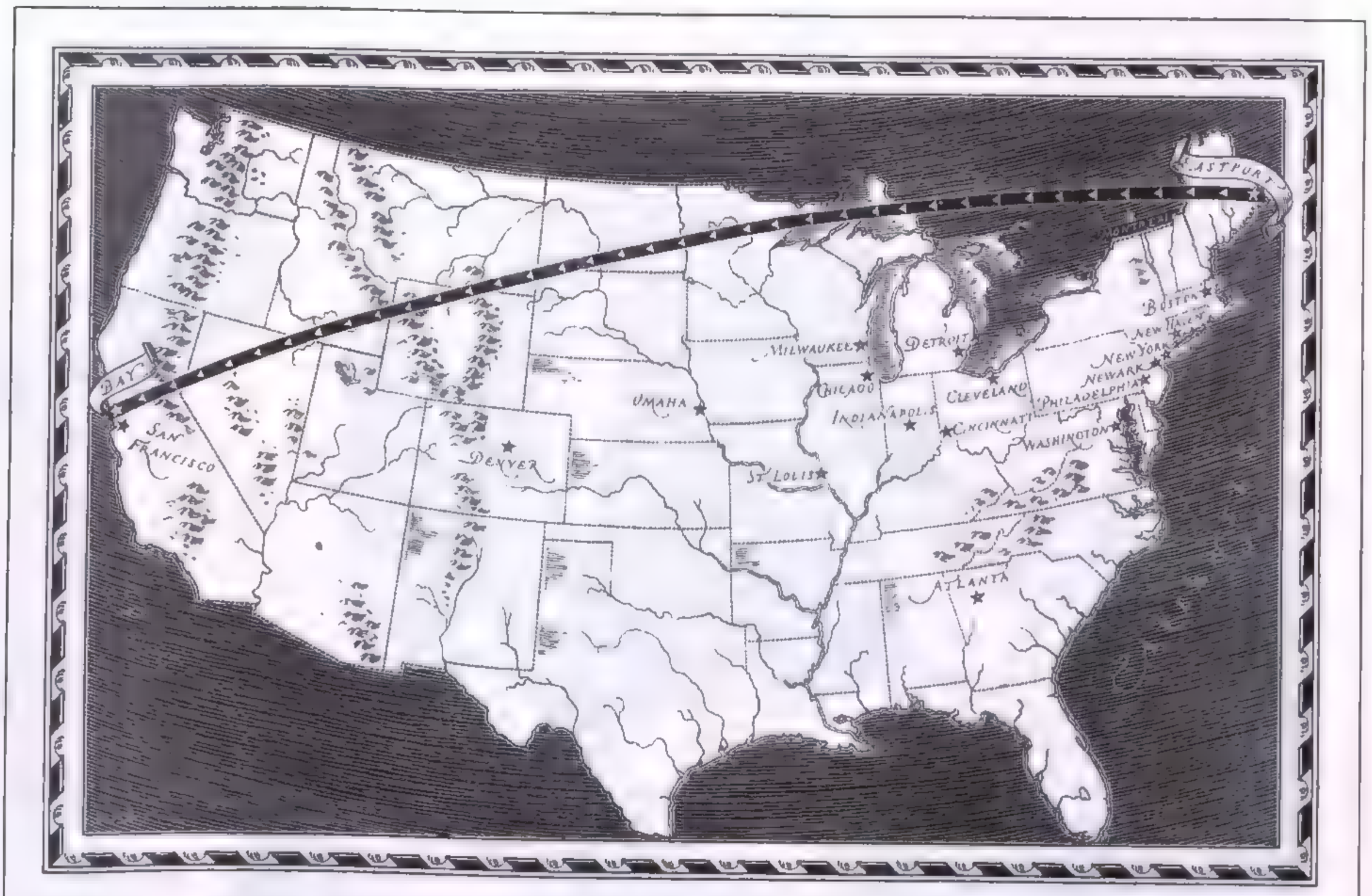
The day previous to our formal canvass for subscriptions, Mr. Spencer staged an extravaganza entitled the Burial of Old Man Mossback, as a sign that Southton had cast off its old-fashioned ways and was about to blossom forth into full-fledged metropolitan status. From some source he borrowed an antiquated hearse, in which was laid a dummy figure of a man with patriarchal whiskers; and this exhibit, drawn by a pair of decrepit mules, paraded the business district during an entire afternoon, preceded by a thirty-piece brass band and followed by a capering crew of the more enthusiastic chamber-of-commerce devotees who roared, over and over, the refrain:

Ta-ra-ra-ra BOOM-de-ay!
Good old Southton BOOMS today!

More than two hundred earnest citizens reported next morning at chamber-of-commerce headquarters to receive their assignments. It was Mr. Spencer's idea that in order to stimulate competition these should be divided into two groups and officered along military lines. The leaders were supplied with arm bands bearing the railway titles of Division Superintendent, Engineers and Conductors. The rank and file wore ribbons on which were printed the words: Section Hand. A reserve force, composed mainly of chamber-of-commerce directors, was told off to interview heads of corporations and others who were counted on for the largest subscriptions, and to wrestle with individuals who had repulsed the

(Continued on Page 80)

The longest *station to station* call within the U.S. now costs only $10



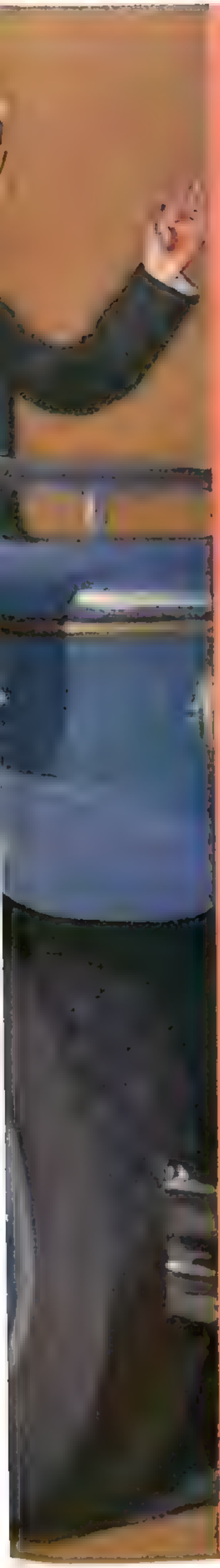
An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

The longest telephone call you can make within the U. S. is from Eastport, Maine, to the town of Bay, California. Under the new rates, the station to station day charge for this call is now only $10.

More than ever you will now be surprised how little long distance calls cost. Business more and more is using the long distance telephone to save trips, buy and sell goods, make appointments and collections, get important things done on time.

A New York company made 14 long distance calls to department stores in 13 cities and sold $37,320 worth of specialties, "all of the transactions having been started and completed by Long Distance at a very nominal cost." A firm of Toledo brokers in one year sold $5,000,000 worth of produce by long distance calls. "Seventy-five per cent of our bean business is done over the telephone. . . . We can get in closer touch with the buyer and understand conditions at his end of the line." In eight months, a tire concern sold $3,180,000 worth of tires by telephone at a sales cost of 2%.

What far-away calls could you profitably make, now? Just ask for the long distance operator and place your call by number . . . it takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*



FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

THE full, viscous body of Texaco Motor Oil, no less than its clear, golden purity, accounts for its acceptance among motorists who know and care.

Dispensed throughout the country in grades appropriate to the requirements of all makes of automobiles.

TEXACO

GOLDEN

MOTOR OIL

The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City

Texaco Petroleum Products

(Continued from Page 78)

lesser committeemen. I was on this reserve force and still keep, as a souvenir of James L. Spencer's inventive genius, a railroad man's cloth cap on which is inscribed in gold letters my branch of service—Construction Gang.

Our campaign for the new railroad progressed with a whoop and a hurrah. Without doubt it savored of childishness, even of buffoonery. It could have happened only in small-town America. Since then I have often wondered what the sedate business leaders of other countries would have thought of the spectacle of 200 Southton executives going about in such fashion to accomplish an important civic matter. Yet whatever the buffoonery, it sprang from a force that must be reckoned with—the effervescing energy of a young race that can still play at its work and make a joke of difficult enterprises. More and more the directing heads of country-wide enterprises are drawn from the small towns and cities; and no man can truly estimate American business life who has not experienced something of the optimistic energy of the small-town chamber of commerce and does not take into account the measureless reserve of will power behind it.

Each evening during our railroad campaign the total of subscriptions was indicated on the great wooden thermometer that James L. Spencer had caused to be set upon a platform in front of the city post office, and at the end of the first week this showed us to be more than three-fourths of the way to our objective of $100,000. Yet with the end in sight the second week proved more difficult than the first. The best prospects, naturally, were already worked. The gas-and-electric company, the street-railway company and the water company had, under pressure, each yielded a more or less unwilling $5000, and each of the five banks $2000. The local managers of Chicago meat corporations and other country-wide concerns, at first claiming immunity as having no authority to make subscriptions, were brought into line by stern telegrams that Mr. Spencer sent to various head offices of the corporations setting forth the fact that the citizens of Southton spent their money only with those who showed a willingness to assist in the upbuilding of their city. Merchants and small business men generally contributed in amounts ranging from $25 to $1000.

Many of the volunteer workers quit at the end of the first week and went back to their stores and offices, leaving only a small band of the faithful to complete the work. James L. Spencer himself was indefatigable. As the campaign progressed he had gradually dropped his sportsman-dilettant manner and become the forceful, driving business executive, constantly devising new schemes to increase the dwindling stream of subscriptions. Nonbusiness people who were owners of real estate had been the most difficult prospects; and through a ruse that could only have originated in the brain of a man of Mr. Spencer's genius, many of these were induced to sign subscription blanks.

Unknown to the chamber-of-commerce officials, Mr. Spencer gave to the newspapers a story that three locations were being considered as sites for the Grand River Valley Railroad station, and one morning squads of men with surveying instruments appeared simultaneously in the localities that had been mentioned. Later Mr. Spencer mobilized a special committee that he himself headed and called upon the owners of near-by property, to whom he represented that the railway station would be located in the section that was most liberally represented upon the subscription list. Not until the campaign was over did our chamber-of-commerce officials know that the surveying squads were made up of members of a carnival company stranded in the city and rehearsed by Mr. Spencer, who had also rented the surveying instruments from a local dealer.

His last project was the most spectacular of all. The limit of subscriptions seemed to have been reached and for an entire day practically nothing was gained, yet Mr. Spencer confidently predicted a successful conclusion and notified the members of the Construction Gang to report at chamber-of-commerce headquarters the next day promptly at ten o'clock. A strange sight greeted us on our arrival. Standing in front was one of the city's steam rollers on which was rigged the semblance of a locomotive cab, smokestack and boiler, and a huge brass bell. Attached to this were three or four trucks borrowed from the Southton Transfer Company. The erstwhile dilettant, James L. Spencer, was in the cab of the comic-opera locomotive, dressed in the blue overalls and jumper of an engineer, and a horde of individuals, whom we came later to know as the carnival workers who had functioned as surveyors, stood on the trucks costumed as railroad men. For the balance of the day our committee went about town to call on citizens whose subscriptions we believed might be increased, and everywhere dogging our footsteps was this impromptu railroad train with its shrill steam whistle, its clanging bell and its yelling crew. That day we reached our $100,000 mark.

I thought my part in our Grand River Valley Railroad drama was finished, but there was a bit more for me to do. Mr. Outcault had carried on my work at the bank during the period of the campaign and seemed willing enough to do so, though I knew he, like others of the Alsatian element, was not quite so sanguine of the new transportation line as the citizenry of native American extraction. I was at the bank bright and early the day after our successful finish, to catch up with a lot of details that only I could do. Mr. Outcault arrived at nine o'clock, as usual; I thought I detected a curious whimsicality in his attitude as he said good morning, but I set it down to the amusement he must have felt when the day before he had seen me trudging the streets to the accompaniment of James L. Spencer's comic-opera railroad train.

In the light of the morning after, I was not so proud of it myself. Directly Mr. Outcault came over to my desk and sat down. He had a telegram in his hand.

"Just who is our friend James L. Spencer, Boyd?" he asked.

I said I didn't know, except that like everybody else I understood he was in some way connected with Wallace Brothers, Limited, of New York and London.

"I'm afraid everybody has been laboring under a bit of a delusion," Mr. Outcault laughed. "A few days ago I got to thinking about this new railroad proposition and decided someone ought to find out just how close Mr. Spencer is to Wallace Brothers. So I wrote their New York office and last night this telegram came."

He spread the yellow sheet on my desk. It read:

HAVE NO ACQUAINTANCE WITH JAMES L SPENCER WOULD NOT CONSIDER FINANCING GRAND RIVER VALLEY RAILROAD AT PRESENT

WALLACE BROS LTD

There was a meeting of the chamber-of-commerce members at eleven, and at Mr. Outcault's suggestion I attended, carrying the telegram with me. The headquarters was still littered with the paraphernalia of the money-raising campaign, and a crowd of jubilant workers was on hand to talk over the exciting events of the previous days. The bell used on Mr. Spencer's imitation locomotive had been brought upstairs, and when I arrived one enthusiastic citizen was hammering on it with a brass ruler while others sang "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" There was talk of a banquet at the Mansion House in honor of James L. Spencer, and of an evening of fireworks and public jollification to celebrate the acquisition of our long-wished-for railroad to Grand River Valley and intermediate points. I got hold of our president, Frank Hayes, and showed him the message from Wallace Brothers. Much disturbed, he called half a dozen of the directors who happened to be present into the board room for a conference, leaving word that if Mr. Spencer appeared he was to be sent in to join us. We had scarcely taken our places around the directors' table when the latter arrived, dressed as we had first met him—in his formal cutaway coat and pin-stripe trousers.

Without a word Hayes handed him the telegram. If it was a surprise to him, Mr. Spencer did not show it, for he read the message, standing, then tossed it on the table.

"Very interesting," he remarked coldly. "But why bother me with it?"

The change from his former expansive friendliness to this frigid impersonality shocked us all into dumbness. Old Henry Peyser was first to become vocal.

"Who should we bother but you?" Henry yelled indignantly. "Ain't you the one that promised Wallace Brothers would build the railroad if we raised a hundred thousand dollars?"

Mr. Spencer turned on him sharply: "I know of no contract to that effect. If you have such a contract, show it to me!"

There was nothing to be said. As directors of the Southton Chamber of Commerce we had allowed our civic enthusiasm to run away with our ordinary business judgment.

Spencer went on: "The only contract I know anything about is one that calls for a payment of 5 per cent to me as director of the successful money-raising campaign I have just conducted for you. If convenient, I'd like to have a check for $5000."

I have no clear recollection of what was said during the uproarious half hour that followed, when one chamber-of-commerce director after the other unburdened himself of his exasperation. Through it all Mr. Spencer remained perfectly calm, renewing from time to time his demand for payment of the commission due him. When someone told him he was going to have a hard time to collect, he only smiled cynically and remarked that it would be awkward for the Southton Chamber of Commerce to be sued on a written contract. In the end a compromise was effected and that same evening James L. Spencer left town with $3000 in his pocket, the sum being paid out of our general chamber-of-commerce fund, for of course we never called for payment of the subscriptions.

I have never been able to figure out Mr. Spencer's ideas in this remarkable project. It may be that he had only in view the commission he could collect as campaign manager. Or it may be he believed, with a bonus of $100,000, he could really interest some financial agency in the building of our railroad, in which case he might collect a commission from both ends.

If the latter was his aim, it was balked by the unexpected message from Wallace Bros., Ltd. Later on, the chamber of commerce itself sent out feelers to a number of prominent concerns it was thought might be interested in the project, but got no encouragement.

Anyhow James L. Spencer was of a remarkable type that unfortunately still flourishes. He was, as we came to know, English born and in his early years served in the British merchant marine, eventually becoming master of a freight boat plying between Liverpool and American Gulf ports. For a time he was shore captain for his company in New Orleans, and when a slump in shipping resulted in abolishing that office he decided to try his luck in the land of opportunity. He worked successively as a book agent, as a salesman of shares in a Florida grapefruit project, and as organizer of lodges for a nation-wide fraternal society. In course of time he adopted his real life work—that of playing Santa Claus to superambitious chambers of commerce.

In after years we heard from him occasionally as he pursued his profession in various parts of the country, for, strangely, he sometimes gave the name of the Southton Chamber of Commerce as reference to prospective clients. Once he was raising money to build a tourist hotel for a North Carolina community. Later he promoted automobile-truck factories in Oklahoma and Texas and was obliged to stand trial as result of too extravagant selling arguments. Once, after I went with the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company of New York, I heard of him in connection with the promotion of a factory in an up-and-coming New Jersey city.

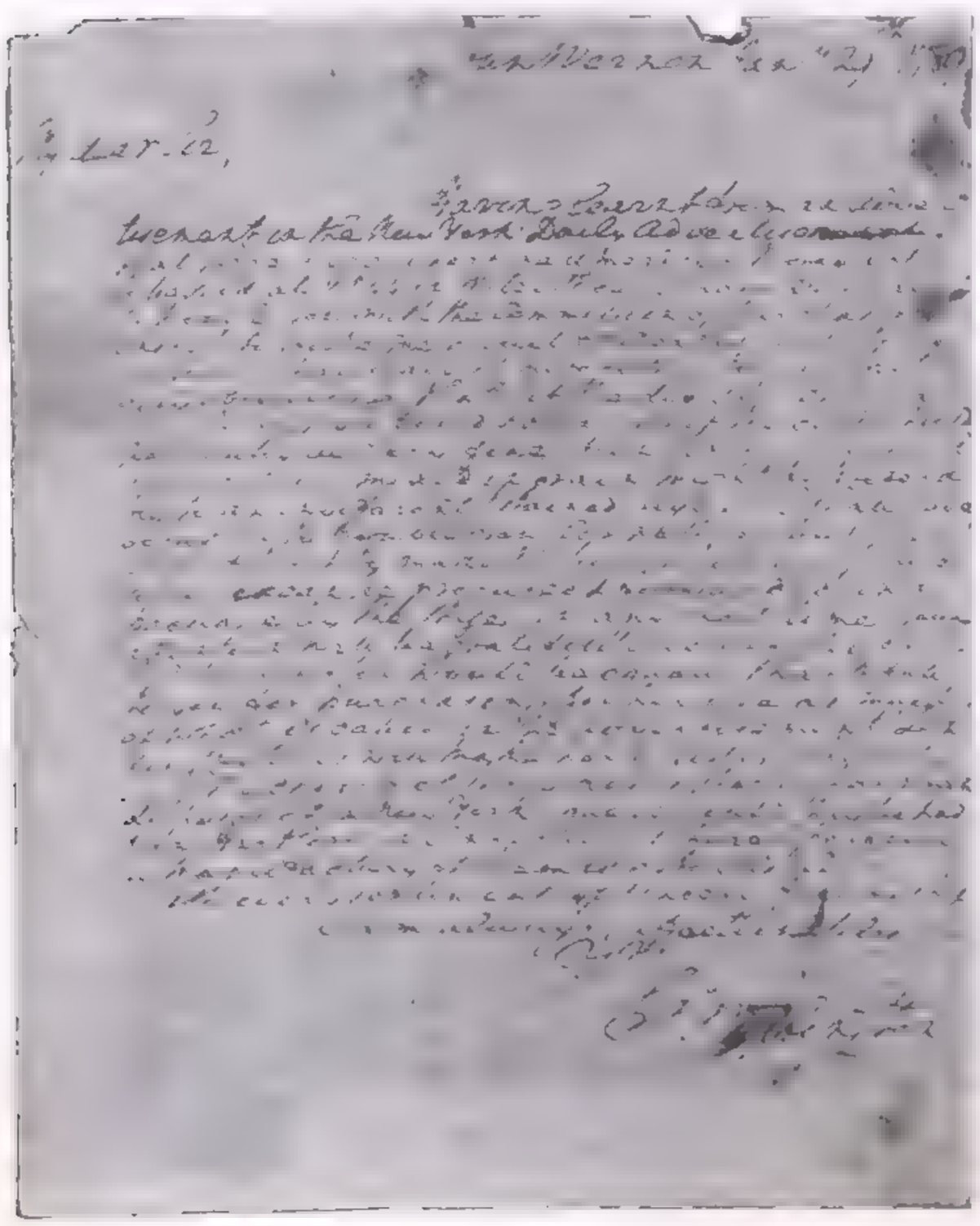
(TO BE CONTINUED)

At Lake Placid, New York

A *Letter from* G. WASHINGTON

In the library of N. W. Ayer & Son is treasured this letter written by

'His Excellency Gen^{l} Washington' *to* 'The Hon^{ble} Maj^{r} Gen^{l} Knox, *New York*' *a few months before the first inaugural. It shows Washington keenly interested in the mercantile life of the new country, as he was, admittedly, in the military and political phases. It gives intimate evidence that the first president was a careful, intelligent purchaser of articles for his own use or for his family. Like Americans today, he was eager to accept the new product, the better product, when informed of it through advertising.*



Mt. Vernon, Jan^{y} 29th 1789

My dear Sir,

Having learnt from an Advertisement in the New York Daily Advertiser, that there were superfine American Broadcloths to be sold at No. 44 in Water Street; I have ventured to trouble you with the commission of purchasing enough to make me a suit of cloaths.—As to the colour, I shall leave it altogether to your taste; only observing, that, if the dye should not appear to be well fixed, & clear, or if the cloth should not really be very fine, then (in my judgment) some colour mixed in grain might be preferable to an indifferent (stained) dye.—I shall have occasion to trouble you for nothing but the cloth, & twist to make the button holes.—If these articles can be procured & forwarded, in a package by the stage, in any short time your attention will be gratefully acknowledged.— Mrs. Washington would be equally thankfull to you for purchasing for her use as much of what is called (in the Advertisement) powder smoke as will make her a riding habit.— If the *choice* of these cloths should have been disposed of in New York—quere could they be had from Hartford in Connecticut where I perceive a manufactury of them is established.—

With every sentiment of sincere friendship
I am always, affectionately
Yrs G. Washington

N. W. AYER & SON

Advertising Headquarters Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco

THIS trail in the snow—how much it says of Goodyear traction! See how every sharp-edged block of the All-Weather Tread leaves clean-cut evidence of its power to grip and hold. This superior *safety,* coupled with *longer, slower wear* and *greater freedom from trouble,* has given the new Goodyear balloon its outstanding position as "THE WORLD'S GREATEST TIRE"

The greatest name in Rubber
YEAR

THE RIVER PIRATE

(Continued from Page 28)

with wondering about this girl at the big home and her connection with the likes of Maggie and Caxton, and what with wondering if Frink had torn his pants, I was fit to be tied.

The rest of the day I just killed. The idea of me going along the docks with Caxton tailing me was foolish. Back at Maggie's I ate a good lunch and smoked a lot. Sailor Frink looked mighty good to me when he came back. We went right up to the room together, though Sailor Frink did have one big beer at the bar. He drank it all without ever lowering the glass.

"Hot it is, this weather, Mag," he said to the woman. "Hotter'n boiler plates on the equator."

Just as soon as we were upstairs I said "Did you tear your pants?"

He looked at me as if he thought I was going cuckoo. His lower lip sagged a little and the scar on his cheek seemed almost twice as long.

"Panta?" he muttered. "Did I tear my pants, says you?"

"Yeah, Caxton ——" I told him what had happened at Kraft's.

"No," he said finally, "I didn't rip my stern canvas. That man's a hoodoo, that he is." I knew he meant Caxton, but he was thinking so hard I did not bother him with more words. I felt safe as long as Frink knew what had happened and was handy to advise me.

He sat on the edge of the bed and rolled a cigarette. I lit up too. Then I sat beside him and watched him think. I was fairly fat then, but as I sat there I kept comparing my size with his, and everything I compared made me feel like a nickel.

"You'll not be lookin' up jobs any more, bucko," he grunted after a long time. "Nary a look from now on. You'll be workin' fer Sailor Frink, that you will. How much money you got?"

"Right now," I told him, "better'n a hundred bucks." I tried to say it casual-like, but I could not. It sounded too much just to say.

"That'll be doin' you fer a while, so it will," he said, more to himself than to me. "You'll be lendin' me what we make fer a month or two, yes?"

"Sure," I answered. "I'll lend you all I got."

"You'll profit by it, matey," he grunted. "There ain't, as I can see, a mite o' sense in wastin' time. Shark an' me has been talkin', so we has. We'll take a place, that we will—a place fer the doin' o' business."

Then he went on and told me the plan. The power boat that the captain of the Nancy had sent to take the stuff out of the boathouse was, Sailor Frink said, just what we needed. It had a good deal of speed, he said, and could be given a lot more by changing its lines somewhat. Shark and himself had decided that we ought to get that boat and also open a little place along the docks and hang out a sign of our own.

That would give us work to do and make people see that we had a way to make money for ourselves. It might throw Caxton off the trail, and that was what we wanted most.

"There's a loft, matey," Sailor Frink told me, "that Shark can git fer a rental of three hun'erd a month, so he can. His people, where he works, had it fer a time an' it's on their hands now, so it is. Shark can sub-let it to me an' do his boss a good turn at the same time, that he can. Then, if Caxton starts fishin' around, all is even an' reg'lar, so it is, an' that is what we needs.

"With the boat to work with an' the loft to store in, we'll be set, that we will, an' we'll do our business open an' free, an' git better prices, so we will—better prices."

"Sure thing," I said, but I would have said the same no matter what he suggested. "Sure. It's a cinch that Caxton is thinkin' about us a lot. Mostly, I guess, because neither of us is workin' an' because both of us has been reformed by a reform school."

"That's it, lad," Frink said in kind of an empty voice—"that's it, so it is. We been reformed an' they knows it."

That night we talked a good deal about the future. After supper at Maggie's we took a long walk along the docks and Frink told me his plan was to steal the boat they had used that morning on the trip to the Nancy, and take it over to our little boathouse and change it so that nobody would ever know it if they saw it.

Then we would rent this loft through Shark. The sailor said the loft was just what we wanted, because one end of it stuck out over the river and we could load into it mighty quick and easy. It was a sure thing that, once we got established and let people see us doing a little business, we could load stolen stuff in the daytime just the same as we did other stuff. Rope and things like that are right hard things to identify.

"We'll take the boat this very night, that we will," Frink declared. "We'll take 'er an' run 'er over to the boathouse. Then we'll be workin' on 'er for a few days, an' when she comes out 'er sister ship won't know 'er."

Things were certainly moving along at a fast pace, but it was all right with me. I knew Shark and Sailor Frink would come pretty close to being right in whatever they did and I was glad to play along any way they wished. We made a plan for me to help Frink steal the boat later in the night, then started back for Maggie's.

It had grown a little late and we knew that the restaurant would be quiet. I kept wondering if Caxton would be there again. Just as soon as I thought about Caxton and Maggie together, I thought about that girl, and just as soon as I thought about the girl I was different.

On the way back we saw a woman coming along the street. She passed under a street light and I pointed her out to Sailor Frink and said, "Maggie. She's got her hat on too. Goin' some place."

Sailor Frink twisted up his lips again, and even though I could not see him I knew just how his scar was twitching. He had always been suspicious of Maggie. He laid his square hand on my arm and drew me back into the shadows of a pier building. We watched her come along the opposite side of the street, and when she had passed us Sailor Frink whispered orders to me that certainly were good news.

"Tail 'er, kid," he said. "Be off after 'er an' tail 'er. Caxton an' her are right close, so they are. Mebbe we'll learn a mite this night, mebbe we will. Don't let 'er wise up, but see where she goes, an' why. Meet me back at the room about two bells, lad—two bells—but tail 'er first."

I just nodded my understanding and was off down the street after Maggie. I thought I knew where she was going.

But Maggie fooled me. She did not take the trolley to the girls' home. She kept on walking across town and I trailed along, all the time wondering more and more if she was going to meet the girl after all. In about fifteen minutes of good fast walking we reached the section of town where moving-picture theaters are common.

There were quite a few people on the streets and I had to draw closer to Maggie in order not to lose sight of her. So it happened that I got a real view of what happened.

Standing in the lobby of a picture theater the girl was waiting for Maggie. She came forward again as she saw the old woman and I heard her laugh and saw her kiss Maggie. I was jealous as a cat over that. Love is funny. The girl was prettier than I thought the first night and there was something about the way she moved around that knocked me goofy.

I got another surprise too. As they went into the bright lobby I saw Maggie turn and smile at the girl, and her blue gums were gone—that is, they did not show. Maggie had put in a set of teeth and they filled out her lips and her cheeks and a fellow would hardly have known her. The two of them were like kids at a circus. It was a cinch they loved each other.

I waited until they got inside, then I bought a ticket and went in and sat near the door so I could see them when they came out. I was not much interested in the picture. I spent the time trying to spot them in the orchestra of the place, but I could not do it. The theater, of course, was fairly dark.

At the end of each picture I kept my eyes fast on the exits and, sure enough, I saw them leaving. I was hardly a step behind them when they went out. Let Maggie think whatever she wanted if she caught me. After all, I had just as much right there as she had, and just because I happened to meet her was no sign I had followed her. I would have taken any risk just to get real close to that girl.

But they were too interested in each other to notice anybody else. Maggie was talking and I listened.

"Uncle Jerry says to take it, dearie," she told the girl. She shook her head as though she was trying to make it clear that Uncle Jerry's orders were top stuff.

"But, Aunt Maggie, he is too good to me!" the girl answered. So Maggie was her aunt! Just the idea of that was enough to grow hair on a crocodile! But I had heard the girl's voice and I loved it.

"He couldn't be that," Maggie laughed, her false teeth shining like crockery under the lobby lights. "Nobody could be that to you, honey child."

This was a new side to Maggie. A side that fair took my breath away. Her voice had changed and the teeth took a lot of the deep wrinkles out of her face and her clothes seemed to fit her. She was not so bad this way.

That was all I could hear of what they said, but I saw that girl get on a street car that I knew would take her home, and Maggie started back toward the docks. Imagine the difference! Honestly, I could not make head or tail of it. I beat it on ahead of Maggie and got home pretty early. Sailor Frink was not in the room.

I smoked a cigarette and heard Maggie get home and come inside. About half an hour after that Frink came into the room. His forehead was all wrinkled up with thinking. I grinned at him.

"Movies," I said, "that's all I got to report, sailor. The old woman walked over to a theater an' met another woman an' they went into the joint. When the show was over they breezed out an' the other woman hopped a rattler fer home. Maggie started back here an' I come on ahead of her."

"What kind of a woman did she meet?" Frink asked me, and I knew all along he was sure to do that just because I did not want to tell him. But I could never lie about that girl. I would hate myself forever if I did that.

"The finest girl I ever saw," I told him. "She's as pretty, sailor, as blue water lappin' at sand; an' when you look at her, sailor—honest, when you look at her—she seems to kind of shine. Tender an' soft, she shines, like a summer moon."

"It's a good thing you didn't tear your pants, so it is!" he barked at me. "Moonin' an' tore pants ain't a combination, so they ain't!"

I knew he was laughing at me and it seemed terrible. I just sat there and he looked me all over and finally grunted and said, "Women that shine, laddie," he said, "ain't no part o' black water an' warehouses. Don't be makin' a fool o' yourself, lad—a fool."

We sat quiet after that for a long time. Now and then the ends of our cigarettes would glow red as we puffed. From below came sounds of the final cleaning up down in the kitchen and restaurant. I got the idea several times that Sailor Frink was listening for something definite. I kept thinking of the girl and wondering how she ever got to be the niece of Maggie.

I heard Caxton when he came to the place. He stood out front and talked to a man for a minute, then went in. Sailor Frink had taken off his big shoes and stretched out on the bed. Just as soon as Caxton got there he sat up and reached for his shoes.

"There's somethin' atween Caxton an' Mag, that there is," he growled. "Let 'em have it to themselves, says Sailor Frink—let 'em have it. But we'll be usin' it, that we will. While Caxton is gassin' with Maggie we'll be knowin' where he is, that we will."

He led the way downstairs and we went out. I knew we were going after that boat he had told me about. But my mind was on the girl and Maggie and Caxton. When we were out on the street a sudden idea hit me.

"Sailor," I asked, "what's this guy Caxton's first name?"

"It's Jerry, so it is," the sailor answered. "Jerry—Jerry Caxton."

And even when we were going to steal a boat away from its moorings and my mind should have been entirely on that, all I could think of was Uncle Jerry. Caxton, the girl had said, was too good to her.

XII

EVERYTHING I ever did with Sailor Frink made me see more and more that he had a great mind. He could plan a thing thoroughly and well, then work the plan quicker than any man I ever knew. That was because, if something in his plan went wrong, or could be changed to make it better, Frink had the brains to see it and furnish the next move at a second's notice.

He did that when we went out to steal that power boat. Time, he said, was always important. "The longer we spend, bucko, on the river, or in places where we are buyin', the greater is our chance o' bein' troubled, that it is. Fer me, says I, a quick job an' a sure one, then hide away."

Instead of going over to the trolley and way up to the ferry we had used last time, Sailor Frink just walked along the docks until he got to a place where about twenty lighters and tugs were moored. There he led the way into the shadows along the dock and whispered orders to me:

"First off, laddie," he told me, "the boat we want to steal is moored midstream about four blocks north o' this here spot, so it is. There ain't good sense to be found, so there ain't, in goin' after our own boat just to git out there to her moorin'. We'll be shovin' off in a boat from here."

He caught my arm and led me along the dock. I knew that people were aboard those tugs and lighters. On the lighters, in fact, little houses were built up over the storing space for cargo, and the captains of the lighters lived there all the time. They had their wives and families with them and once or twice I had seen lighters with dogs aboard. Dogs always bark at night.

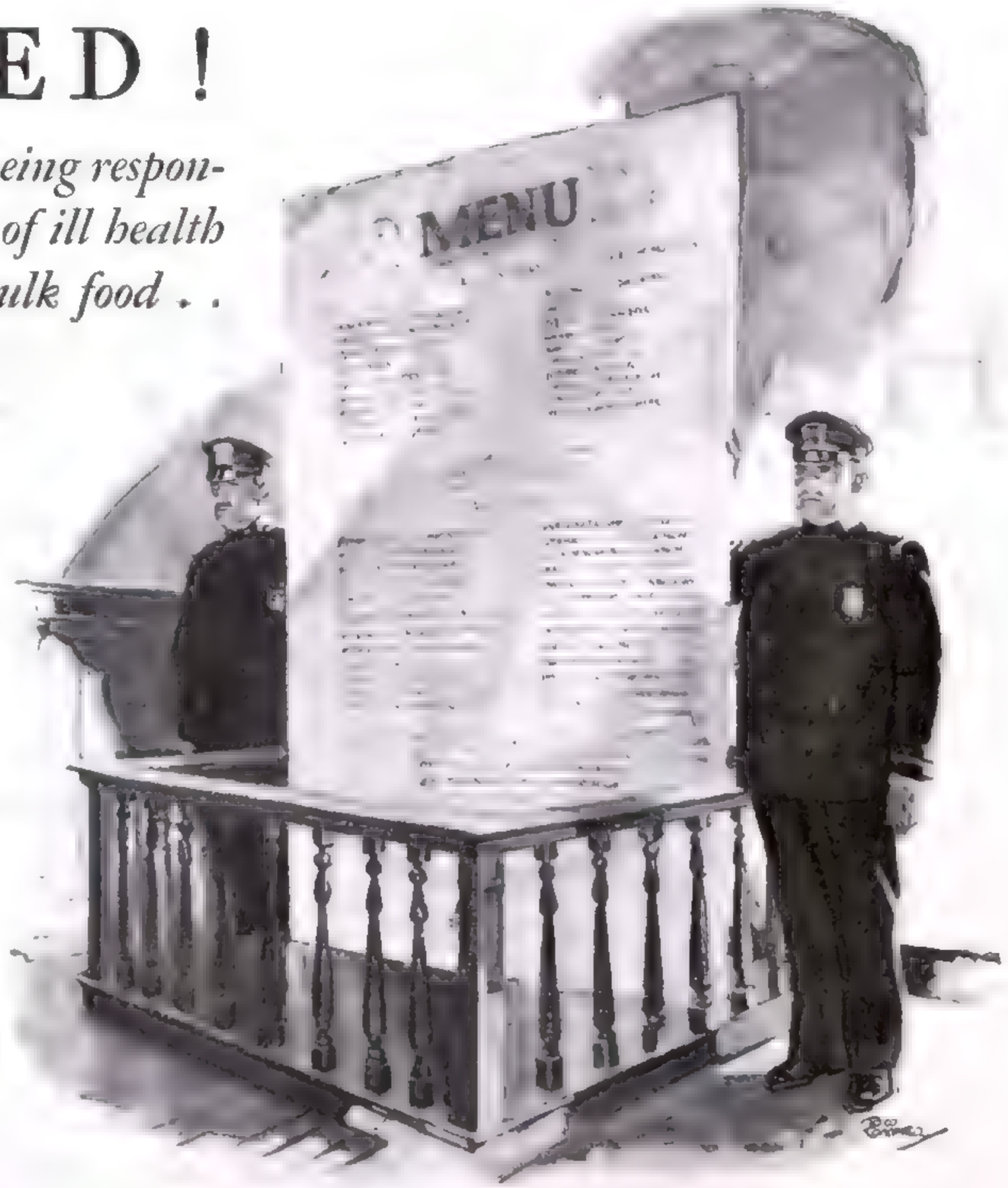
But none of that bothered the sailor. He edged along the dock and finally located a little dinghy tugging at the end of a painter. The lighters were side by side and you could walk across a plank from one to the other. Sailor Frink led the way and we went so fast that there was small chance of anybody seeing us. It was dark and yet it was light. That sounds queer, I know, but around the river it is not very hard to see at night. There must be something about the water catching the rays of lights and holding them.

We got to the little dinghy and hauled it up to the lighter. I stepped into it and felt around. I thought sure we were licked when I saw there were no oars in it, but when I whispered that bad news to Sailor Frink he turned away and walked along

(Continued on Page 69)

INDICTED !

The menu is charged with being responsible for a high percentage of ill health due to a definite lack of bulk food . .



BECAUSE in our eating many of us are guided only by our appetites, physicians trace a high percentage of ill health in this country to our dietary habits.

Constipation, they say, is the underlying cause of most sickness and one of the chief causes of constipation is lack of bulk in the food we eat.

If they would eat more bulk food regularly, many persons could escape constipation entirely.*

Millions of people have demonstrated this by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast. This delicious, nut-brown cereal appeals to their appetite and at the same time provides bulk which is so essential to healthful regularity.

Make this two weeks' test and note the difference

Constipation must not be neglected! Start our two weeks' test now and begin the experiment by mailing the coupon below for a free sample which will show you how delicious this product is, or by ordering a package of Post's Bran Flakes from your grocer.

Start by eating a dish of Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast. Eat it as a cereal with milk or cream. You will be delighted with the crispness and the delicious flavor of the nut-brown flakes. You will find it as good as any cereal you ever tasted.

Keep up the program faithfully for two weeks. You can vary it if you like by combining Post's Bran Flakes with fruits or berries, fresh or preserved. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

By the time you have completed the two weeks' test we predict you will notice a difference in the way you feel and you will find that Post's Bran Flakes has acted as a natural and effective regulator.

But don't stop at the end of two weeks. Follow the example of millions of healthy people who keep on the "Road to Wellville" by eating Post's Bran Flakes every morning.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE

Postum Company, Inc., Dept. B-128
Battle Creek, Mich

Please send me your free booklet and a sample package of Post's Bran Flakes, so I can see how good it tastes

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

* *Ordinary cases of constipation, brought about by too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.*

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

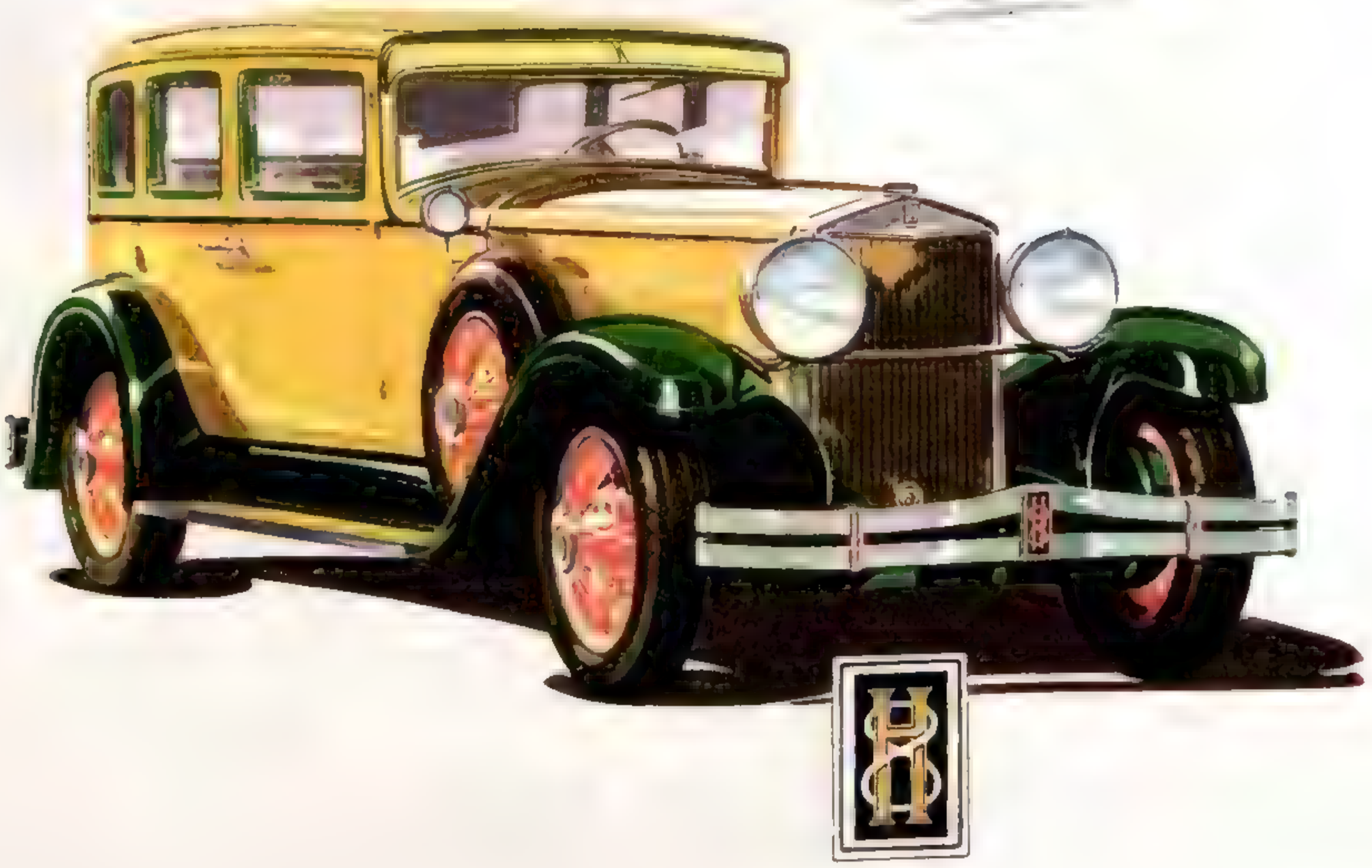
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

as an ounce of prevention

© 1918, P. Co., Inc.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

The NEW HUPMOBILE CENTURY



TUPRY EIGHT

THE market now rushing in on Hupmobile's new Century Eight reaches far beyond all of our predictions of the last three years, in both volume and enthusiasm of buying. ¶ Those three years have shown the public what to expect of the straight-eight principle at the hands of Hupmobile. ¶ So what is happening today was inevitable. ¶ The Century Eight is literally the highest point to which "eight" perfection has been brought. Its price is the lowest at which Hupmobile has ever built an eight. The market was ready and waiting for such a union. ¶ The flood of buying since the initial appearance of the Century Eight a few weeks ago leaves no doubt in our minds that the public is as firmly convinced as we are that this car at its price represents the greatest motor car value in America.

All the advanced engineering features, the refinements and luxury of the new Century Eight are now incorporated also in the Distinguished (125-inch wheel-base) Hupmobile Eight

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Little Spear Horner sat in the corner—
His pie all eaten up clean:
'Twixt finger and thumb he held Double Mint gum—
No brighter boy ever was seen!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Easy to Remember:
DOUBLE MINT

There's a very good reason why Wrigley's Double Mint is a favorite with millions of buyers.

It has REAL Peppermint flavor, full strength, long-lasting, refreshing, soothing, deliciously cool.

Beneficial to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

H122

After every meal

The flavor lasts

(Continued from Page 84)

the lighter toward the cabin and shortly he came back with oars. That was another good thing the sailor had—he knew river life and knew where to look for things he wanted.

When we cast loose the current carried us away from the lighters pretty fast. The sailor was at the oars, and once we got clear of the docks he made that little dinghy dance. I sat up front and watched for big driftwood that might hurt the boat, but I guess I did not do much good.

All around us the lights winked and glowed and the ferryboats boomed across the river. The moon was bright and threw a pillar of light over the black water. I was afraid of that, but it did not seem to bother Frink. He knew what he had to do and he just went about doing it like it was a pleasure ride on a park lake.

I counted three good tramp steamers moored in midstream, and in close to shore there must have been two hundred little motorboats. The tramps carried anchor lights and they shone like stars against the night. Down below us I could see the running lights of another ship. It was coming toward us, because the two white lights on her masts showed one above the other and the red of her port light and the green of her starboard gazed ahead as steady and unwinking as the eyes of an idol.

"See that ship comin'?" I asked the sailor.

"Just makin' way, she is," Frink answered. "You'll hear her ground tackle right soon, that you will."

We did too. Off on the far shore there was a cable light and the ship was just avoiding dropping anchor in line with that light. When she was clear of the cable I heard her mooring anchor dropped. The chain ran through the hawse with a roar that was hollow and ringing. I heard the anchor splash, and after a minute or two, heard the commands of her skipper as the crew passed a mooring chain across her stem.

Before I knew it, the sailor had cut out rowing and was whispering to me in his husky voice. Just a few yards off there was a single standing light, and it swayed back and forth from the wash of the river.

"All you do, laddie," Frink whispered, "is keep this here craft alongside while I board ship, so you do. Keep 'er alongside, bucko, but don't let 'er bump. I wants no noise on this job, so I don't. I'll go aboard an' do what's to be done. You stand by—stand by fer orders to come later."

I nodded and kind of held my breath as we crept up on the silent boat. It was a fairly big boat that I saw. The hull was white and the superstructure painted some dark color that did not show up very well in the night. From the height of the standing light I guessed the mast was fifteen feet above the deck and about eighteen above the water line. There was a cabin, and I knew mighty well that somebody would be in it. Whoever that was would have a visit from Sailor Frink soon—a visit he never would forget.

All of a sudden I got a chill that made my teeth dance in spite of myself. The idea came to me that the sailor might kill a man in order to get his boat. I tried to ask him not to, but we were too close by for words, and so I just clenched my jaws and steadied myself to grab hold of the bigger boat's gunwale when we slid close.

Frink shipped the oars without a sound. One of the blades lay close at my knees and water dripped from it to the bottom of the dinghy, and each drop sounded to me like the blow of a hammer.

I caught hold and felt the dinghy lurch and tip as Frink climbed onto the deck of the bigger boat. I saw him move along toward the cabin hatch, and he was just a great big shadow that slipped through the night like the sweep of an owl's wing.

Just once, in the next few minutes, did I hear anything, and that sound made me sick. It was a thump followed by a fall. I almost lost hold of the boat, because I was sure Frink had killed somebody. Nothing, I knew, would stop him once he got started on a thing.

Shortly after the sound he was back beside me, looking down and whispering, in his husky voice, orders for me to drop astern.

"Let 'er drop, matey," he said, and his voice was no different than before. "Let 'er go astern. Pass me that painter."

I let the dinghy slide astern and held aloft the painter in its bow. I was about sick and it seemed to me that the little boat was pitching and tossing a lot. I think I was dizzy.

Sailor Frink held the painter and walked aft until the bow of the dinghy was at the stern of the power boat. There he told me to climb onto the deck of the bigger boat. With his free hand he reached down and caught my arm and fairly lifted me aboard. I stood there quaking, and he must have felt it, for he laughed easily and bent down and moored the dinghy to the stern.

I followed him forward. The power boat was a pretty big one and the cabin surprised me. I learned afterward that there was a galley aboard and room for six men to live on the boat if they did not mind crowding up a little.

We went through the cabin hatch and Sailor Frink struck a match and found an oil lamp. He lit it. I certainly was surprised when he did that, because my idea was that we would work in the dark. Then he turned to a bunk at one side of the cabin.

In the light of the lamp I saw a man stretched out on the bunk. His face was pretty white, and it seemed whiter, because a thin stream of blood trickled down from his mouth and across a stubble of beard on his chin.

"What—what's that, sailor?" I asked Frink. The sailor giggled to himself and leaned over the man as a doctor might over his patient.

"Put 'im out, so I did," he told me. "He woke up, matey—woke up, he did, just as I came through the hatch. An' he was reachin' fer somethin', so he was—reachin' ——"

"He ain't dead?" I croaked.

"Dead? Him?" The sailor laughed again. "Not him," he answered. "Git hold o' yourself, laddie. All I done was smack him down with my fist, laddie—just with my fist. He'll be layin' quiet till we git a start, though."

Somehow I thought of the sailor's big, hard hand; thought of it as I had first seen it at the reform school, when the palm had been around it and I had seen it drop back against the big veins of his lower wrist. Just the thought of being hit with that was enough to make me dizzy.

Sailor Frink looked around the cabin and got some hemp. With that he bound the man's hands to the uprights of the bunk and twisted a blanket into a gag that he fastened close over the bleeding mouth. With a last glance around to be sure that all was well, he went again to the deck and looked around. When he stepped back there was a grin on his face and his teeth showed more yellow than ever in the light of the lamp.

"Work to do, Sandy, so there is—work." He fished with his big hand along a ledge back of a bunk. From it he drew a piece of metal that, to me, looked like a plug. He chuckled when he found it. Then he opened a forward hatch just ahead of the bunks, and I saw the engine of the boat.

The sailor caught up the lamp and hung it so that its light played over the engine. He took the plug and set it into a socket. I realized that that completed the ignition circuit. The sailor had learned what to do when he rode this boat that morning. Then he primed two of the cylinders with gasoline from an oil can beside the motor and bent over the bilges for a starting crank. I heard the buzz of batteries before he gave me any more orders.

"Now, hearty"—he grinned at me through the murk of the cabin—"git above an' hoist anchor. Coil the line as you haul in, laddie, an' lay the hook on the fo'castle. Then light the runnin' lights. Lend a hand, now—lend a hand. Step sharp!"

The anchor was heavy and it took all my strength to break it free of the muck on the river bottom. The wet line came through my hands and dug at the cut and opened it, and it began to bleed again. I did not know it then, because the water was warm and my hands were wet, but the whole cut opened and bled a lot.

I saw it when I took the running lights into the cabin and lit them. Frink was cussing at the motor and spinning the big starting crank. After a minute the engine caught and the hollow note of the exhaust sounded over the water. It scared me to death. I did not know who might be out after us as soon as that noise started.

Frink went to the wheel quickly and threw it hard over. The boat did not have a real good neutral and as soon as the motor started the clutch would drag and kick the screw over slowly. Frink shot the gear in and we went ahead. Behind us the dinghy was bobbing along in a white wake. The painter was short and I was afraid the little boat would ship too much water.

"C'mere, lad!" Frink snapped when we were moving along at a steady but slow rate of speed. "Hold 'er dead on that light." He pointed and I took the wheel. "Keep 'er nose dead on," he repeated, "an' don't touch nothin' but the wheel."

Then he went into the cabin, and I knew he was looking after the man there. I kept peering ahead at that light and found it not so easy to keep the boat dead on. The bow kept swinging to starboard. I guess the current of the river did that. My nerves seemed all screwed up in a bunch, and once, when I was staring out over the water, the light grew bigger and bigger, until I thought I had switched and was looking at the wrong one. I looked away and when I looked back it was the same old light.

Again, right out of nothing but the black water that sloshed under our bow, came the face of the man on the bunk. I could see his stubble of beard and it looked like it was growing right out of white plaster that was just turning a little yellow. Down from the mouth ran that little red trickle.

The hatch behind me opened and I looked back, and there was Sailor Frink with the form of this man in his arms. The man was as big as he was and they looked like some shadowy scene in a motion picture. Nothing behind them but black night and the phantom outline of the superstructure deck. All around us the whisper of the river and from astern the boiling of the wake we left; I shall never forget it.

I looked ahead again so that I would not lose the course. I thought sure Sailor Frink was going to heave that body over the side and just let it sink. We were so alone and it was so dark and silent and the world seemed so big. I tried to call out to him and ask him not to do that, but words dripped from my lips as silently as the breath of a woman on soft fur.

Frink walked back along the deck and I watched him, fascinated. He draped that big body over one shoulder and freed his right arm. With that hand he dragged the little dinghy up through the boiling wake, and then I saw him catch the superstructure with his free hand and hook his foot into the bow of the little boat before it could drop back again.

Then he slid down into the boat and took the limp man with him. In a few seconds he was back on deck and dropped the painter into the dinghy on top of the man. For just a fleeting second I saw the little boat drop astern. Then Frink walked forward and stood at my side and looked at the light I was steering by.

As he passed the green running light I saw its reflection across his face, and he was grinning and his yellow teeth looked almost the color of the pale light in the warehouse. I could not speak to him.

"Over he went," he said to me, after a minute of looking at the light and cocking his great head to hear the voice of the motor. "over in the dinghy. He'll float, that he will, an' the night wind'll blow the webs off his brain."

"But won't he know we did it all?" I managed to ask.

"Nary a know," Frink grunted. "I gave him no chance to see me, so I didn't."

"He'll drift until he comes to," I said.

"That he will. Then he'll find the oars an' row hisself ashore an' keep quiet, that he will. If he don't, laddie, them lighter folks'll raise white water over him a-stealin' o' their dinghy, so they will."

I left it to Frink. There was nothing else I could do. He went below again and looked over the motor. Then he came back and took the wheel from me and swept the gas lever down. The motor responded so quickly that I almost lost my balance. Off both sides of the bow began to leap white water that looked like feathers, except that when it dropped down it made a continuous splashing noise that will always be music to my ears.

Sailor Frink laughed right out loud. He loved it too. When a man has the sea in him, it is in him to stay. We both had it.

"Ain't she a kicker fer you?" he asked me. "Ain't she all o' that, bucko?"

It certainly was some boat. The night air whistled around my ears with a song that set my blood a-tingle. With his face set in a wide grin that I could easily imagine, Frink yanked the gas wide open and once again the boat shot ahead. I guess it was making a good eighteen miles an hour and that is pretty fast for a good steady sea boat.

He only let it run at that speed for a few seconds, then he cut it down to a slow gait and we started downstream, doubled over toward the far shore where our boathouse was, then upstream, with the sailor at the wheel and the hide-out drawing closer by the minute.

We got to the boathouse all right and I had to stand out on the bow and try to raise that big door about two inches so that I could unlock and open the little one that led through it onto the inside deck of the house. I might as well have tried to lift the house itself.

Frink kept that big boat with the clinging clutch moving back and forth with hardly any trouble. He kicked it ahead and back and sideways, so that the nose only scraped the door once or twice. He certainly was a wonder on the water.

But I could not budge the door and pretty quick he saw that.

"Is there a hook on deck, matey?" he called in his husky voice; "a hook so's you kin hold 'er steady?"

I looked around the deck and finally the sailor called me again and told me he had a hook. He had found it laid along the superstructure ridge. I took the boat hook and went again to the bow and got hold with it. Frink shut off the motor and came along the deck to the door. I held the boat fast. With one hand he leaned down, got his grip, and up came the door.

With the other he unlocked the little door and stepped inside. In just a second he had the flash light burning and I heard the tackle that worked the big door creak. You can see how dumb I was when I tell you that I had hooked onto a handle of the big door, and when the sailor started her up I not only came near falling over the side but I lost my hold and the boat started out. I made a wild grab and luck was with me. The hook slid along some mossy piling and finally caught.

As easy as I could, I pulled the boat back and then the sailor shoved it around and got the bowline, which he made fast inside the house. The boat with the flat landing deck was moored inside and took up all the room.

"Lend a hand, laddie!" Frink called to me. "Hop off on deck here an' lend a hand! Step lively!"

I went out over the bow and waited to be told what to do. It did not take the sailor long to tell me. He sent me to haul the whaleboat as far forward as it would go and told me to hold it there steady. Then he got an auger and bit and stepped down

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into the boat and drilled the plug out of the bottom of it.

In the boathouse he found all the old iron and junk he could. There was one anvil that had been used as an anchor, there was quite a length of heavy chain and an old-time anchor with solid flukes that must have weighed three hundred pounds. All these he laid in the bottom of the whaleboat.

I saw that he was going to sink the boat, motor and all. We would not lose an awful lot by that, because the kicker was an old one-cylinder thing that was not worth much. The hole in the bottom did the trick and in no time at all the whaleboat got hard for me to hold. I took a turn with the painter and snubbed her up close.

"Keep 'er forrad, lad," Frink kept telling me. "Don't let 'er drop back none. Keep 'er nose a-rubbin' wood, lad—a-rubbin' wood."

When she was full to the gunwales the sailor looked it over for the last time, then told me to cast her off quick. When I did, it sank like a bullet, but the sailor had been wise, and put the weight in her stern. Instead of going straight down, she shot out under the boat we had just stolen.

"That'll clear our cache, anyhow, matey," the sailor grinned. "Now, in with the new craft, lad; in with 'er!"

Together we hauled the stolen motorboat into the house. I was afraid it might be too long for the house, but I reckoned without the sailor again. He had thought of all that before he took the boat. As he rode down the river and into the bay with that stolen stuff for the Nancy, he had looked this boat over very carefully.

There was not too much room, but there was room enough. We lowered away the big door and were safe in our hide-out; the new boat was ours unless someone traced it to us. Even there Sailor Frink had planned ahead. He wasted no time and he was the hardest and fastest worker I ever saw.

He yanked off his coat and shirt, switched on an electric trouble light which he fastened to the boat battery, and handed me a saw. I worked then steadily until dawn. Just as soon as I had finished one job the sailor had the next one ready. We cut down the superstructure in sections, then cut the sections into pieces that one man could handle pretty easy.

By the time the sailor called a halt my cut hand was all covered with blood again, our clothes hung to us like pasted paper, and I was so tired that I was half blind. But the job was done. The top of that motorboat lay in piled lumber along the deck of the boathouse. Anybody, to see it now, never would think it was the same boat.

"We'll dress, that we will," Sailor Frink told me. "Then we'll walk up the alley an' eat. After that there'll be a cleanin'-up fire on the beach, so there will."

We washed in the river as well as we could, then went up to the little town where the dinky trolley ran, and found us a restaurant. There were quite a few men there and most of them were workmen who had done a night shift. Nobody seemed to pay any particular attention to us. I ate a meal that the sailor said would kill a horse.

When we were through eating I felt better. The sailor looked at my hand and we hung around awhile until a drug store opened. Then I showed the druggist the cut and he gave me some salve and a bandage. He bandaged the hand for me and said he thought it would heal all right if I kept the salve on it and kept it covered with a bandage. The sailor told him that I was his helper in a factory and had cut my hand on a piece of tin.

After that we walked along back to the boathouse. The sun was bright and warm and the river glistened like a mirror with soap waves painted on its surface. I tried to picture the spot where we had stolen the boat the night before, but I could not be sure. First we had gone downstream, then up. That fooled me. I wondered where the man on the bunk had wound up.

Back at the boathouse the sailor did not lose any time. Other men were working along the shore and several of the boathouses were open. We walked down just like we had not been there all night. The sailor unlocked the gangway door and we went in. He left the door open like we were airing the place. Then he started a little fire outside and burned some old wood and some papers.

All morning long we hung around, burning that superstructure, keeping that fire going steady, but never letting it get big enough to attract attention. When the pile of ashes got too big, we would shovel them into the river, and it was fun to watch them go out so quick and see little spurts of steam go creeping off on the still air and finally vanish as completely as the superstructure of that motorboat had.

When everything was burned I felt easier of mind. We swept off the gangway, the platform in front of the house and the little plank walk that ran down one side of the place. To anybody who might have seen us, we were just having a good clean-out, like, now and then everybody did along the beach.

When the work was done, it seemed to me, what with the lack of sleep and the heat of the day and the fire, that I never could walk up to that little trolley car. Sailor Frink laughed at me a little, but he said he understood, and he put a clean bandage on my hand.

Then he said he would clean up and go over to town and that I could cork off in the boathouse until late afternoon, when he would be back with some paint and brushes and stuff to change the boat still more. I agreed to that quick enough. He helped me pile up some canvas that still covered the coil of eight-inch line, and I flopped on that.

After he was gone I tried to sleep, but my eyes stayed open regardless. My hand hurt quite a bit and I had a dull headache from the work and the heat, and I could not sleep, tired as I was. I kept thinking of Caxton being Uncle Jerry to that wonderful girl and of Maggie being Aunt Maggie.

I knew that I would meet the girl some day. I wondered just how I would work it and just what her name was and how she would be if I could sit alone with her and talk and let her talk. I hated Maggie for the kisses she had got from the girl; would have been Maggie, I guess, in order to get them for myself.

I began to scheme on how to meet her, and no very definite idea came to me, because always my thoughts would jump over to what I would say to her after I had met her, and what she would say to me, and how she would look saying it. There was something I had noticed about her lips. They seemed to curve up into her cheek and then, just like a streak of soft red light in the sunset, fade out into pink and white, and leave you wondering where they had gone, but happy with the pink and white. Love is funny.

Finally I began to drowse off to sleep, but another idea knocked sleep so far that I sat right up on the canvas. I would get me some new clothes! With a hundred dollars to spend, I ought to make myself look like a one-man pageant. White shirts, new suit, snappy tie and some low-cut yellow shoes would not be too tough.

Then, when I did meet her, she would see that I was quite a guy and would not be ashamed to be seen with me. Again my thoughts got ahead of me. I could not scheme to meet her; all I could imagine was talking to her and walking with her.

But I promised to get myself the clothes, and I thought the suit should be either gray or blue—or maybe black—or even tan, to kind of go with the shoes. Then I would walk with her and we would look swell together. But I promised myself I would certainly put the slug on the shoe dealer if those shoes should squeak.

XIII

I SLEPT until Sailor Frink returned, and that was almost at dark. He brought down a pail of beer and some sandwiches, and I certainly had an appetite for them. In addition to that, he brought four or five paint brushes and six heavy cans of paint. These he opened while I ate and drank.

Just as soon as I finished we started painting the boat above the water line. We started at the bow and raced each other down opposite sides.

You would be surprised to see how fast that paint went over the hull. In about two hours we had it covered with a first coat. We were working practically in the dark and we painted the craft a medium brown color.

With that done, the sailor got out saws again and we went to work at cutting out the after deck that covered the bunks.

That was a hard job and we did not have it finished at midnight, when we both felt so tired that we decided to lay down and sleep again.

But the boat was changed a lot and I could see enough of Frink's plans already to know that nobody would know her when we shoved out on the river the next time. Of course there was the engine, and that would be pretty hard to change. But there was little chance of Sailor Frink letting anybody get a good look at that.

For the next three days I lived at the boathouse. I never worked harder in my life. Sailor Frink would go away, leaving me with a list of things to do while he was gone. I always tried to have them finished before he got back with another headful of ideas for work.

In that three days we rebuilt a superstructure over the hull, removed the after deck and bunks so that we had storage space for cargo, changed all the wires of the motor that showed, changed the spark plugs and cut away the number that was stamped on the cylinder block. Then we dented and repainted the intake manifold, put on a new exhaust pipe, and Sailor Frink bought and installed a silencer like he had used on the whaleboat.

That done, we listed the boat to starboard by lashing her down with a block and tackle. In that way we got almost to the keel with fresh paint of the brown color. After two coats of that had dried well, we lashed her on the other side and repeated.

Whenever I stepped out into the air during those three days I felt as I had when I crushed out of the reform school. It was swell to get away from the smell of paint and wet ropes and still dank air. But I did not get out often. We kept too busy to think of anything but the work at hand.

When I was painting and the sailor was not talking to me, I thought about the girl and began to guess what her name was. Once when the sailor called over to me a question, I answered him by saying: "Mildred is a swell name."

He straightened up and looked over at me, but he did not say anything and I felt like a fool. But I could not help thinking about that girl; not then any more than I can now.

Once or twice I was tempted to tell Frink about her, but a sort of sixth sense kept me from doing that. I was afraid that if I did, he might try to use her to keep closer track of Caxton and in that way start us off on opposite sides.

The way Sailor Frink always kept his mouth shut, and the way that Caxton had made that blunder about the torn pants had, I guess, taught me the trick and the value of silence. More and more, I was using it. I got to a point where I never said anything but what I had to say, and that went even for Sailor Frink.

He was the same way with me. For instance, on the trips he would take from the boathouse, he never told me that he was pulling more pirate stuff. He just walked in toward the end of the third day and said that he now owed me eleven hundred dollars, because he had pulled off a little deal with Shark while I was busy getting the boat made over.

He always spoke very highly of the work I did on the boat, and many times I saw his

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(Continued from Page 90)

yellow teeth in a wide grin as he told me how good I was and how handy to have around. But he never told me, until we left the boathouse and started back to town, that together with Shark he had struck a deal for the loft and had laid in some supplies with the money we had all pooled to start on.

After that boathouse and mighty little water to wash in but the river water and a swim at night when we had quit work, Maggie's place certainly looked good to me when we got there. We came over just about suppertime and I had some stew and bread, and I certainly did eat a lot and enjoy it all.

"Sandy has been a-workin', so he has," Sailor Frink told Maggie. I knew he was figuring on her telling Caxton, because it was a cinch they had missed me from around the restaurant. "He's been a-helpin' o' a man up the river, an' he made ten dollars a day, so he did; which, says I, is good fer a lad."

Maggie grunted and there was no way of telling whether she believed the story or not. But I knew what the sailor expected me to tell after that, and if anybody asked me what man I had helped, I would pretend to be sore and refuse to answer. That would explain things well enough.

While I was cleaning up before supper I got to thinking about meeting the girl again and of how I would look in a new suit. I decided that it had to be gray, with maybe a little stripe in it, because gray would go so much better with her hair and her eyes. I figured I better get the clothes right away, so that it would look like I had used the money I earned helping that man sailor made up about.

The next morning Sailor Frink took me down to the loft. It was a good big place and it was low with rafters that were whitewashed overhead. We could lay boards along these rafters and use them for storing stuff later on. Sailor Frink had bought a lot of junk and stored it around the place. It looked swell.

He had gone out and really bought this stuff and paid for it in cash. I could see that his idea was to start off with proof that we were on the level and take his time about bringing stolen stuff to the loft. He winked at me as we went in, and I looked up over the door. There was a sign painted:

SAILOR FRINK SHIP STORES.

In one corner of the loft he had put up some partitions for a little office and built a desk against the wall. There he could talk to customers who might come in, or salesmen who were suckers enough to try to sell us something. It was all very good. It would fool almost anybody.

I looked around pretty proud and happy to know that I owned a third of it and that such a guy as the sailor was going to run it into big money for us. I had no idea then how fast the thing would develop or how many strings the sailor was planning for our bow.

"You're a-workin' here fer me, so you are," the sailor told me as we walked around the loft and looked it over. "You'll be doin' o' things that I can't handle myself, so you will. If anybody don't like that, they can go to the devil, so they can!"

We worked around the loft all that morning. I painted up the office walls and helped the sailor stow some of the stuff he had really bought. Then we got a saw and cut two big traps through the floor at the far end of the loft where it stuck out over the river. They would serve to load stuff through into boats.

While we were working there Caxton came in. He had the same twist on his lips, just like he was trying to laugh and at the same time remembering that he should not do it because he was a cop and might have to knock you off any minute. His hard eyes darted around the place and gave you the feeling that they had seen everything there was to be seen and maybe a few things you did not want seen.

Sailor Frink looked up at him, but we went right on with our work. Caxton strolled over and looked down at us as we worked. "Come to wish us luck, like as not," Frink grinned at him. "Nice of you, so 'tis; right nice."

"Yeah," Caxton mumbled, "all the luck in the world to you, an' to you, too, kid."

"Thanks," I said. Before I could say more he was talking again:

"There ain't anything I like better to see than a new business startin' up," he said slowly. "What are your plans?"

"We'll buy an' sell, so we will," Sailor Frink told him. "Just the same as anybody else, we'll buy an' sell."

"As long," Caxton grumbled, "as you buy as much as you sell, you'll be doin' great."

"As long," Sailor Frink snapped back at him, "as we sell as much as we buy, we'll be doin' better, so we will."

I knew the sailor was right mad. It would take only a little bit more of this Caxton to bring about trouble. I hoped we would have no trouble with Caxton. Later on I realized that I was less afraid of him as a cop than I was as an uncle. If he was the girl's uncle, I was sure we would have to meet him together when I got engaged to her, and it would make it all the harder if we had trouble now.

But when Frink got mad, Frink was mad all over. He was apt to grin and show his yellow teeth and keep very cool, but I could tell. That little trick he had of pursing out his lips and kind of chewing the inside of them made his scar dance and twitch, and that was a sure sign. He was doing that now and I noticed that he straightened up and looked Caxton square in the eye.

Caxton shrugged his shoulders, but he did not give an inch. He was the kind of a guy that stood pat no matter if he was climbing the golden stairs on roller skates. There was no bluff with him except the ones he pulled himself. Convince him he was right and he would go through if he had to fight the Army and then the Navy and finally swap punches with the Marine Corps.

There they stood, and finally Caxton said, "That's right. I can see you are a business man, Sailor Frink. Just be damned sure to keep the buyin' an' the sellin' balanced up." There was a hard warning and a clear threat in his manner.

"You're just a-pickin' on us, Caxton, so you are," Frink told him straight from the shoulder. "I ain't a-likin' o' it. I know you're a man, that I do—a good man. But I'm askin' if you take me fer a boy, so I am."

"I'll take you fer somethin' more than a boy," Caxton cracked. "I'll take you fer the first crooked move you make. If I wanted to ride you, I woulda taken this kid here long ago fer crushin' out of the reform school. All I ask is that you go straight."

"Wasn't you ever a kid? Didn't you ever do anythin' wrong?" I asked him. "Mebbe that's why you got to be a cop. You had to follow other people so's they wouldn't be followin' you."

A funny look came into his eyes. It was several seconds before he answered. Then he turned away and walked toward the door. "Yeah," he said, "I done wrong things—damn wrong. Fer all you know, that's why you got the break you did. You're a kid, and kids do foolish things—all kids do. No kid is responsible fer some of the wrong things he does. It's just because he's a kid."

It certainly was a funny ending for such a hot talk. Frink looked after him as he went out. Caxton stopped at the front door and stood there in the sunlight while he lit his smoke. When he was gone the smoke hung there in the doorway for a time as though it might have been a part of Caxton and was hanging back to see what we did after he had gone.

"He said that," Sailor Frink told me, "just like he was tryin' to make hisself believe it, so he did."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

"And yet you have the temerity to sit there and tell us that it looks like rain."

"Perhaps you'd like some more coffee," said Mrs. Kent, trying to change the subject.

"I object!" exclaimed Mr. Kent. "The question is leading, and moreover, it calls for the operation of the witness' mind. It is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. We were discussing the weather."

"I didn't mean ——"

"You didn't mean. Now you tell us you didn't mean. I suppose that is as true as everything else you've told us here today."

"I just meant that I didn't mean any offense," said his wife tearfully. "I remember when we were first married you never spoke to me that way."

"Now wait a minute," said Mr. Kent quietly. "We'll see about that. Your memory is pretty good, I suppose."

"Yes."

"What was the date of our wedding?"

"March 21, 1890."

"And what day of the week was that?"

"Friday."

"And how was the weather that day?"

"Why, I think it was clear ——"

"You think it was clear. I thought you said a moment ago that your memory was pretty good. Now where were you on the night of August 16, 1890?"

"I can't remember that."

"And will you swear that on the night of August 16, 1890, I didn't speak to you the way I am speaking to you now?"

"You never spoke to me that way when we were first ——"

"Answer my question!"

"You never ——"

"Will you be kind enough to answer the question, yes or no? We are not interested in what I did or what I never did. We are concerned merely with what occurred on the night of August 16, 1890."

"I—I can't remember."

"Ha! Now you tell us you can't remember. Your memory is still as good as it always was?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll pass from that. A moment ago you said something about what you described as another cup of coffee."

"Yes."

"Please speak up so that we can all hear you. Will you kindly direct the maid to take this cup of mine, marked Plaintiff's Exhibit A for Identification, and have it refilled with that liquid which you now claim to be coffee."

"It is coffee," said Mrs. Kent indignantly.

"That's purely hearsay," said Mr. Kent. "We'll find out pretty soon whether it's coffee or not. Instruct the maid to refill Plaintiff's Exhibit A for Identification with the dark-brown fluid alleged to be coffee. And while she's at it she might bring in a few more of what you allege to be breakfast rolls."

"Yes," said Mrs. Kent meekly.

"And tell her to produce them forthwith, as I have an important engagement in court this morning at ten o'clock."

"Do you want ——"

"No further questions," said Mr. Kent. "Examination closed."

The rest of the meal was eaten in silence.

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BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

COUNTERIRRITANT

Continued from Page 17

her and do what dyin' I got to do myself. But she's up and gone."

"Do you mean Amanda Wade?" asked Giotto.

"My sister," said Mr. Wade, and coughed cavernously.

"I didn't know," said Giotto, "she had a brother."

"Most folks didn't," said Mr. Wade. "I don't cal'late I was mentioned much. The family wan't proud of me. Dunno's they knowed I was alive. I hain't been seen hide or hair of since I was fourteen, and that's nigh forty year back." He coughed again. "I hear tell Mandy was well off, and I figgered mebby she might take me in fer the short spell that's left. But I'll have to be movin' on."

Giotto's face was grave and his eyes dark with sympathy as he led the stranger up the stairs to one of the less expensive rooms and helped him to make himself comfortable; then he went again to his desk, depressed by the stranger's obvious unhappiness and tragic plight. Presently Hamilcar Bellows, proprietor of the tavern, awakened from his nap on the piazza and ambled through in search of a snack. Giotto accosted him

"Hamilcar," he said, "Amanda Wade's brother is here."

"Don't recall she had one," said Hamilcar.

"Black sheep," said Giotto. "Come home to die." He paused. "I don't know the situation, but I wonder if something can't be done for him. Who are the executors and who is the heir?"

"Justice Frazer's executor or administrator or suthin'. The heir's a niece from Dover." The old man paused suddenly and scratched his head. "Mandy died 'thout no will. I dunno much law, but looks to me like a brother come ahead of a niece."

"He does," said Giotto, "unquestionably." His face brightened. "Then this poor fellow would be the heir, and the property is considerable."

"Seems as though," said Hamilcar.

"He doesn't realize it," said Giotto. He bent his brows. "At best, he seems to have but a short time to live." He laid down his pen. "Guess I'll run across and speak to Frazer."

"Never see no good come from meddlin' in other folks' affairs," said Hamilcar, "but knowin' you as I do, and observin' your habits of mind, I cal'late you jest can't pervent yourself from doin' it."

Giotto smiled. "As a reader of character, Hamilcar," he said, "you wear the championship belt. Anyhow here goes."

Justice Frazer sat in his littered office when Giotto arrived; he looked up, frowning over his spectacles in a very official manner.

"Got business before this here court?" he asked.

"There's a man at the hotel," said Giotto, "who claims to be Amanda Wade's brother."

"Mandy's brother? That 'ud be the missin' Ben, I cal'late. We been through all the legal rigmarole of advertisin' and searchin' before the court 'ud presume him dead. He hain't been heard of in thutty-forty year."

"Then," said Giotto, "there was a brother Ben?"

"He run off when he was a boy," said the justice.

"He didn't know," said Giotto, "that his sister was dead. He came home to die himself."

"Um—kind of complicates matters, seems as though. Now don't that beat all! Just when I was on the p'int of settlin' this here estate and turnin' over the proppity to Ellen White! Folks won't like it neither. Everybody was tickled when Ellen come into the money, and now they'll be hard feelin's if she's done out of it, to say nothin' of the disapp'intment that's comin' to her."

"I doubt," said Giotto, "if she will be kept out of it long. But the man must be cared for and his rights must be protected. What steps are necessary?"

"Fust off," said the justice, "he'll have to prove he's the feller he claims to be. Just claimin' hain't sufficient for no probate court."

"Thank you," said Giotto. "I'll have a talk with the man."

He returned to the hotel, and when half an hour of leisure from his duties presented itself rapped on Mr. Wade's door. That gentleman sat disconsolate in his rocking-chair and showed scant interest even when informed that undoubtedly he was heir to a considerable property—a property which not only would provide for his comfort but would rank him as an individual of importance in the community

"I don't want nothin'," he said, "but a place to crawl away to—a place where I won't be kicked around and where it's kind of warm and comfortable."

"But first," said Giotto, "we must prove your identity."

"How's a body do that? I'm me. Hain't no gittin' around that. But I dunno's I kin prove it. It's been nigh forty year——"

"Have you no papers—no documents or pictures or anything connecting you with the Wade family here?"

"Dunno," said Ben lackadaisically. "When I git strength I'll kind of look through my things."

With that Giotto must needs content himself for the moment, but while he waited for Wade to arouse himself to the situation, he retained young Lawyer Jenkins to make in due form Ben Wade's claim of heirship to the estate of his late sister. And so the matter became public. Hempstead and its environs bubbled and rumbled with it; almost to a man and to a woman, the town regarded Ben as an interloper and took sides with Ellen White.

"Anybuddy," said Pazzy Fox, "that stays away fer forty year hain't got no business comin' back a-tall."

In which pronouncement he voiced the opinion of the community.

IV

MISS ROCKWELL, living in the same hotel with the claimant to the Wade estate, naturally became interested in so romantic a figure, and it was to be expected that the sympathy of a young woman to whom all life was so interesting would go out to a figure so pathetic. At first she hesitated to approach Mr. Wade at those rare times when he sat drooping in the lobby of the tavern, but she did study him covertly. She reconstructed his life, made excuses for his shortcomings, desired very greatly to peer into the mystery which shrouded the years of his absence.

She fancied he must have seen and done interesting things; she puzzled her head to comprehend the nature of a man who would cut himself off from relations and friends for what seemed to her a lifetime. And now that he had come home again, she exercised her intelligence to find for her the reasons for his indifference to his claims to a moderate fortune.

It was there she bogged down. It seemed to her that a man who stood with one foot through the doorway of despair should regard with a more excited eye the possibility of plucking that foot back and of placing it upon firm and element ground. That he should exhibit neither pleasure nor anxiety, cupidity nor relief to know that his troubles were in a fair way to solve themselves seemed to her a thing unnatural. One could not help being affected in some visible way, but Ben Wade seemed not to be affected at all. It seemed, from reports which reached her ears, that it was difficult to compel him to give his help in establishing his claim. It was as if, in short, he had no comprehension of his plight or of the glowing possibilities of the situation.

It puzzled her greatly, and annoyed her. So she took to scrutinizing him as if he were some exotic specimen under a microscope. She became a scientist, studying every movement and manifestation of this strange creature in order to solve the riddle of its existence. She even applied to her father.

"Papa," she said, "you were born here. You must remember Ben Wade."

"Why, yes," he said, "I remember Ben Never amounted to much as a boy. Wouldn't stay in school."

"Have you talked to him since he came home?"

"Is he home?" asked Mr. Rockwell, elevating his eyebrows.

"You know he is."

"I know nothing about it. I'm not meddling in other folks' business."

"But if you knew him you may be able to help him prove who he is so the court will know it."

"It is," said Mr. Rockwell harshly, "no skin off my nose."

"He doesn't seem to care," said Leslie.

Rockwell sneered. "He cares all right," he said.

Leslie puckered up her keen little face and frowned.

"You mean he's making believe—that he's just pretending he doesn't care—play-acting?"

She, who was used to her father's tempers, was astonished at the sudden distortion of his face, at the sudden alteration in his eyes from half-smiling contempt to another expression which she could not read, but which set her deeply to thinking.

"You keep your nose out of this dish," he said harshly. "If anybody's nose is going to get scorched, let it be young sprigginss'."

"You mean Giotto North?"

"Him," said Rockwell.

"How," asked Leslie, "can he get his nose scorched?"

"Oh, be still," said Rockwell, "and let a man read his paper."

She did become quiet, with the quietness of concentration. How, she was asking, could Giotto scorch his nose? And what was the meaning of the look she had surprised in her father's eye? It seemed to her to be akin to wariness. But why should he be wary when she asked if Ben Wade were play-acting?

She reached two conclusions: First, Giotto could scorch his nose only if Ben was an impostor; second, her father would find need for wariness only if he knew Ben was play-acting and if somehow he himself was concerned in the deception.

Then and there Leslie determined to cultivate Ben Wade, which she did—to the annoyance of Ben himself, who did not seem to know how to conduct himself under the attacks of a very pretty but apparently utterly brainless and gushing young woman. If people who knew Leslie well could have listened to her conversation with the claimant, they would have been sure she had stood out-of-doors too long in the moonlight.

"Oh, Mr. Wade," she exclaimed, "do you know, I think you are the most fascinating and romantic person I ever saw! It's just like out of a book—only, of course, you haven't any wife here that thought you were dead and married another man and you looked in at her through the window. Oh, wouldn't it have been perfectly gorgeous if you had!"

"I hain't ever had no wife," said Mr. Wade, staring at her uneasily and coughing frightfully and impressively.

"What a dreadful cough!" Leslie said. "You ought to take something for it. Mrs. Brown says goose grease on a brown paper and then put it on your chest is wonderful. But it makes you all the more interesting and pathetic, doesn't it—like Camille. She had a cough, but of course everybody knew who she was, and she didn't come back after forty years and couldn't prove it."

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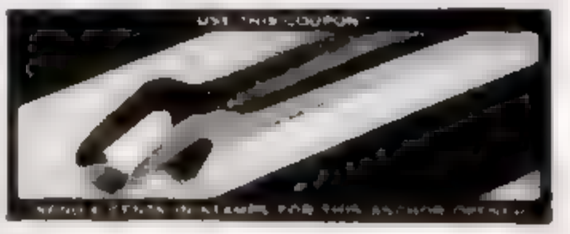

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"Don't know no Camille," said Mr. Wade, looking about for an avenue of escape. But Leslie hemmed him in; her strategy was perfect.

"As if," she said, "any sensible person could expect anybody to carry his birth certificate around with him! Because everybody knows who he is, doesn't one? And there's always somebody to introduce you to strangers, and so they know who one is, don't you think so?"

Mr. Wade did not attempt to sort this out, to parse it or to diagram its structure. He merely resorted to coughing.

"Just to think," she went on, "of your coming home, and nobody recognizing you at all, though it must be evident to anybody who you are, because why in the world would you claim to be Ben Wade if you weren't? And how would you know there was a Ben Wade? Because everybody else has just about forgotten him, and I think that proves it, don't you?"

"Seems as though," said Ben, his eyes beginning to roll.

"Why," she said, "even my papa knew you when you were a boy, and he says you were a terribly adventurous and romantic boy, and all that's happened is just what might be expected of you, on account of climbing the tower and all those brave things, and wanting to cut your initials higher than anybody else in the world."

"Eh?" Ben grunted.

"And he said if you were Ben Wade, which he doesn't believe you are, though why he should think so I can't see, you would remember that day, and daring him and all before the tower was finished and nothing but scaffoldings and beams to climb on."

"Yeah," said Ben.

"When they were building the courthouse in Dover," said Leslie, "and all the boys just did nothing but play in it when the workmen were gone. And even my father, who is one of the bravest men in the world, was afraid to climb where you did! Oh, it must have been too thrilling, and I wish you would tell me exactly how you felt when you were just hanging there by your hands and it looked as if you couldn't pull up your feet after you."

"It didn't feel good," said Ben.

"Oh, you remember it! I just knew you would, and that proves who you are, doesn't it? Because nobody else but you could know how it felt."

"Nobody else," said Ben.

"Because the only one who could know how it felt would be the one that hung by his hands, and that was Ben Wade, and you know, so you must be Ben Wade."

"Did your pa tell you to talk about this to me?" asked Mr. Wade.

"He didn't tell me not to," said Leslie with a very knowing look. "And it would be perfectly ducky if you remembered all about it and could describe it to boys who were there, because they are men now, and everything like that. Oh, could you?"

"I kin," said Mr. Wade.

"The time," she said, to impress it upon him, "I mean is when the courthouse in Dover was being built."

"I recollect it jest as clear's if it was yestiddy."

"Goody! Won't papa be tickled to pieces to hear that!"

Presently she withdrew her forces from the beleaguered point and crossed the street to the offices of the Mountain Power and Light Company, where John Sand was to be found directing the destinies of that growing organization. She invaded his office summarily.

"John," she said, "he's a fake. The wormholes in him were made with an auger."

"Who's antique whatnot have you been buying now?" asked John.

"That's just what he is—an old whatnot! And I caught him at it too. He remembered climbing in the Dover courthouse, which wasn't built until five years after he went away."

"What," asked John, "are you babbling about?"

"The counterfeit Ben Wade," she said.

He pricked up his ears. "Ben Wade?"

"None other than he, and he thought my father sent me to tell him about it."

"What?"

She nodded. "And that's pretty bad," she said. But she did not linger on its badness. "My, you should have heard me! I wonder if there was ever as big an idiot as I sounded like. But—but don't you think I'm smart?" Her voice was just a little pathetic under its humor as she sought his praise.

"My dear," he said, "you are smarter than mustard in the left eye. . . . But why the sudden interest in Ben Wade?"

She compressed her lips. "I guess if I save his nose from getting scorched," she said, "he'll have to take some notice of me and admit I'm a grown-up person."

"Whose nose?"

"Giotto North's. Whose else nose do I care a hoot about?"

"But even so," asked John, "aren't there complications?"

"Such as?"

"John H. Rockwell."

She considered that. "Sometimes," she said, "papa isn't quite nice. If—mind you, I say if—papa is in this thing, it is perfectly evident why."

"I'll bite," said John. "Why?"

"To drive Giotto away so I can't marry him."

Sand frowned. "You mean?"

"The more I think about it, and how Ben Wade and papa ignore each other so terribly elaborately, and a look I saw in papa's eye, and Ben Wade wanting to know if papa sent me and everything—why, it looks like a put-up job."

"To frame Giotto?"

"And I shan't have it," she said firmly.

"That," said Sand, "would be criminal conspiracy."

"It would be a mean trick," she said.

"So," said John, "you better take your fairy foot in your hand and carry it out of the picture."

"I shan't! Why?"

"Daughters," said John, "don't habitually show up their fathers as criminal conspirators."

"Of course not," she said. "So I'm not going to. I'm just planning to upset his apple cart. You've no idea how adroit I can be. I'm going to put salt in his coffee, and I'm going to give him a piece of my mind and make him behave hereafter. But I shall do it all privately and with decorum."

"The newer etiquette," said John Sand. He calculated this and that and then asked, "You think John H. Rockwell imported this wheezing old fraud just to get Giotto?"

"And," she said, "for no other purpose."

"Knowing Giotto's weakness for rescuing sick kittens," said John.

"Giotto North thinks he's too smart!" said Leslie indignantly.

"Well," said John, "I've observed the technic of courtship, but it does seem to me you've hit on something novel."

"I hope," she said, "it will be effective."

"What do I do?" asked Sand.

"You're the reserves. You hide behind a hill and don't come out till you're needed."

"Shouldn't we lay the facts before Giotto?"

Her eyes snapped. "If you dare," she said, "I'll never speak to you again! This is my party, and I'm going to get the good out of it."

"Very well. But if you need aid and succor, just yelp one staccato yelp."

"Thank you," said Miss Leslie, and she went away from that place with a feeling of satisfaction that amounted to sheer vanity. She felt she had put in her thumb and was about to pull out the greatly desired plum. Like the bandarlog, she believed that at last serious attention was about to be paid her.

V

"THE moon," said Leslie Rockwell to herself in an effort to function in the realm of pure reason, "is not made of green cheese. Therefore nobody can prove it is cheese at all. Mr. Ben Wade is not Mr. Ben Wade, therefore nobody can prove he is Ben Wade. I wonder if this is a syllogism." Upon that point she reflected briefly and decided that if it was not a syllogism, it was something a heap sight better. Thereupon she proceeded to evolve a corollary, although syllogisms commonly are not accompanied by such chaperons. "Hence," she said, with the airs and graces of a geometrician, "nobody with any sense would try to prove he is—and mean it. And Hence Number Two, nobody who knows the facts is going to try to collect the Wade fortune for him."

This brought her to a resting place from which she could bask in the clement breeze of her own astuteness. She reveled in it like a kitten in a catnip bed, and following still further the historic example of Jack Horner, exclaimed upon the subject of her wisdom. Then she frowned.

"When a body starts to reason," she complained, "there's no end to it. I know now why so many folks believe in faith and not works—it saves wear and tear on their brains. And now I've got to settle another point."

This point was relative to the well-being of Mr. Ben Wade. If, she considered, the object of this masquerade be to bring Giotto North down in rack and ruin, how is Ben Wade planning to evade the same destruction? To prove Giotto guilty of something simply reeking with turpitude, Ben must also be proved guilty to a greater degree. So how was Ben to avoid the pains and penalties while leaving Giotto to hold the bag? This was complex.

She tried out a number of makeshifts, but all of them embraced the defect of failing to accomplish the main object.

"Which, after all," said Leslie, "is enough to make any scheme simply putrid!"

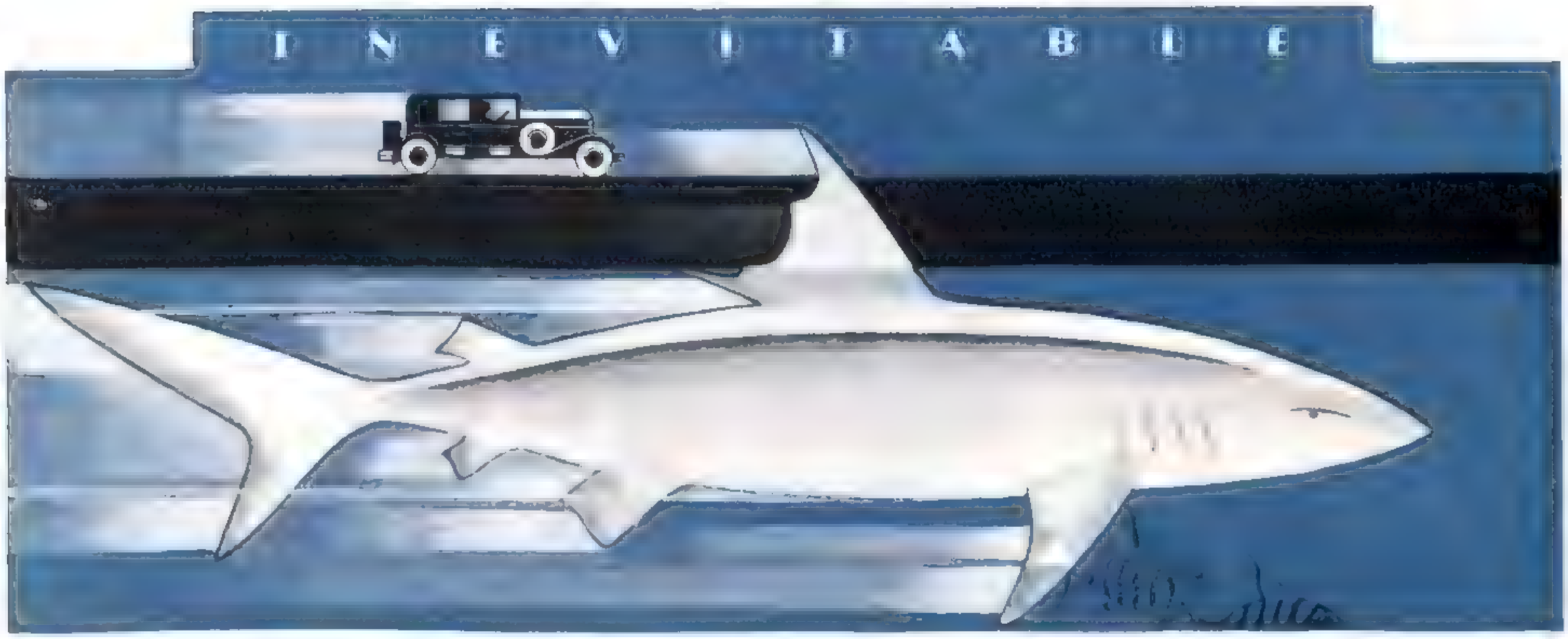
Finally she reached a conclusion by the process of reducing to the absurd. This is a practice requiring no little elimination. By continuing to cast aside plot after plot she arrived at one which she deemed must abut upon and be adjacent to the real plot because nothing else did or was. This, after all, was simple. It involved the unexpected flight of Ben Wade, who would vanish into the nowhere from which he had come into the here, but who would leave behind him footsteps on the sands of time. These footsteps must be in the nature of a signed confession which would implicate Giotto North as his accessory—or better still, as his principal.

"So," she said to herself, "if Bennie snuck off and became obliterated and everything, but left behind a confession, why, Giotto would have a perfectly odoriferous time to prove he was driven snow. And even if he proved it, 90 per cent of everybody would believe it of him anyhow—and that would distinctly abolish him as a prominent and respected citizen.

"And now," she ended, "I know exactly what I've got to do, but I'm degradingly fuzzy about how to do it." This distressed her so that she rather pouted about it and wondered who she could blame it on, but suddenly a ray illuminated her murkiness. "The trouble," she declared, "is that I've been a sinfully blatant idiot. I've been trying to do this the way a man would, with logic and common sense and everything. What in the world is the use in being a girl, and a pretty nippy one, if I do say it myself, and then not acting like one? A woman," she declared, "never solves a problem by working herself to the bone over the problem itself." She sniffed. "No, sir-ree, bob! She kicks up a perfectly illogical dust that hasn't a thing to do with it, and it gets in everybody's eyes, and they forget what Professor Wackwitz used to call the major premise. The modern method is to apply a wickedly unfair and distinctly extraneous counterirritant."

Leslie spent something like two hours producing upon a borrowed typewriter a result which an ultra-imaginative person might have called a page of text. She made use of what is known as the hunt-and-poke system, which declares the use of more than one finger to be against the rules. Also, if the desired letter is not to be found, any

(Continued on Page 99)



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(Continued from Page 96)

reasonable substitute is accepted. Having completed this *magnum opus*, she awaited her opportunity.

This occurred immediately after the midday meal, when she saw Ben Wade climb the stairs to his room. She waited briefly and followed, rapping on Mr. Wade's door for admission.

"Come in," said Ben huskily.

Leslie entered, closed the door behind her, turned the key in the lock and withdrew it from the keyhole. Mr. Wade observed these actions with mounting astonishment.

"What the ——" he began, but Leslie held up a minatory palm.

"It is very necessary," she said. "Locking the door is the perfectly hectic climax of the first act."

"What do you want?" asked Ben, with some tokens of apprehension apparent in his face and manner.

"You never heard me scream, did you?" Leslie asked. "You've no idea! 'Piercing' and 'harrowing' simply don't do it justice."

"What do you want?" asked Ben a second time.

"And," she said ingratiatingly, "you wouldn't like to hear me scream, would you?—not scream 'Help!' in the most abysmally terrified way—not out of the window where everybody in town could hear it!"

"Now you look here, Miss Rockwell. I kin take a joke. What you want to come here jokin' me fer?"

She moved over to the window and dandled the key on her palm.

"You stay right there," she said, "and be just as gentlemanly as you can. Because it would be disgracefully compromising if I were to throw this key out of the window so we would have to get someone to let us out. Now wouldn't it?"

At this he only glowered.

"And," she went on, "the people in town would just deliciously dote on lynching somebody. Why, the very pleasantest thing that could happen to you would be being sent to that noisome prison. . . . And while I was screaming I could simply tear myself to tatters, which would make it look awfully realistic. Isn't that a poisonous outlook?"

"Say, what kind of a frame-up is this?" demanded Mr. Wade in a voice which was not at all tuberculous, but was, on the contrary, quite hearty and bass.

Leslie nodded pridefully. "Isn't it a duck?" she asked. "I thought it up. And it makes you so ridiculously helpless, doesn't it? Whatever you do will only make things look worse. You see, I know you're not Ben Wade."

"Do you?" he asked, biting his lip under his whiskers.

She nodded. "I reasoned it all out," she said with a vain little waggle of the head. "I ratiocinated, if you follow me. And, of course, I simply couldn't have it. Because if you and papa make Giotto North go away from here, however could I manage to marry him?"

Mr. Wade—*ci-devant*—tried the door as a forlorn hope, and then stood with his back against it.

"So," she said, "I had to think up a way so that papa wouldn't have to take off his sheep's clothing; and, of course, any girl can simply get a man into a terrible mess if she sets her mind to it. . . . I didn't ever have to practice screaming. Every girl knows how by intuition or something else that comes out of the perfectly fascinating subconscious mind."

The spurious Mr. Wade was one of those sapient men who, having nothing pertinent to say, remain mute.

"I've reasoned out the whole hideous plot," she said, "about your slinking off and leaving a confession or something that implicates Giotto in the most unspeakable way; and so, in just a minute I'm going to go to the window and absolutely raise the dead. And they'll burst in the door and it'll be sickening for you. Don't you agree with me?"

The gentleman did. Agreement was visible on his face, and Leslie's intuition, of which she boasted, was quick to see it.

"And so," she said, "I knew you'd agree with me. And so I simply wore my finger to the bone writing it all out for you to sign, and then, because I haven't anything against you, and because it'll be better for all concerned, I'm going to let you take the first train out of town before I use it. And so you'll be safe and everything instead of being lynched by a ravening mob. And so I'm going to toss this paper on the floor and count ten, and if you haven't signed it by then, I'm going to put my head out of the window and scream excruciatingly, and tear this very nearly brand-new dress all to ribbons. And I even thought of bringing a fountain pen in case you didn't have one."

She tossed her document to the carpet and assumed a position of readiness to rend the welkin as the welkin of Hempstead never before had been rent.

"One," she said.

"You don't need to count," said the gentleman. "I got a big respect for my own skin. And what you ought to be is a lady crook workin' some kind of a badger game."

"Oh," she said rapturously, "thank you so much. That is the most thrilling compliment."

"I git to leave on the three o'clock?"

"You have my word of honor," she said very impressively.

The pen scratched and the ex-Mr. Wade held the paper in his hand.

"Toss it," she said, "and then go and stand in the corner. Because I'm going to take the most appalling precautions."

He obeyed orders to the letter. Leslie walked to the door and unlocked it.

"I'm sorry," she said, "you are going, because you have been a fascinating study, and very useful indeed."

"I never," said Mr. Wade with resignation, "see nothin' that couldn't be ruined by a woman."

"How awfully nice of you," said Leslie, who turned and ran down the hall with all the undignified speed of a twelve-year-old with pigtails. She took a chair on the porch of the tavern and waited for her victim to appear, which he did presently. She waved to him gayly.

In twenty minutes the train whistled. She waited for it to whistle for the tunnel two miles below town, and then walked in to the desk where Giotto worked upon his accounts.

"There!" she said, standing very straight and stiff and dignified, and laying the document before him as if it were a death sentence.

"What," he asked, "is this? A poem?"

"I think," she said, "you'd better read it. You'd just better read it awfully carefully—and then what will you have to say for yourself?"

Giotto's eyes crinkled with a tolerant smile as he picked up the paper. Leslie watched his face and was content at the alteration of emotion depicted thereon. What his eyes perused was the following:

I heregy CertIfy ∱x I amthe MAn$¾ who called xxx℃ hiMselff beN xzWade?* but I am not bEn wadE "zpf at all/ but a peRfectl y Spurious &impoxter$ And I am forced to MAKe x thisConfeSsiox by Mr. giotto NortH/ who SuSpected me fromx the Beginning@ And it is due to hIm that I did note succeed and aiMply gobble the wade &moneyx.

WILLIAM BANKS.

Giotto's face was grave as he leaned forward and asked, "What is this extraordinary document, Miss Leslie?"

"It—it just shows you aren't so—so putridly smart as you thought you were," she replied.

"Does it happen," he asked, "to be authentic?"

"It is the most perfectly authentic thing you ever saw."

"But why," he asked, "does the man give me credit for unmasking him? I believed in him implicitly."

"Oh," she said with sudden exasperation, "you're such a dumb-bell! You can't see anything, not if it was tacked right on the end of your nose. You're almost the dumbest man I ever saw, and—and ——"

Swiftly she turned and ran out of the office and down the steps to her little car, into which she sprang and drove furiously away.

Giotto stared after her with straitened face and troubled eyes. He made as if to follow her, but thought better of it and stood leaning upon his counter with his brow upon his hands. More than once he lifted the amazing document, to lay it down again so that he might sink into further brown study. At last he walked out on the piazza, where Hamilcar Bellows dozed, and looked down the street in the general direction Leslie had taken. He even gnawed his lip.

There was no doubt that, at last, Leslie Rockwell had called herself to the attention of Giotto North. And Leslie, miles in the country, composed her somewhat shaken equilibrium and spoke to herself subtle words of wisdom.

"Now," she said, "I've got to make myself frightfully impossible to speak to. I'll avoid him as if he was a pestilence. The thing to do, my dear, is to let him stew in this till he's all over steam." She paused and looked off at the distant mountain. "I'll bet you," she said, "he's stewing now."

In which she was right—right a full and complete 100 per cent.

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RUNNING FOR ROONEY

(Continued from Page 13)

Pike's Peak with the Prince of Wales in one arm and the Duke of York's horse in the other, as far as the facts go."

"My guess is," says Dan, "the cop who took you to the station toted the book along with him. A reporter for the Globe, which is hurrahing heavy for patriotism, drifts in. Ha! A man is found senseless on the street with a book about George Washington by his side. He'd been beaten by thugs, but not robbed. Why the attack then? Because of the book, naturally—a dastardly assault on a good American for the crime of open patriotism. Get it?"

"Kind of," I growls, "but why didn't they come and see me?"

"Too many good stories have been spoiled that way," returns Groves. "The reporter just figured out what you ought to have said that would fit into the Globe's campaign and let it go at that."

"Fine bunch of tripe," says I, "to put in the mouth of an ash-can manufacturer: '"The fight has just begun," declared the sturdy young patriot.' Blah!"

"It wouldn't surprise me any," continues Dan, "if Rooney found out that the yarn was cheesy when he went to the station to get your record for the chief. He probably fixed it with the coppers not to crab it with the other papers."

"Can you beat it?" I grouches. "I start out in the morning with nothing on my mind, get mixed up accidentally in a street brawl, and a few hours later I finds myself gone sappy on George Washington, ready to die for Facts Made by Americans for American-Made Books and a candidate for alderman. What a jam!"

"Oh, I don't know," says Dan. "It may be a great break for you. You've got a good chance of being elected, and six thousand a year and extra business for your concern ain't going to ruin your complexion any. Play your cards close to your tummy, little one, and you might be mayor or even governor some day."

"You think so?" asks the frau, who's just getting jerry to what it's all about.

"Why not?" returns Groves, gallant. "With a wife like you a man should go far."

"Yeh," I snorts, "into debt."

"Is that so?" snaps the missis. "If you ever get anywhere in politics you'll owe it all to me."

"How," I sneers, "do you figure that?"

"Didn't I give you that Washington book this morning?" she comes back. "Didn't I have to force it on you? You didn't want to take it. Remember?"

"I remember," says I gloomily.

II

WHEN I drifts over to Honest John's headquarters the next morning I'm still mulling over schemes for ducking out of the alderman gag. I got no yen for politics in the first place, and though I'm no copy-book, God-bless-our-home patriot, I just can't see myself waving the American flag over a phony issue that'll probably be shown up and shot to pieces before the campaign's over.

"Congrats," says Rooney, the minute he sees me. "It's all fixed. We just had a meeting of the committee and you're on the ticket in place of Buck Hennessey."

"What was the matter with him?" I asks.

"He's all right," returns the leader, "but he didn't have no issue."

"Tell him," I suggests, "to take a walk for himself down Spruce some morning. That street's just cluttered up with issues. Why," I goes on, "don't you let him be the candidate and me the issue?"

"Forget it," grunts Honest John. "We want the guy that was beaten up by Albright's gang. Voters like a victim."

"I'm that all right," I assures him, "doubled and redoubled."

"Meet Slim Tracy," says Rooney, indicating a slat of a lad at the other end of the room. "Slim," he explains, "is to be your handler. He'll deck you out in dope for the papers and for your speeches."

"Speeches!" I yelps. "Me make speeches? I can't even address a letter without fetching up in a cold sweat. Once I tried to make a talk at the Inside Straight Social Club and it took weeks to pry my tongue loose from the roof of my mouth."

"You'll only have to say a few words," consoles Honest John. "If you should ball those up and run off into a mumble, we'll explain it was on account of the beating that Joe Albright handed you."

"So it's Joe Albright in person now, eh?" I remarks, sarcastic. "You sure it wasn't his mother that climbed into my bedroom and hit me with an ax because I was dreaming of Abe Lincoln?"

"Remember now," says Rooney, giving my observations the ice, "you ain't to spill nothing to no reporters or nobody excepting what Slim tells you. See you at noon." And he beats it.

Tracy turns out to be a snappy palooka with a quick-trigger bean and a line of assorted gab that's playing hooky from a circus ballyhoo.

"To begin with," says he, "in this campaign we're going to couple George Dawson and George Washington right along in the betting."

"That's all O. K. by me," I comes back, generous. "He was a pretty good feller too."

"We'll have mugs of the two Georges," goes on Slim, "smeared all over the ward and ——"

"Not so hot," I cuts in. "Lots of lads in the Seventeenth haven't heard yet about Washington being dead and they'll be wondering which of the Georges they're supposed to vote for."

"They can tell by the wig," grunts Tracy. "Underneath the pictures," he continues, "we'll have some line of Washington's like, 'I'm sorry I ain't got only one life to give to my country.'"

"Did George pull that one?" I asks. "I thought it was Benedict Arnold or Arnold Bennett."

"Don't be so darn educated," scowls Tracy. "You're running for alderman."

"Well," says I, "being educated didn't keep Albright from being elected. He's one of these guys with books in the belfry, isn't he?"

"He's a sap on Shakspere," returns Slim, "and such-like bologney—and that's what's going to cost him his job."

"What's the matter?" I inquires. "Isn't he right with the organization on Hamlet? What," I goes on, "is his liking for Shakspere got to do with getting a new sewer or an alley paved or better garbage collection in the Seventeenth Ward?"

"There ain't going to be any talk in this campaign," says Tracy, "about sewers or alleys or garbage. Here's the slant: Is this district going to be represented by a man who gets his ideas from Shakspere and them kind of foreigners, or by a true American who goes to George Washington for his stuff? Are we going to have a bird for alderman who's so poisoned the district with British propaganda and gold that it's dangerous to read a life of Washington in broad daylight in the Seventeenth. See?"

"I see," I returns, disgusted. "And you think the voters'll fall for that kind slush."

"My boy," smiles Slim, "the first thing you got to learn about politics is this: The average voter don't think with his brain; he thinks with his eyes and ears. A lot of noise stirs 'em up, and once you have 'em coming your way you can even make 'em believe they're not related to their mothers."

"They're certainly not related to their beans," says I, "if they swallow that dose of squilch. As far as I know, Albright is a pretty decent ——"

"Don't even think that in your own room," cuts in Tracy, hasty. "If nothing else, he's a highbrow, and seeing that most

Are you an 80 per center?

So many of us are 80 per centers! Not sick, really, but just under par. Every day seems to require just a little more effort than we can give. Tired, always tired . . . . with rest the chief enjoyment in life.

* * *

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of the ward is made up of fatheads, it's only right that it should be represented by a fathead."

"Thanks for the parachute," says I, "but wouldn't it be ——"

"As a matter of fact," goes on Slim, "we got something just as good as that brutal assault on you to tear into Albright with."

"It must be good," I grunts, "if it's as good as that one. What is it?"

"Albright made a speech a couple of years ago," returns Tracy, "speaking well of the metric system."

"They can't arrest you for that, can they?"

"No," admits Slim, "but you can make a spiffy campaign racket out of it. Listen." He gets to his feet, walks behind a table and clears his throat. "And now, my friends," shouts Tracy, with appropriate gestures, "what is the Duke of Albright planning to do for his dear old Europe? Is he satisfied with putting everything foreign above our beloved America? Is he satisfied with having caused a vicious attack on the patriotic boy here? No, my friends. Now he wants to take away our feet and pounds and quarts and put in their place cheap-labor European weights and measures. Of course gallons and inches and ounces are no good. How can they be? They're American. Oh, that this ward should have warmed such a viper against its manly bosom! So the bushels and gallons and yards that were good enough for Washington, good enough for Lincoln and good enough for our mayor, Patrick X. McQuarry, are to go. It doesn't please you? What of it? It pleases King George and our own King Joseph.

"Imagine, Mrs. Milch," goes on Slim, pointing a finger at an imaginary dame in his imaginary audience, "sending your beautiful little girl to the corner for a kilometer of milk, or a meter of eggs, or a liter of dried herrings, and paying for it with what—dollars and cents? No, they'll go too. We'll have shillings and francs—and you know what francs are worth."

"Stop," I cries, "you're breaking my heart!"

"Boy," says Tracy, still wound up in his homemade enthusiasm, "that'll roll 'em out of their seats and start 'em marching on Albright's home. How do you like the line?"

"Great," I returns, "only you should have said something about British redcoats standing at the corner of High and Oak taking pot shots at Mrs. Milch's little girl on her way home with that kilometer of herrings."

"They'll figure out something like that for themselves," grins Slim. "When the boys in this ward find out they're in danger of losing their quarts and ——"

"Isn't it just possible," I cuts in, "that the metric system is better than our own?"

"No," comes back Tracy. "Nothing European is better than anything American."

"I see," says I. "Then that makes George M. Cohan a better play writer than Shakspere, and Will Rogers a better poet than Bernard Shaw."

"Politically, yes," returns Slim prompt, "and we'll take Sir Joseph to the reduction works if we can corner him into telling the bimbos in the river precincts different. We got to smoke him out on the subject."

"How do you mean?" I inquires.

"We'll ask Baron Albright," says Tracy, "why he has a houseful of English and French and German books, when ——"

"How," I interrupts, "do you know he has?"

"Forget it," snaps Slim. "I ain't doing Albright's denying for him. We'll insist that he tell the boys and girls why he's making writers in Europe rich with the taxpayers' money—taxes pay his salary, don't they?—when there are a lot better ones in America who ain't hardly got enough to eat. No matter which way he answers us he'll get into a jam. If he tries to soap the silk-stockings he'll get in Dutch with the pool-room athletes and the vice the worser."

"Suppose," I suggests, "he doesn't answer you at all."

"A guy that don't take the witness stand," replies Tracy, "is got the jury agin him to start with."

Slim spends the next hour or so filling me up with the stuff I'm supposed to pass on to the newspapers when they come after me. It's a short horse and quickly curried. I'm supposed to have built my whole life on a George Washington chassis. I believe Europe spends all its time setting on poison eggs hatching plots against the United States and that anybody who thinks anything foreign is as good as anything American is in the pay of England, mostly.

"It's too bad," remarks Tracy, "you couldn't have been lugging a life of Lincoln when Albright bashed you up. It's much easier," he goes on, "to get a mob sweated up over Abe. He was born a barefoot boy and he freed the colored vote."

"While George," I interrupts, "was rich and kept slaves."

"British propaganda," barks Slim, "and you stick to that too. We got a lot of dinge voters in the district."

"Getting back to the papers," says I, "Won't they make saps out of us?"

"The Globe is with us," answers Tracy. "As for the others ——"

"What they'll do," I finishes, "will be plus plenty."

"Sure," says Slim. "Ain't that what they're getting foreign gold for?"

III

IN THE week before the campaign opens I makes a few more attempts to get off the ticket, but the net around me keeps getting tighter. The wife, with visions of six thousand bucks a year to blow in on her back and with a long-distance pipe dream of ordering around the help in the governor's mansion, is rabid for me to run. That's not so important, but what is important is that the president of the ash-can company insists on me being a candidate and slips the committee five grand to help the game along. Besides, he gives me time off at full pay. The only guy I get any sympathy from is Dan Groves, but even he wants me to stick.

"It's raw and all of that," says he, "but politics is like that and will stay that way as long as the decent folks high-hat it. The tramps always vote; the silk-stockings only when it's too wet to play golf. Don't worry about the hooey you're running on," continues Dan. "United States senators have been elected on cheesier platforms than that. Once you're in, you can do as you darn please, and you might get a lot of fun out of it."

We open the fireworks in the fifth precinct, a section of the ward where the young bloods drag their coats on the ground and dare you to step on 'em. Slim's to make the big speech. I'm just to be introduced and speak a few kind words about George Washington. From what I know of the neighborhood the chances are I'll have to explain who he is.

When we gets near the hall Tracy takes a handkerchief from his pocket.

"Tie this around your head," he orders, and when I protests, he does it for me. "Limp when you walk onto the platform," says he, "and look in pain if you can."

"That'll be easy enough," I growls.

Slim gets a good hand from the crowd, but when I drags myself onto the platform and am helped into a chair by a couple of Rooney's heelers there's a riot. Honest John's had the meeting good and stacked.

Tracy's spiel is along the lines he'd rehearsed to me at headquarters. After telling how George Washington's favorite boy scout had been beaten up by Sir Joseph Albright's gangsters "for the crime of preferring our George to the George of England," Slim goes after Shakspere—"a Britisher who hated America so much that he never mentioned it in his plays."

Tracy's got a great soap-box delivery and a bunch of cheap sarcasm that keeps the mob on its toes. Every time he refers to Albright he slaps some kind of a foreign title in front of the monniker and speaks of him as representing the seventeenth ward of London or Paris. It's all good for laughs. At the end of his hurrah over the metric system, which goes over with a wow, Slim springs a new one on me.

"The Marquis of Albright," says Tracy, "is chairman of the education committee of the Board of Aldermen. Yesterday I looked into an arithmetic which he recommended for the schools. What did I find? You all know fractions—well, in Albright's book they're called vulgar fractions. Because they're American fractions, they're called vulgar fractions. My friends, fractions may be vulgar in Europe, but they're not vulgar in God's country. . . . You see the idea, don't you?" goes on Slim, when the storm of applause dies down. "Baron Albright and his crowd want to cheapen the fraction in the eyes of our people so they'll prefer decimals, and what are decimals but the metric system?"

When the crowd quiets down Tracy introduces me as "a sturdy young patriot who loves his country, his city and his ward, and would not trade the handclasp of one American in this precinct for all the gold and titles of Europe."

"Our George," says Slim, "will say little to you tonight. He is still suffering from the attack of the Prince of Albright's crew. Give him a reception, boys, that will echo through Westminster Abbey and the Eiffel Tower."

The boys do. I mumble a few words of thanks, make a few cracks about what a swell guy Washington was and how I read myself to sleep with him every night, finishing up, as per instructions, defiantly waving the tattered book that had got me into the mess. I'd never even opened it.

Day after day and night after night we goes through the same blah, and what with hanging around with the boys I don't hardly get home at all. Finally the wife lets out a holler.

"Know what Junior said this evening?" she remarks when I'm around for about ten minutes.

"What?" I asks, weary.

"He was looking out the window," returns the frau, "when you walked up. 'Oh, mammy,' he said, 'that strange man is coming in again.' And you're not getting a bit of sleep."

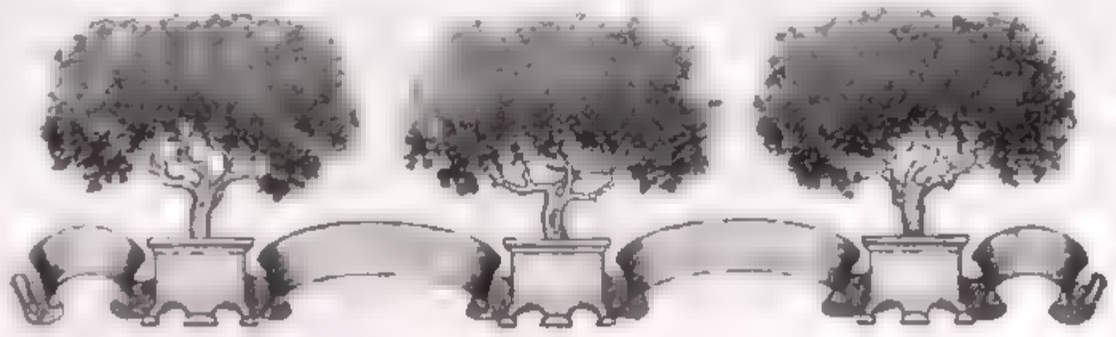
"Well," I shrugs, "you know how it is. Politics makes beds strange fellows."

Albright, just as I had figured, pays no attention to our stuff, keeping to the subject of local improvements. The rags supporting him, however, go after me with pick and shovel, and the kidding I have to stand for runs me ragged.

"Let 'em rave," says Slim. "The guys that can read editorials'll vote for Albright anyways. You just keep yelping millionaire newspaper owners and foreign gold."

"Foreign gold, eh?" I snarls. "Don't the saps in this ward ever stop and wonder where the foreigners get all the gold they buy American editors with, seeing that we got about all the gold there is?"

"We're talking louder than Albright," grins Tracy, "and they'll believe us whatever we say."



A few days before the end of the campaign, when I'm pretty well hardened, I picks up the morning edition of the Globe and catches this:

ATTACKS PARENTS OF GEO. DAWSON

Son of a Washerwoman and a Drunkard, Says Albright Speaker

In a wild rage I rushes down to Rooney's headquarters and pushes the paper in his face.

"Great stuff," says Honest John, pleasantly, "and easy worth the price."

"Price?" I mumbles.

"It cost a thousand berries," remarks Rooney, "to get Gil Dowsey to pull that line."

"You mean," I stutters, "you paid Albright's man to ——"

"Sure," cuts in the leader.

"Why?"

"We'll get hundreds of votes through that," explains Honest John, "and cinch your election. Voters are crazy about guys whose mothers took in washing because the old man was a souse. Get the idea," he goes on. "A rich man abuses a poor boy ——"

"I'm through," I snarls.

And I am through. I stays home, and neither Slim nor Rooney nor their threats can get me out. The day before election I sees in the Globe about me canceling my speaking dates on account of a relapse from the beating I'd got. I don't even budge out of the house election night. That's how sore I am.

"Aren't you interested in the returns?" asks Dan, who's come over to keep me company.

"Not a bit," I yelps.

"Well, I am," says he, and goes to the phone.

He's back in a few seconds all a-twitter.

"You're winning, kid!" he shouts. "A hundred and sixteen precincts out of four thirty-two give you 2342 against 875 for Albright. Two years ago he got 1500 votes in the same precincts."

"Six thousand dollars!" breathes the wife.

"Not through me," I growls.

It's a landslide. By ten o'clock, with less than three-quarters of the precincts in, including most of Albright's polling places, I'm leading him two to one, with the certainty that my plurality will be heavily increased.

I'm still grouchy, though, but when the boys march up to the house and begin cheering me I sort of come out of it. I guess winning is like that—it sort of peps you up no matter what you win or how you win it.

"Here," says Dan, as I starts for the porch to spill a few words to the gang, "take the Life of Washington along. You owe a lot to that book." And he hands me the battered old volume I'd flag-waved defiantly at scores of meetings.

"Fellow Americans," I orates out on the porch, "this is the proudest moment of my life. I am not deceiving myself. It is not my victory. It is a victory for the principles contained in this noble work." And I holds the book aloft.

"Three cheers for the two Georges!" yelps the mob.

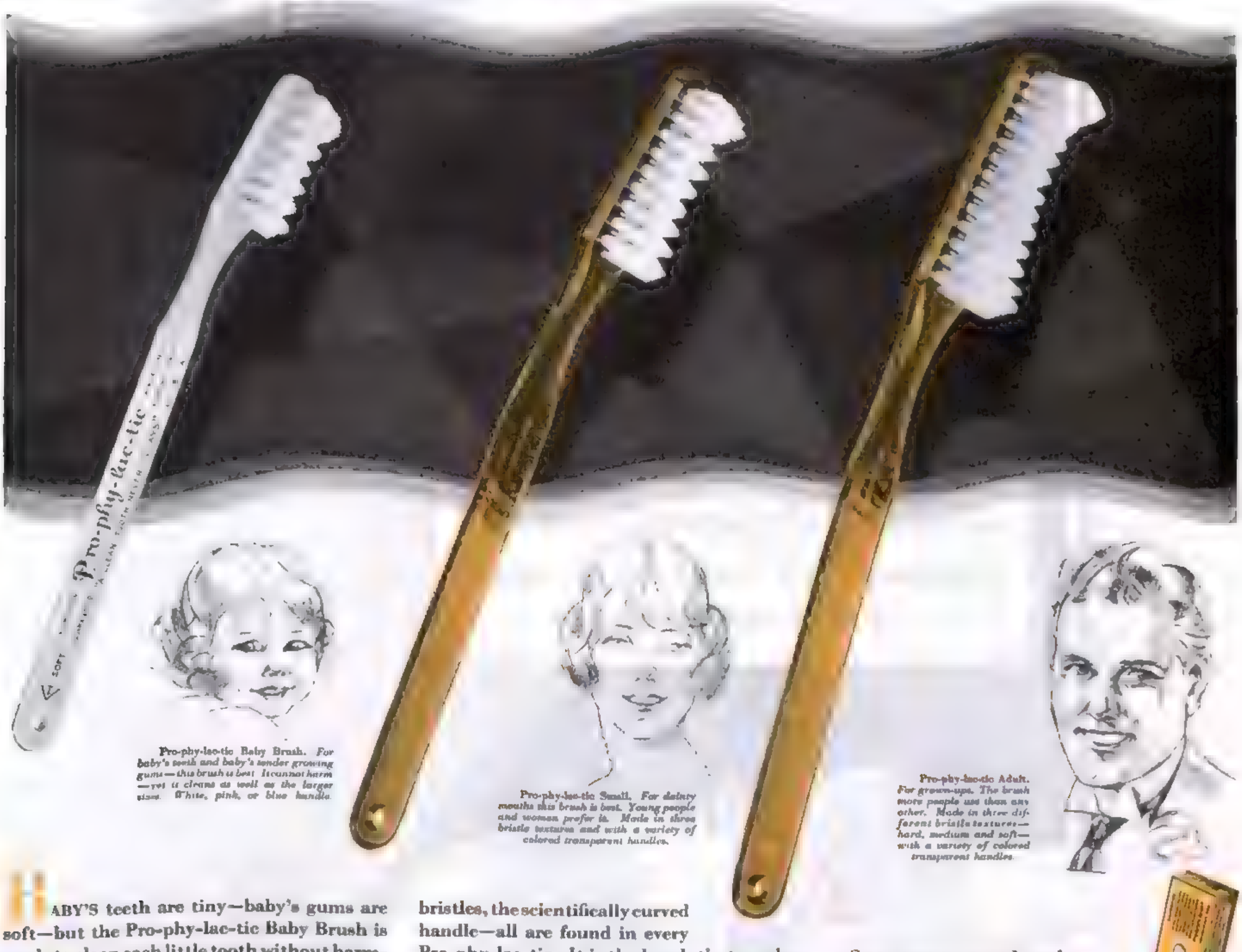
"Every night of my life," I goes on, "I have read something from the Life of Washington so I'd have some real American thoughts to keep me company the next day. Now that I am in public office I shall begin at once to reread it from the beginning."

To show that I mean it I opens up the book—for the first time. It's not a Life of Washington at all! The loose covers had been put around another book, and in the porch light I make out the title:

FOR THE HONOR OF THE KING
BY LADY BULL-CHUMLEY

The Globe, the next morning, said that the strain of the campaign had been too much for me, which gave me another wild laugh.

For Baby—Betty—and Bill There's a Pro-phy-lac-tic just right in size for each



Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby Brush. *For baby's teeth and baby's tender growing gums—this brush is best. It cannot harm—yet it cleans as well as the larger sizes. White, pink, or blue handle.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic Small. *For dainty mouths this brush is best. Young people and women prefer it. Made in three bristle textures and with a variety of colored transparent handles.*

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BABY'S teeth are tiny—baby's gums are soft—but the Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby Brush is made to clean each little tooth without harming growing tissues. Bristles are just the right texture—size is perfect.

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes are packed in individual sanitary yellow boxes. Baby Size, 25¢; Small, 40¢; Adult, 50¢; and a special Adult brush with four bristle rows sells at 60¢. Made in America by Americans.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

Save money . . and teeth this twice-a-day way

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An improved insulating board

Combining the strength, rigidity and surface qualities essential to the perfect insulator

THE thickness or hardness of a wall does not guarantee it as a barrier to heat and cold. Science discovered this years ago. Today a frame or stucco wall, lined or sheathed with the new, improved *Beaver Insulating Board,* less than one inch thick, is better assurance of winter and summer comfort than a solid wall of brick or concrete.

This is because *Beaver Insulating Board* is a scientifically constructed insulator. It is made of a special *fibre* composition which contains millions of minute *dead air cells* to each square foot.

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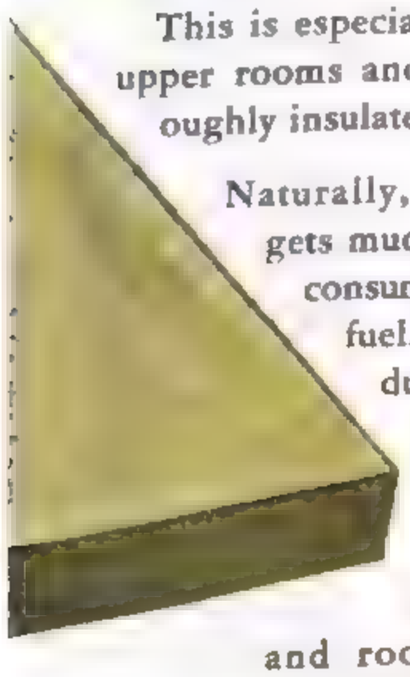

Naturally, the heating plant gets much better results and consumes considerably less fuel. Your greatly reduced coal bill is positive proof of this.

Likewise, in summer, *Beaver Insulated* walls, ceilings and roofs keep the sun's heat out. Rooms are delightfully cool.

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1 *Improved Insulation*—Dead air is the basis of all insulation. Our laminating process retains more millions of dead air cells than any other process.

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In this new *Beaver Insulating Board* you are offered a *perfected* insulating material—the result of long experience and extensive laboratory research. It is made by Beaver, pioneers in the wallboard business—the logical source of improved fibre insulation.

It is, we believe, the best wall insulating material of its kind ever produced, combining not only heat and cold-resisting properties but also the *strength, rigidity* and *surface qualities* necessary to make a wall insulator practical.

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Lindbergh • Chamberlin • Stinson • Schlee • Byrd
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All these great flyers are users of AC Spark Plugs.

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A MAN NAMED CARRIGAN

(Continued from Page 5)

imagination to realize that being kidnaped was tragic business.

III

FOR a moment Van Dusen couldn't remember where he was. Not that it worried him; he often had to sleep in unfamiliar rooms. The iron-barred window didn't remind him; all windows in this country had iron bars, not to keep prisoners in, but to keep thieves out. He wasn't sore. The fresh, cool sunlight on the wall suggested nothing evil. Van Dusen yawned and groped under his pillow for a cigarette.

"Good morning," said the man named Carrigan.

Van Dusen stared. Black memory rushed on him. In the next cot lay the huddled bulk of A. G. Farr, still mercifully drugged with sleep, grotesquely babylike. Poor old A. G.! So powerful in the destinies of other men, so helpless in his own unwieldy body! He could be hurt, or killed, as easily as any nameless pauper. More easily; hardship made paupers tough. Farr couldn't stand much mistreatment. And those two women in the next room—Van Dusen cursed himself for a criminal, homesick fool. He had asked Farr to bring them.

"Can you smoke before breakfast?" marveled Carrigan. "I can't. It upsets my stomach."

"Hell with your stomach!" growled Van Dusen. As if two women and a fat elderly man weren't enough responsibility, without this footless innocent! The fellow didn't know what he was up against. Why hadn't he kept his mouth shut yesterday?

How much would that devil of a Zaruco want? Plenty; he knew who Farr was. How had he known that Farr was on that train?

Would Farr pay? He'd have to. Van Dusen knew Zaruco's reputation. More than one wealthy foreigner had vanished into the district of Moruna, and not all of them had come out again. Not one of them had been rescued by federal troops. To their respective governments the current administration expressed the deepest regret, promised the most vigorous action, but tactfully pointed out that Moruna was known to be an unpacified district, in rebellion against the federal government. For the safety of the victims it might be well to pay the ransom, after which the administration would take the most vigorous . . . How had Zaruco known that Farr was on that train?

Carrigan, in faded blue pajamas, limped from his cot to the hand luggage in the corner. Zaruco had kept his word; it was all there. Captain Alvarez, late of the military escort, sat up and tenderly unfastened a device for the private training of his mustache.

Farr groaned, lay staring at the ceiling with gloomy eyes. Men drifted by the window, their bristling belts and jangling spurs proclaiming readiness to ride. Always their glance passed quickly to the next window; Van Dusen hoped the women had closed their shutters.

Then, suddenly, he knew the answer to his question. A man had drifted into view, a swarthy, stubby man who bore his weapons unfamiliarly. Van Dusen accosted him—twin spots of anger white on his cheek bones; but his voice was casual, no more than sardonically reproachful. The fellow might be useful yet.

"Good morning, Tiburcio!"

The man grinned, a little defiantly, more shamefacedly; from sheer force of habit he touched his hat.

"Good morning, Don Juan. Have you slept well?"

"Few thanks to you. So you have sold us to Zaruco?"

"He will not harm you, *jefe*. The Señor Farr will pay much money and you will all go free." Tiburcio bunched his stubby fingers and spread them to the morning air, showing how very free. "The Señor Farr will feel no lack; all the world knows that he is very rich."

"And how much has Zaruco promised you?"

That was a mistake, Van Dusen realized; there were too many ears. The man Tiburcio glanced naïvely about.

"Who am I to bargain with Don Emilio? He knows how to reward his followers. That is why he is invincible; no man betrays him."

"Have I not paid you well, Tiburcio?"

"Yes, *jefe*."

"Yet you have betrayed me."

Tiburcio was distressed. "No, *jefe*. It is only—Don Emilio has promised ——" He edged uneasily away. Van Dusen did not let him end the conversation; Tiburcio still called him *jefe*, chief. He dismissed the man with a carefully careless nod.

"I told you," he reported grimly to A. G. Farr, "there was a good powder man in that gang! He ought to be; I trained him."

"One of your own men? What's he got against you?"

"Nothing. Just simple. They all are," said Van Dusen wearily. "Ninety per cent of 'em, anyway. That's the hell of working in this country. You sweat your heart out teaching them to be worth something, and then some patriot—some plausible, grafting, swashbuckling hero ——"

Carrigan, sitting on his cot in his pale blue pajamas, his neutral hair still rumpled, cuddled a violin under his chin. With loving fingers he drew the bow across the strings; Van Dusen snorted, gazing bitterly out on the sunlit mesa.

A hell of a country! Stupidity and greed, servility and faithlessness. Leaders like Zaruco, who began his rise to power with the murder of his employer and the confiscation of his estate; who seized other properties and gave them to peons, to eat the cattle as long as they lasted and drink old wine until great cellars ran dry. And yet—there were those who believed the man was building a Utopia. Moruna no longer figured in the export trade; the big estates were wrecked; but on the wreckage, if reports could be believed, a humble people fed all their humble needs. To them Zaruco was a father, a protector.

Look at those brown, naïve, interested faces. Not evil, or cruel, or even treacherous. Just simple; so long as they obeyed somebody, they were keeping faith. Oddly Van Dusen thought of Tiburcio's humble wife, his shy brown children. He thought of June Farr, there in the next room—the sense of full young life in her; the beauty of her warm dark eyes, her ——

"Hey!" roared A. G. Farr. "Put down that fiddle! Wha'd'ye think this is, a picnic? I want to think!"

"Sir? Oh! I —— Sorry," stammered Carrigan. "I didn't realize. I was so glad to—to find they hadn't damaged it ——"

"Aren't you worried about your own skin?" Van Dusen asked him curiously.

"Why—why, yes, of course. I—I guess I just don't get it through my head. I can't believe those fellows would—would do anything much to us. I know things do happen, but—you know, I've never been mixed up in anything like this."

"Neither have I," snorted Farr, "but I've got sense enough to know I'm in a bad fix!"

Carrigan subsided, red-faced. The stolid woman of last night came, bringing coffee; he grinned gratefully and opened his mouth to make facetious comment, but the pervading grimness stopped it.

Farr and Van Dusen and the military man plunged into practical discussion. Captain Alvarez, it appeared, had once been stationed in Moruna; he said their only chance was to escape before they got into Zaruco's district; the passes through the border hills were few, difficult and well watched. Tomorrow it would be too late. . . . The captain spoke a sort of English, but their guarded tones did not reach Carrigan. He had nothing to contribute. He only sat there. When their prison door opened and they were ordered again into the saddle, he looked so diffident that June Farr took pity on him.

"You play beautifully," she told him. "Are you a professional?"

"No'm," said Carrigan, brightening. "Once—once I wanted to be. How do you feel this morning? Did the rub help?"

"I didn't try it," June said coldly, turning away.

At first the sun was grateful to stiffened muscles. But it grew hot. The mesa lay wide open, shelterless to the distant hills, featureless except for tiny grazing herds. Once or twice they saw some tiny distant horseman, and knew he took them for some lawful train of travelers—if he cared. Zaruco jogged ahead like any peaceful *hacendado*, his dozen or fifteen men trailing behind. They didn't watch their captives much; there was no need; no sudden dash could help them to escape. The mesa passed in slow monotony; the dry air parched unweathered faces like a furnace breath. Carrigan, hatless, tried to protect his head with a handkerchief. It was mid-afternoon before they halted and the pack animals came up and men started preparations for a meal. Mrs. Farr had to be lifted from her horse.

The bandits spread a blanket for her, raised another for a shelter against the sun. There were no trees. But they had reached the mesa rim; a valley spread below, wide, fertile, with green woods along a wandering river, like a glimpse of paradise. A spreading patch of white dots marked a considerable town.

"Campoamor," said Captain Alvarez. "Across zose hill' zat dam' Zaruco will to be in his own people; but *no se atreve* to pass zis valley in ze light off day."

"Not that he's got much to fear from federals," said Van Dusen bitterly. "Live and let live—if you ask me. But there's a price on his head—just for appearances' sake; and there's always the danger that some literal-minded citizen will take a shot at him."

"Ze *comandante* off Campoamor will be happy to take many shots," said Captain Alvarez. "Zat dam' Zaruco kill' his brother once."

The captain, too, spoke bitterly; but when Zaruco turned and came suddenly toward them he rose respectfully and saluted. "*Mande, mi general?*"

"*Cuál de ustedes es el músico?*"

"Musician?" said Van Dusen. "Oh! He must mean you, Carrigan."

"Me?" said Carrigan, roused from painful lethargy.

"*A ser si sabe la elegía de un tal* Mass-eh-net."

"*Elegía?*" said Van Dusen, unfamiliar with the word.

"A sad singing," explained Alvarez. "Off a man call' Mass-ee-nett."

"Massenet's Elegy?" said Carrigan. "What about it?"

"I gather that he wants you to play it."

"Sure," said Carrigan. "A funeral march would suit me better, but an elegy will help. You mean to say these roughnecks like that kind of music?"

They brought his violin. He flexed his hands, cramped from long clutching at a slippery saddle horn, and tuned it; and his eyes relaxed their painful squint. He played the opening bars.

"Yes!" cried Zaruco. "That is it! I had a record for the phonograph, but a *criada* broke it. Again!"

Carrigan began again; and unexpectedly Zaruco shut his eyes and threw back his head and sang. His voice was of a beautiful tenor quality, but its unfettered volume startled Carrigan. He dropped his bow. "Hey!" he protested. "It's a song of mourning, not a test of lung power! Here, this way!" His mild, sunburned, fatigue-lined face took on an earnest dolefulness; earnestly he wailed.

"Tell him I don't know the words, but that's the expression!"

Nobody had the heart to laugh. The bandit king said meekly, "Yes, I remember. The artist of the phonograph did sing it so. Again!"

He sang again. Again and again Carrigan stopped him sharply, correcting, illustrating with voice and strings. The man knew no music. But his ear was true, and he remembered bits of the art of the great singer of the phonograph; presently Carrigan rewarded him with a grin and slid with the violin into the throbbing obbligato. Zaruco was delighted. "Again!" he cried. And when he tired of that, "Now you shall accompany me in O Sole Mio!"

Men drifted up to sit or stand at a respectful distance, listening. Nobody watched Van Dusen. The sun drifted down; Zaruco, his soul filled with harmony, retired. Carrigan dropped, heeding his violin more than his weary body.

"The man can't be so bad," he gasped, "if he likes music that much. I hope we haven't worn you out completely."

"He's worn you out," said June.

"No'm. It's not my—my fingers that are sore." He managed a feeble grin; oddly June wanted to do something for him. Oddly she found a thing to do.

"I lied about that rub, Mr. Carrigan. I did try it, and it helped a lot."

"Yes'm," said Carrigan. "I know. I heard you. Afterward."

June's dark eyes burned. Acutely she remembered the frank sound of hands on naked flesh; how had he dared to—to listen? How dared he know she lied? She saw him sitting there, mild, weary, insignificant against the sweep of mesa and the vast glory of the sunset; and suddenly she knew she was near crying. So she laughed.

"You—you funny Carrigan ——"

"It's fixed," murmured Van Dusen, strolling up. "Tiburcio will slip away in the dark and get word to the *comandante* at Campoamor. They'll cut us off at the river. And when the shooting starts ——"

IV

"NIX, NIX!" said A. G. Farr. "No shooting; not with these girls along! I'll pay the ransom first."

"Half a million?" said Van Dusen grimly.

"Half a—what?" yelped Farr.

"Of course that's not official. It may be a million; I told you they knew who you were. But Tiburcio tells me that's the talk. Five hundred thousand for Zaruco, five hundred for Tiburcio—poor simp! It sounds like a fair split to him."

"I'll never pay it! Van, I can't! It'd ruin me to raise that much in cash!"

Van Dusen sighed. "I know. I'm afraid that's the idea. All the traffic'll bear, and all in one throw. Zaruco's customers don't come back, you know."

"What'll I—what'll we do, Van? What good'll it do me to get rescued if Milly or June gets killed in the muss?"

"I was just going to say. I know the way natives shoot—always high; they aim at a man's head in the first place, and nine times out of ten they shoot four feet over it. If they don't tie us on our horses—if we can fall off and keep down—we ought to be fairly safe."

"I'd rather get shot," said Mrs. Farr, "than pay a cent to that psalm-singing hypocrite!"

"Me too," said June. "Only he didn't sing any psalms; he really seems to like good music; doesn't he, Carrigan?"

"Yes'm," said Carrigan.

"Keep your yap out of this!" roared the distracted Farr. "Who asked you to come, anyway?"

The sun went down. The stars came out; oddly June Farr was conscious of relief. Last night that cold infinity had made her feel uncovered, dwarfed, all her warm human self drained off and lost in frightful

(Continued on Page 109

Donati, flying Italian plane powered with Romeo-Jupiter engine equipped with Champions, established new altitude record of 38,793 feet at Milano on December 23. Temperature reached 76 degrees below zero.

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CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.

(Continued from Page 107)

space. Tonight she felt no terror. Why was that? Fear, yes; a very definite and human fear; but now she had the courage to oppose it. She saw the distant lights of Campoamor, whence help might come. She saw the man Tiburcio, ostentatiously friendly with his fellow thugs; her father and Van Dusen—dear, strong, quiet Van—murmuring confidentially with Captain Alvarez; the useless Carrigan, humbly aloof, nursing a lonely cigarette. She went to him.

"You mustn't mind my father. He's got a lot on his mind."

"I should say he has!" said Carrigan.

"He feels responsible for all of us."

"Yes'm." The cigarette spark made an odd formless gesture. "He reminds me of my own father. Not that they look alike, but —— He's quite a fellow, dad is." The spark glowed thoughtfully; unexpectedly he went on, "You see that little square of stars up yonder? They say that's one place in the heavens where the most powerful telescopes discover nothing. Just blackness—on and on, out into unimaginable emptiness. I like to think of that sometimes. Life on this earth may be bewildering, but at least we've got solid ground under us. That's something."

June laughed.

"You're a funny person."

"I must be," sighed Carrigan. "The opinion seems to be fairly unanimous. But why?"

"You may be shot by midnight, yet here you sit, stargazing. Don't you think that's funny?"

"Why?" he demanded earnestly. "Maybe in the next life we'll know the stars are only mechanical trifles, but they're the biggest things in sight from here. They make us know how small we are, yet we can reach them with our imaginations. They give us hope. They're symbols. Why shouldn't a man stargaze before he dies?"

"You must be a poet."

"No'm. I'm a lawyer. It would be different if I could do anything—about this, I mean." The cigarette spark described an arc toward the plotting group. "Like Van Dusen, for instance. He knows what's likely to happen, and how to start figuring what to do about it. He's my idea of an able man."

"Van is able. How old do you think he is?"

"Thirty-five? Forty?"

"Twenty-eight," said June. "He's always been like that; quiet and capable, I mean. I've known him since he was twelve. My father hired him as an office boy, and by the time he was twenty-one he had to send him down here to keep him from running the whole show—my father says. The truth is, he means him to run the whole show eventually. Van's the next best thing to a son for him. He's like a brother to me, too," said June. "He always stays with us when he comes north on his vacations."

"He'll have to run this show," said Carrigan. "I'll do anything he says, but it's no use putting in my—my yap. I don't even know what to do when I get bawled out by a traffic cop."

June could imagine that. A truculent officer, a grinning crowd, the meekly embarrassed Carrigan in his unremarkable car—caught in the act of making a wrong turn on his way from the office to the Y. M. C. A.! The thought moved her to curiosity.

"How did you happen to get into this anyway?"

"Well," said Carrigan, "I always wanted to see this country. No particular reason, only the tropics always sounded so —— But it was rather disappointing. Nothing to—to get hold of. You know? I was only another tourist in the rubberneck parade. So ——"

June laughed. "So you got yourself kidnaped?"

"No'm. Not exactly."

"Well, what exactly?"

"I was following you," said Carrigan.

He said it so prosaically, so unremarkably, that for a moment June had the illusion of having heard something he hadn't said. She echoed uncertainly, "Following me?"

"Yes'm. You got on the train at—what's its name?—Cojutla. I was just getting off. I meant to go on south; I've got a week of my vacation left. But I got to thinking. I didn't have to go south. And it was the first thing I'd really wanted to do—to stay on the train with you. So I went back and got on."

"You—you wanted to stay on the train with me?"

"Yes'm," said Carrigan.

It seemed inadequate; June bit her lip to keep from saying "Why?" Certainly she didn't want the fellow to go into impertinent detail about her charms. But he added nothing. Presently he fished out a cigarette and struck a match: she saw his face, tired, serious, not in the least amorous. She had to prompt him.

"And when the holdup came?"

"All my life," said Carrigan jerkily, "I've played safe. Lawyers do; the sound ones anyway. Conservative. My father, for instance. He doesn't have impulses, only reasons. Mostly precedent. He never heard of a jurist's son being a musician. Don't misunderstand me. Dad's fine. He likes music; but to him it's an accomplishment, not a man's job. Maybe I wouldn't have amounted to much anyway. But—I've never had the nerve to do anything I wanted to."

"You wanted to get kidnaped?" said June perversely.

"No," said Carrigan. "I didn't want to lose you."

It was exactly what she had asked for, but she didn't know what to do with it. She didn't want him to make love to her; what did she want him to say? She didn't know until she heard him saying it.

"I thought I might be of some use, somewhere along the line. But I'm only so much dead weight."

"It was a brave thing anyway," said June.

A sound came to them—the far-off, muted whistle of a train. They saw the tiny row of lighted windows crawl along the valley. As if it were a signal, Zaruco shouted briskly, "*Vamonos!*" There was a bustle in the dimness. Carrigan didn't seem to notice; he sat with hands locked hard about his knees, his dim face turned away. June touched his arm, said gently, "I think it's time to go."

He scrambled up and offered her his hands. She couldn't see his face against the sky, but she knew perfectly well that he could see hers, upturned. What woman doesn't know? Yet she was honestly amazed and furious to find herself caught awkwardly in his arms. She fought him off. But it didn't take much to discourage him. He had already let her go before Van Dusen's hand fell on his neck and jerked him sprawling in the dark.

V

HE WAS up instantly. Van Dusen, not expecting any suddenness from so hesitant a man, had a dazed feeling that a shadow exploded in his face; he neither saw nor felt the hand that slapped him. He didn't know his knees buckled. He only caught a shadowy glimpse of Carrigan crouching, his two arms curiously outflung; and then he was stumbling backward with a rain of buffets beating on his upflung arms. That was Carrigan—slapping like a woman! Van Dusen grinned and drove his fist into that shadowy face.

Carrigan staggered and came on. As if the impact of Van Dusen's fists reminded him, he began to hit with his own fists instead of slapping.

But there was no steam, no weight behind his blows. Van Dusen set himself, drove at his middle and then whipped across his jaw. Carrigan doubled and pitched forward on his face.

Interested hands caught at Van Dusen's fist; a voice cried, "It is true! He holds

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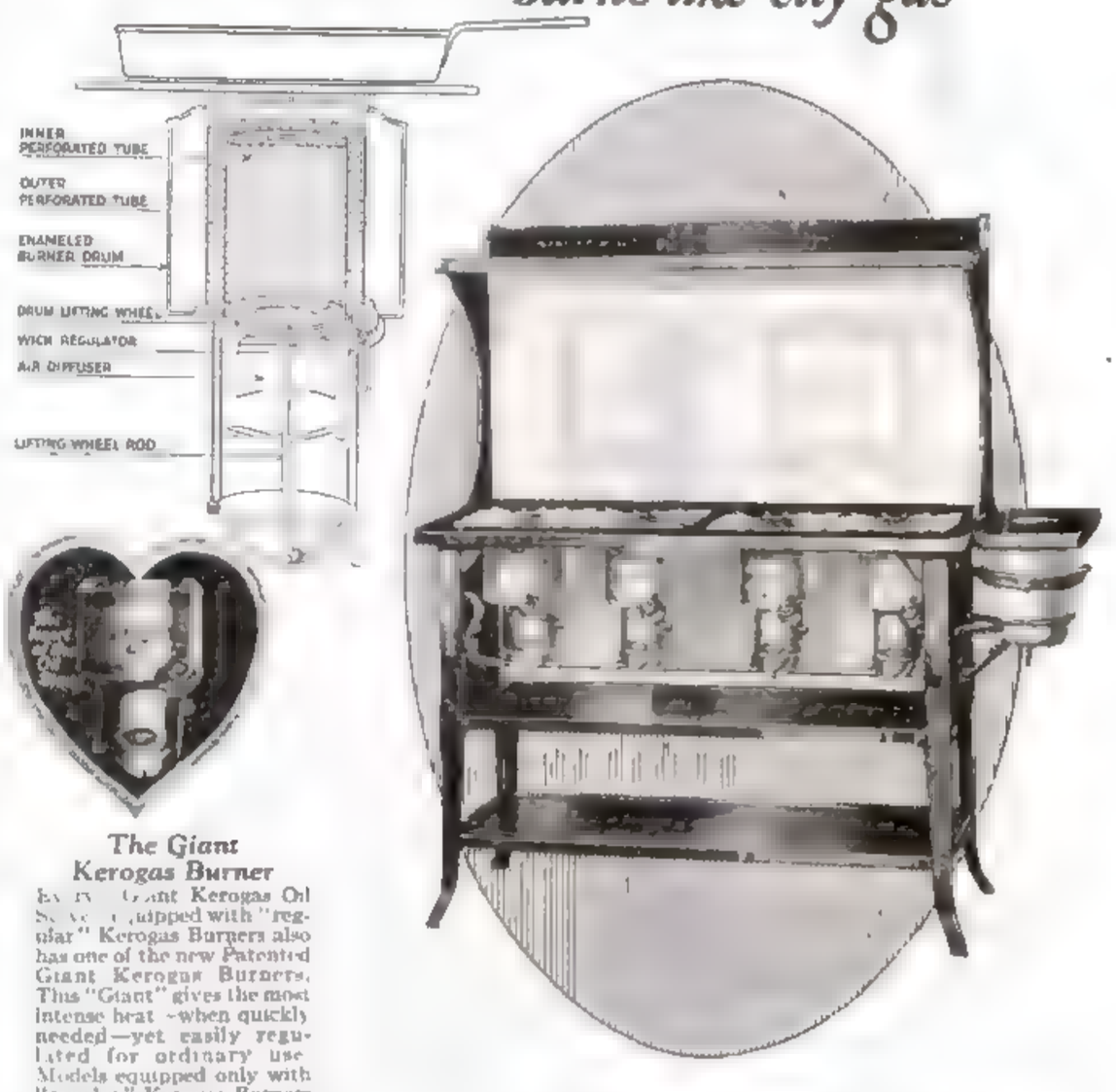

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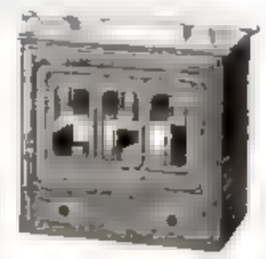

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no weapon! With the mere hand he has struck down the *músico!*"

The bandits were greatly entertained. They had all heard of the Yankee trick of fighting with the hands, but few of them had ever seen it demonstrated; they hadn't believed that a man could strike hard enough actually to disable an opponent. Fists were not natural to them. They slapped—like women; like poor awkward Carrigan. Van Dusen was sorry. He stooped and lifted the limp body at the waist, to help the readjustment of the jarred spine. Carrigan's head rolled back. He muttered thickly, "Wha's—wha's matter?"

"Are you all right, old man?"

"Where's—where's m' glasses?"

Van Dusen struck a match and found them, somehow unbroken, under the feet of ringside spectators. Carrigan said foggily, "Thanks. I remember—now. You—knocked me out."

"You nearly put me out with that first wallop," Van Dusen told him handsomely. "What did you hit me with?"

"The heel of my hand, I guess. It hurts."

"Gosh! Was that a slap?"

"Not—exactly. I've—got the habit of hitting that way to keep from taking chances with my fingers. High on the palm, I mean. It's bad form, but ——"

"Well, you stick to Marquis of Queensberry next time! I prefer your fists."

"Not fighting. Handball. Only kind of hitting I know anything about. No good for fighting, is it? No weight behind it. Nothing to it but speed. We use the fast A. A. U. ball, and it only weighs ——"

"Oh," said Van Dusen, diverted. "In the Y. M. C. A."

"Yes," said Carrigan.

"Do they have petting classes there?"

"Huh?"

"Petting. Necking. You don't look like that kind of a guy, Carrigan. I hear it's being done in the best circles back home; but you ought to realize. This is no afternoon tea. You might start something you couldn't stop. These fellows are Indians, halfbreeds, outlaws. If you don't respect Miss Farr yourself ——"

Carrigan got slowly to his feet, stood swaying. Van Dusen tried to steady him; he jerked away and almost fell again.

"If it's any of your business, Van Dusen, I ——"

"If we ever get out of this," said Van Dusen evenly, "Miss Farr is to be Mrs. Van Dusen. Any other questions?"

Carrigan stared, the starlight glinting blankly on his glasses. "She didn't tell me that."

"No?" said Van Dusen with great irony.

"She said you were like a brother to her."

Through his cut, swelling lips the phrase came like buffoonery; Van Dusen snarled "You dumb clown!" and turned on his heel to look for June.

The gallant Captain Alvarez had escorted her to the horses, helped her to mount, helped her arrange her skirt—which was no riding habit. Van Dusen heard his gallant murmur.

"You mus' not be sorrow, señorita. You mus' be glad what brave men fight for you. We, ze men, always we fight for you, ze ladies. We say we fight for country, for *la libertad*, but it iss that fighting make' us loff you more. Brave soldiers always loff ——" He started, perceiving Van Dusen at his elbow; he added hastily, "Ah, meester! I wass jus' saying. How you have knock' zat *músico*, eh?"

He faded away toward his own horse. June caught Van Dusen's shoulder in a painful grip.

"Van, I'm scared. I'm scared, I tell you!"

"So'm I," he told her cheerfully. "But I don't put much confidence in it. I've been scared lots of times."

"Not about getting shot. I'll take my chance. But promise me you won't start anything, Van!"

"Did the handsome captain get fresh?"

"N-no. Yes! He kept trying to—paw my leg. And his breath smells of garlic. But it's not only him, Van! All these—these men. The way they look at you At me, I mean. I never realized until ——"

She had been close to Carrigan when he had bounded to his feet, crouching, breath whistling savagely through his teeth—mild, inoffensive Carrigan, incredibly changed into a fighting animal. She heard that impact on Van Dusen's jaw—no ordinary slap; there was red murder in it. She saw Van Dusen stagger and come back, heard the dull savage smack of fists on flesh and bone. Fighting for her! That hadn't shocked her. She thought it did; June Farr was civilized. She didn't recognize the savage thrill of standing by, herself the prize for which men fought. But afterward, under the too tender care of Captain Alvarez, the sick reaction came. Suddenly she was aware of all of them—all these male animals about her in the dark. Their masculinity was like an odor in her nostrils.

Animals—outlaws—any one of them stronger than herself. What would become of her if anything happened to Van Dusen?

She heard her mother crying, unable to endure the thought of further torture in the saddle. She heard Van Dusen's voice, deep, steady, reassuring.

"Cry all you want to, Mrs. Farr. Let 'em know you're just about all in. It may make 'em travel slower."

He didn't add what all the prisoners knew—that all their hope lay in moving slowly enough to let Tiburcio reach Campoamor and bring help to the river ahead of them. They didn't dare mention Campoamor aloud.

Slowly enough the bandits picked their way down rocky steeps into the valley. Van Dusen strained his eyes on the stubby figure of Tiburcio. Why didn't the fool drop back, stray as if hunting an easier path, as some of his fellows did? Slowly the lights of Campoamor sank out of sight behind the wooded river, and still Tiburcio rode close behind Zaruco, squarely between two of the forward riders. Van Dusen didn't dare try to prompt him, risk calling attention to him. Mile after mile, and still Tiburcio made no move. They turned into a highroad and headed straight for the river; in sheer despair Van Dusen urged his horse ahead. In the dim light reflected from the road he saw Tiburcio queerly without elbows.

Tiburcio's hands were tied behind his back. From the next saddle horn a rope traced a dim curve up to Tiburcio's neck.

VI

PETER CARRIGAN knew he wasn't practical. All his life he had wished vaguely for unreasonable things; but fortunately he had an able father. John Carrigan was wise, far-seeing, careful. He knew how things would work out in the long run, and he could tell a fellow, reasonably, why it was so. John Carrigan was never hasty or impulsive. Imagine him getting into a mess like this for a girl he had never seen until that morning! True, he had got his own wife, long ago, by eloping with her—Peter knew all the humorous details; but that had been well-considered, wise. It had provided Peter with a sweet and gentle mother.

All his life, vaguely, Peter had pictured a wife like her. That was plain common sense; no man could want a better. Loyal and sweet—her harshest word was, "Hark to your father, Peter!"

But this had nothing to do with common sense. He knew June Farr was neither sweet nor gentle. Arrogant, self-willed, kind only to the weak—she had been kind to him because he was so useless. He didn't resent that. He only regretted, humbly, that it was so.

He didn't picture her as his wife; he only knew the shock of meeting her dark, vivid eyes. There in the noisy, dirty station at Cojutla, dull with the dissonance of fretted human faces, her face had been a sudden thrilling harmony—like some heart-shaking, unexpected chord. She hadn't seen him. He had passed on, mechanically; Peter Carrigan was used to being looked at and not seen. But he went back. He had to hear that chord again. All morning, watching her in the train, vaguely his mind groped for a vivid, half-remembered phrase. "Beautiful . . . dangerous"—no, that wasn't it.

Something more than beauty. More vital, less complete—like a beginning chord that wakes the heart for unguessed music yet to come.

Now, three days afterward, he was still groping. He knew no name for the queer exaltation that still held him up through fear and weariness. He hadn't seen the girl since yesterday. For thirty hours there had been nothing to do but ache and sleep and wake to stare wearily at a ceiling adorned with endless scrolls and gilded, impossibly fat cupids. The hacienda of San Rafael, Van Dusen said, was one of the richest plantations in Moruna. It had belonged to a great Spanish family; hence the elegance. It wasn't the capital of the district, except in a sentimental sense—Zaruco had been born here. Not in any such room as this; the son of an overseer is not born in the *casa principal*. But if he chooses a politically opportune moment to murder his employer and raise the cry of liberty, he may inherit the whole estate and quarter his paying guests wherever he likes.

Van Dusen explained this with ironic brevity. Carrigan, who had never witnessed a murder, thought vaguely that the man who designed that ceiling had deserved to die.

Farr groaned and wondered helplessly how the girls were getting along. Carrigan, having seen them taken in charge by women of the hacienda, felt sure they were all right. Locked up, of course; but women would naturally be kind to women. He knew in theory that cruel things did happen, but he had never seen any. These people seemed human enough.

Vaguely he supposed Captain Alvarez was locked up somewhere else, because this room had only two beds and a couch. He didn't know what had become of the man Tiburcio. Yesterday, in his first heavy sleep, he had been vaguely bothered by a hoarse yelling somewhere—probably some peon cursing a stubborn mule. But now the hours were very quiet and long. Nothing more seemed likely to happen until Zaruco got ready to demand his price. Vaguely he hoped Zaruco didn't guess the size of the Carrigan income.

Toward night the key ground in the lock. Now?

But it was only their official jailer, beetle-browed, pistol in hand but otherwise respectful.

"Don Emilio begs the *señor músico* will bring his violin."

Van Dusen yawned. "Paging you, Carrigan. Run along and fiddle for His Majesty."

"See what you can find out about the girls," begged Farr.

Carrigan went gratefully, glad to escape the monotony of that ceiling. He didn't notice especially what turns they made. It didn't occur to him to assault his guide and try to get his gun and keys. Through several corridors they came into a pleasant court, quiet with dusk, rich with the purple masses of a bougainvillea vine. Zaruco greeted him with smiling courtesy. He saw a big, ornate room lit with the mellow glow of a great standing lamp; beautiful old Spanish chairs, rich heavy curtains, a shining, modern, very grand piano. He wasn't especially surprised to see Captain Alvarez already there; of course Zaruco needed an interpreter.

He asked the military man, "Know anything about the ladies, captain? Are they all right?"

"Oh, sure," beamed Alvarez. "And you?"

Zaruco, the perfect host, poured mellow wine from a cut-glass decanter. Carrigan

(Continued on Page 113)

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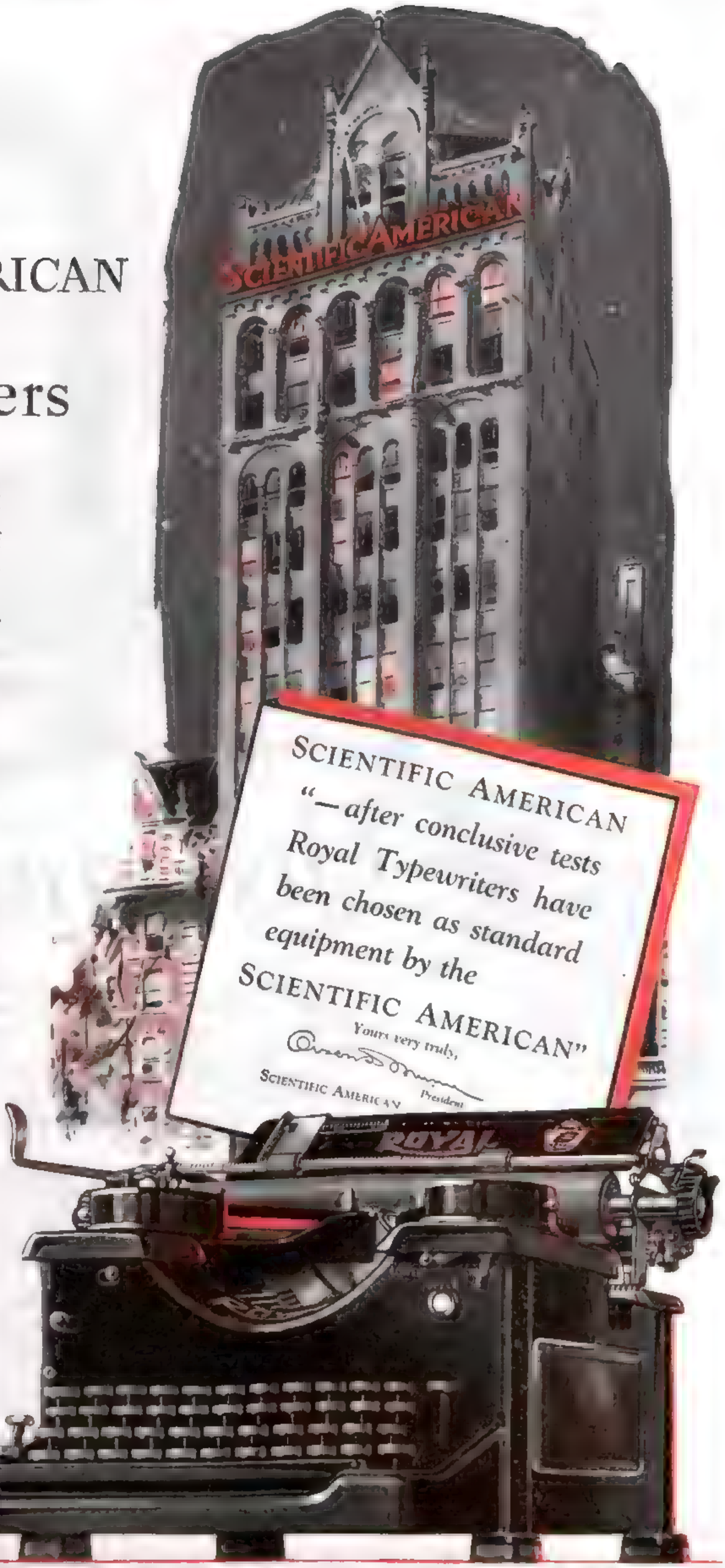

MAKERS OF THE ROYAL TYPEWRITER FOR THE OFFICE AND THE ROYAL *PORTABLE* TYPEWRITER FOR THE HOME

(Continued from Page 118)

another client with the same peculiarity who has always been rather a mystery to us, and with whom I hope very much you are not going to interfere."

"Why not?"

"Because he happens to be now, as he has been for the last ten years, the very best customer we have upon our books."

"You will tell me his name?" Brett begged.

"I would do so with pleasure, sir," was the polite reply, "but we do not know it."

"Not know it!" Brett repeated, staring across the table from his comfortable chair at the manager.

"That may sound extraordinary, sir," the latter continued, "but it's a fact. We have been making clothes of every sort and description for this gentleman, from sporting garments of various kinds to a court suit, but we have never heard his name. You will wish me, no doubt, to explain the procedure."

"If you please."

"At irregular periods, but, generally speaking, every few months, we receive a telephone message from a firm of fruit brokers—Gonzales & Ardron, of Plumer's Buildings, Riverside Street—a district, I believe, somewhere in the vicinity of the lower wharves. We send one of our best men down there with a variety of patterns, and either in the warehouse or on one of the steamers moored close to the wharf our client makes his selection. He usually chooses twenty to twenty-five suits at a time and gives us a date for trying on, and a rendezvous. Sometimes it is at Cowes, once or twice it has been at Greenwich, occasionally at the warehouse in the City, or the Ritz Hotel here; but our representative has always been met, and has never had any occasion to ask for his client by name."

"Can you describe him?"

"I have often asked our man the same question," the manager acknowledged, "and he always seems a little vague about it. From a tailoring point of view, the thing that interests us chiefly is that he has an absolutely perfect figure. His clothes can be made upon a block. There is very seldom an alteration required; and although I have never seen him in my life, I should expect, if I did meet him, to see the best-dressed man in London. Apart from that, I gather that he is clean-shaven, middle-aged, and—although the name of the firm with which he seems to be associated is foreign—he is undoubtedly an Englishman. Now you would probably like to ask the fitter who waits upon him a few questions," the manager concluded, stretching out his hand toward the bell. Brett stopped him promptly.

"There is nothing more I want to know, thank you," he said, "and I would much rather that you did not mention my visit to the fitter."

The manager seemed to be a little doubtful.

"He's been with us for thirty years—an absolutely trustworthy fellow."

"If he were a partner in the firm, I should still say the same," Brett insisted. "The man we are after is capable of giving a ten-thousand-pound bribe in the same way that we might slip a pound note into a man's hand. I should prefer your not mentioning these inquiries to anyone. What I should like to know is if you have any work on hand for your customer at the present moment."

The manager glanced at a memorandum upon his desk.

"As it happens," he confided, "our fitter—Harding, his name is—is taking eleven suits to be tried on down to Riverside Street tomorrow."

There was an ominous glitter in Brett's eyes.

"At what time?"

"He is to be at Riverside Street at half-past eleven. Our client is the most extraordinarily punctual person. To be five minutes late would be an offense, so I imagine Harding will leave here at about eleven in a taxicab, in case there should be a block anywhere."

Brett rose to his feet. "I am immensely obliged to you, sir," he said. "Your information may be of great value to us."

"I only hope it won't mean that we are going to be robbed of our best client," was the good-humored rejoinder.

Brett returned to Scotland Yard and recounted to the chief inspector the result of his mission.

"It sounds promising enough," the latter admitted.

"It does," Brett agreed, without overmuch enthusiasm.

"What's wrong?"

Brett drummed lightly with his fingers upon the table. His ingenuous face was clouded; the sparkle had gone from his clear eyes.

"A slight attack of nerves, sir, I expect," he confessed. "We have so often nearly laid our hands upon this fellow. This looks promising enough, and yet ——"

"You think it's a trap?"

"I think that if this is really another of his hiding places, he'll have a wonderful get-away all provided for."

The chief inspector smiled. "I dare say the get-away's there all right," he observed, "but he isn't going to have all the luck all the time. You'd better lie low for the rest of the day, Brett. I'll send some of our men down to Riverside Street who know the neighborhood and can get a plan of the place. Oh, by the bye, here's another mysterious letter for you. It came by hand a few minutes ago."

He threw it across the desk—a narrow, violet-tinted envelope, with a typewritten address. Brett opened it languidly enough, but at the sight of the first few words he was a different man. Forgetful of his superior's presence, he swore blasphemously as he flung the letter upon the table. The chief inspector picked it up and read:

My dear Brett: You really should not allow a young lady of Lady Muriel's charm and position to travel in an omnibus. Anything might happen, you know, in this intriguing city of ours.

MATTHEW.

"The nerve of the fellow!" Absolom gasped.

Brett snatched up his hat. "I've got to make sure that she's all right," he announced. "She was going back to her room to change early for luncheon and the reception this afternoon."

The chief inspector nodded. He tapped the sheet of paper indulgently.

"Sardonic humor, this chap seems to have," he observed, "but the rest of it's bluff, of course. . . . Come in and get the news about five."

At the appointed hour that evening the chief inspector sat impatiently awaiting the return of Philip Brett. He was so completely engrossed with the matter in hand that he did not notice the latter's disturbed demeanor when, punctually as the hour struck, he presented himself.

"Come and sit down, Brett," he invited—"here, by the side of me. Brooks has just got back—done his work quite well. There's no doubt that Gonzales & Ardron are a firm of repute. They own two or three steamers, do genuine business, their bank report is A1, and there is nothing against either of the partners. Here's a sketch of the vicinity. You turn off Tooley Street into Riverside Street. Pretty rotten neighborhood, that, of course, and at the end of Riverside Street there are some iron gates leading out onto a wharf extension, where one of the Gonzales steamers is generally docked. These gates are open during the daytime, but can be closed with authority at any moment. Now, on the left, just before you reach these gates, there are some others, leading to ten or twelve warehouses which face, you see, towards this open space, and the backs of which are within a few yards of the river, from which they are separated by a strip of wharf.

"The first of these warehouses, and the only one of any consequence, is that of Gonzales & Ardron. They have two cranes,

Week of February 20th

If you were South, Declarer, in the Radio Bridge hand below, with a No Trump bid, could you go game if West led the King of Diamonds? Could you use the Bath Coup and the Rule of Eleven? How early in the game could you read the opponents' holdings? See what you can do with this deal; then tune in with the experts by Radio, and hear some of the fine points of the game!

C. Drummond Jones, St. Louis, Mo., dealer, South

Spades	A, K, 4
Hearts	K, 5, 3
Diamonds	A, J, 5
Clubs	A, K, Q, 7

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, North

Spades	9, 8, 5
Hearts	A, J, 4
Diamonds	8, 4, 3
Clubs	10, 6, 4, 3

Mrs. John C. Ohaver, Tulsa, Okla., West

Spades	Q, J, 7, 6
Hearts	7
Diamonds	K, Q, 10, 9
Clubs	J, 8, 5, 2

Milton C. Work, New York, East

Spades	10, 3, 2
Hearts	Q, 10, 9, 8, 6, 2
Diamonds	7, 6, 2
Clubs	9

Tuesday, February 21, 10 P. M., Eastern Time

WEAF WSAI, KSD, WCAE WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI WFI WGN WGR, WGY WHAS, WHO, WJAR WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ.

Tuesday, February 21, 8:30 P. M., Pacific Time

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co.	Phoenix	
KFDM	Corley Mt. Highway	Colorado Springs	
KFYR	Hoskins-Meyer	Bismarck	
KMBX	Foster-Hall Tire Co.	St. Joseph, Mo.	
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver	
KOB	College	N. M.	
KPRC	Post Dispatch	Houston	
KSL	Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City	
KTHS	Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.	
KVOO	Southwestern Sales Corp.	Tulsa, Okla.	
WCOA	City of Pensacola	Pensacola, Fla.	
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp.	Fargo	
WDBO	Orlando Broadcasting Co.	Orlando, Fla.	
WFAA	Baker Hotel, Now Sears Roebuck Dept.		
WFBM	Indianapolis P. & L. Co.	Indianapolis	
WHEC	Hickson Electric Company	Rochester	
WIOD	Carl G. Fisher Co.	Miami, Fla.	
WJAX	Municipal Station	Jacksonville	
WJBU	Times Picayune	New Orleans	
WKY	Radiophone Co.	Oklahoma City	
WNOX	Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.	Knoxville	
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City	
WRVA	Larus & Bro. Co.	Richmond, Va.	
WSAZ	McKellar Elec. Co.	Huntington, W. Va.	
WSUN	Municipal Station	St. Petersburg, Fla.	
WWNC	Chamber of Commerce	Asheville, N. C.	
CFAC	Herald	Calgary, Can.	
CFLC	Radio Ass'n	Prescott, Can.	
CFQC	Electric Shop	Saskatoon, Can.	
CHNS	Northern Elec. Co.	Halifax, Can.	
CJCA	Journal	Edmonton, Can.	
CJGC	Free Press	London, Can.	
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons	Moose Jaw, Can.	
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal, Can.	
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver, Can.	
CKCI	Le Soleil	Quebec, Can.	
CKCO	Radio Ass'n	Ottawa, Can.	
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.	Toronto, Can.	

CKY—Manitoba Tel. System—Winnipeg, Can.

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A., Windsor, Canada

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electrically worked, and, as a matter of fact, this afternoon they were busy loading one of their steamers which is moored close to the wharf, ready for a return journey to Barcelona. Speaking generally of the whole neighborhood and the immediate environment of the wharf, Brooks goes so far as to describe it as a criminal's paradise. There are two empty buildings adjoining the premises of Gonzales & Ardron, with half a dozen exits in each. Beyond this are some filthy tumble-down cottages, which are all owned by the firm of Gonzales. There are back entrances to Merton Street and front entrances leading along an alley into Riverside Street. A very pretty little nest, it might be. There are one or two features of encouragement for us though."

Brett nodded, without speaking. He was studying the plan.

"Every morning," his chief went on, "there is a small crowd of loafers on the quay, in the hope of finding a job, and twenty or thirty more who lounge about in the open space at the back of Gonzales' warehouse. Tomorrow that number will be slightly increased. We shall have another half dozen out on the strip of wharf and a few hanging round the ship. Then, safely out of sight, I shall have a strongish force of men occupying at least three of the cottages, and the streets beyond that will be thoroughly patrolled."

"And the plan?"

"The fitter from the tailor will arrive by taxicab with all his parcels at about 11:30 and until he has turned up there won't be the slightest sign of anything unusual. He will enter the warehouse and, as soon as he is safely inside, we will pass the signal to the men who are waiting at the different places and three or four of us will rush the warehouse. . . . Any suggestions?"

"What about the Gonzales staff?" Brett inquired. "We shall have to take it for granted that they're in the game. How many will there be?"

"Only fourteen. We shall be nearer forty, and directly the shooting begins—if there is any—my outside men will close in. You'll want to go along, I suppose?"

"I don't think there's a living man could keep me away from there, sir," Brett replied fiercely.

The chief inspector glanced up and suddenly realized Brett's disturbed condition.

"What about Lady Muriel?" Absolom asked.

"I've spent the whole afternoon looking for her. She did not return to her rooms, although, when she left, I know that she meant to go straight there. She did not appear at the reception, although they were expecting her, and she had a definite assignment there."

"You don't think ——"

"I'm not allowing myself to think," Brett interrupted. "They have called the conductor of the bus which she boarded, off duty. I am seeing him at the General Omnibus Company's offices in half an hour."

The chief inspector leaned back in his chair.

"It's a queer business; but after all, Brett," he pointed out, "an abduction at eleven o'clock in the morning from a bus going from Northumberland Avenue to Bond Street isn't possible, is it?"

The telephone bell at his elbow tinkled. He took off the receiver and, after a word or two, passed it to his companion.

"Trunk call for you, Brett—put through from your room. Sounds like a lady's voice."

Brett held the receiver to his ear. A torrent of tremulous words assailed him.

"This is Muriel speaking. . . . I can't explain. . . . I've only a few seconds. . . . Widerness—Lesser Widerness Hall. Do you hear? Come now—oh, quickly, quickly! It's Matthew, and I'm terrified!"

"Where are you?" Brett asked.

"On the way there. We've had a slight accident. I'm in a chemist's shop. I pretended to faint. Peter, don't delay, please. You'll need some men. The beaters have gone back there. . . . Please—please!"

The voice died away. Absolom, who had been listening in, set down his part of the instrument.

"What are we to do now?" he exclaimed.

"Stay where we are and look for Matthew in London," was the grim reply. "It was a very good imitation of Lady Muriel's voice, but I'd never believe that Matthew or anyone connected with him would let her go into a chemist's shop and stay there long enough to telephone, if they'd once got hold of her. Besides, she happens to know that my name is Philip. I wasn't sure before, but I am now," he added, his voice gaining strength and the light flashing once more in his eyes. "Matthew will be at Riverside Street tomorrow. If I can't take him, I'll kill him."

At twenty minutes to twelve precisely on the following morning a motor car, driven at a considerable speed, turned in at the yard and stopped outside the unimposing entrance to the premises of Messrs. Gonzales & Ardron. Four men, alighting quickly, pushed open the swing door and entered the warehouse. The chief inspector and Brett, who were in the van, glanced rapidly around.

At a table, set in a corner, with half a dozen oranges before him, was a large unprepossessing-looking man of foreign appearance, dressed in what seemed to be a smock or blue linen duster, a pair of trousers which failed to meet in the front, leaving an untidy gap, and yellow boots which apparently had not been cleaned for several days. He had a short tuft of thick beard under his chin and the rest of his face badly needed a shave. He held an orange in one hand, and he was talking at a great pace to a small Jewish-looking person with black unruly hair, a hooked nose and a bowler hat worn rakishly on one side. The latter was smoking an unpleasant cigar and listening with a smirk to the other's outpourings.

"I tell you, Isaacs," the large man declared, with only a casual glance at the newcomers, "you make more money out of my fruits than any other you buy. I been to Covent Garden. I see your stall. I see your shop in Regent Street. I know what price you make for my goods. You rob me the money you pay for them. No, sir, nothing doing. You pay my price for this cargo or I come up to the market myself. I take a stall. I take a dozen stalls. I sell all my fruits there. Ninety shillings, and no less."

"Meaning eighty," the little man grinned.

A warehouseman in a leather apron approached the new arrivals, who were lingering upon the threshold, taking stock of their surroundings. He jerked his head toward the table.

"The guv'nor's engaged with a buyer for a few minutes," he explained. "Can I do anything for you?"

The chief inspector looked across at the door upon which was printed "Office."

"Who is in there?" he inquired.

"The other guv'nor," the man replied, "but he's engaged just now."

"I'll have a word with him," Absolom decided.

They crossed the room. At the sight of the little procession Mr. Gonzales broke off his flow of eloquence and stared at them with his mouth wide open.

"Hi! What are you wanting?" he called out.

No one took any notice. It was Brett who threw open the door, and his hand came out of his pocket with a flash. A tall athletic-looking man was standing in the middle of an untidy office, partly dressed and with one arm outstretched. There were clothes hanging upon every possible article of furniture, and an undoubted tailor's assistant was standing back, studying critically the hang of the trousers he was fitting. Both seemed equally startled when they turned round at the opening of the door to look down the ugly barrels of a couple of automatics.

"Put 'em up! Quick!" Brett ordered.

(Continued on Page 124)

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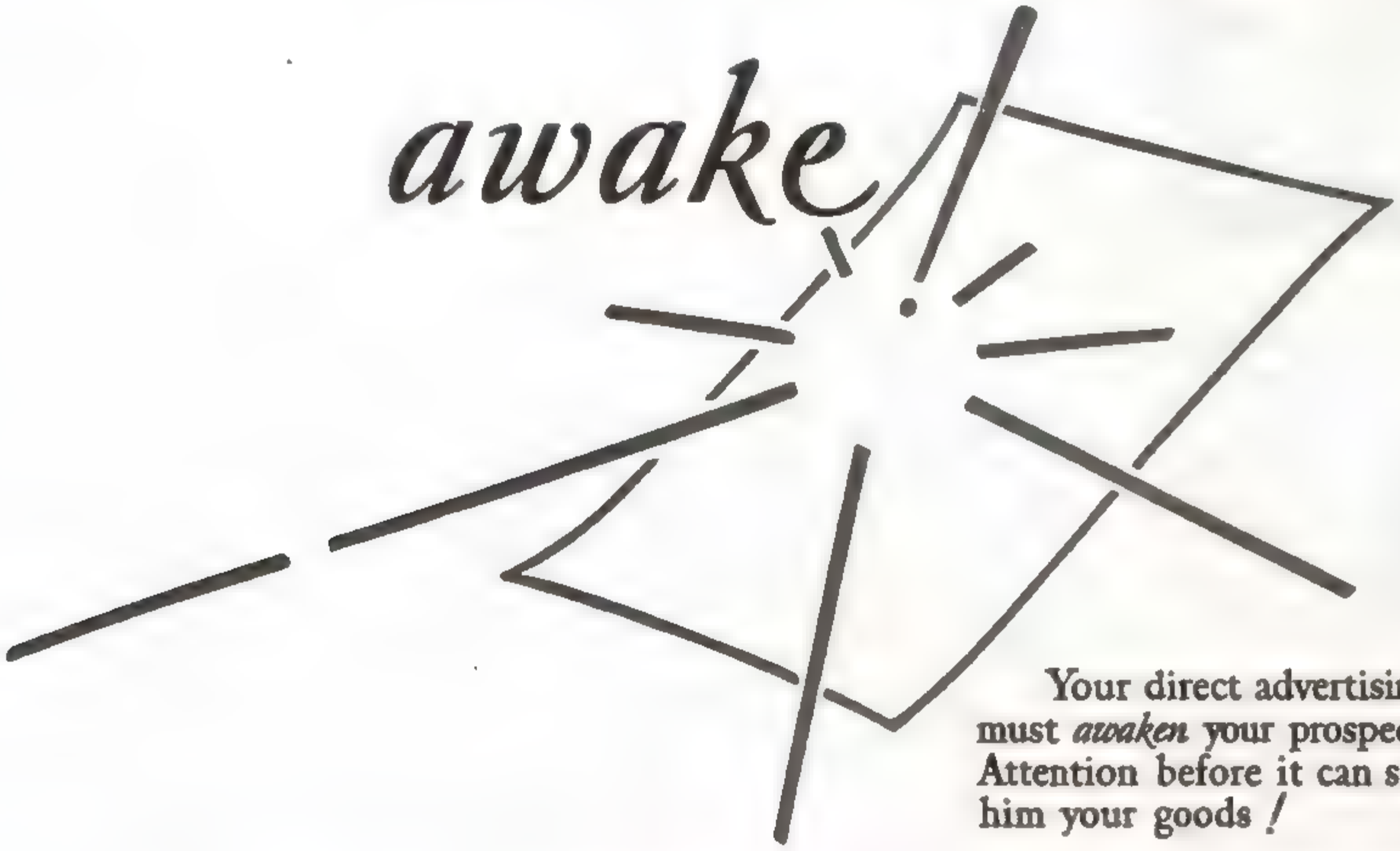

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(Continued from Page 122)

The man who was trying on the clothes understood at once and obeyed. The tailor's assistant, as soon as he grasped what was expected of him, followed suit eagerly.

"What's the meaning of this?" the former demanded, swinging round. "You needn't worry about that gun. This is an unfinished pair of trousers, with no pockets."

Brett stepped into the light and looked the speaker in the face. He was clean-shaven, with well-cut but unpleasing features and a faintly derisive smile. His eyes met the detective's without flinching.

"I don't understand this business," he said. "What's it all about?"

Brett studied him closely from the crown of his head to his feet. Then he turned to the tailor's assistant.

"You can put your hands down," he said. "Are you from Platt's, Savile Row?"

"I am, sir," the man replied nervously, "and I'd like to say that I'm not used to firearms and I hate the sight of them."

"No one's going to do you any harm," Brett assured him. "Answer this question quickly: Is this the gentleman you're used to making clothes for?"

"I never saw him before in my life," the man declared. "The things weren't made for him, either, and how we'll get them to fit I don't know. I arrived here to try them on my usual customer, and I was told——"

Brett sprang to the window. From outside came the sound of a siren. The steamer was moving off—already clear of the small pierhead. A man leaning over the side removed a cigar from his mouth and waved his hand. It was Gonzales, a shabby cloth cap on the back of his head, a grin on his broad face. Nevertheless, inspiration came to Brett, not for the first time in his life—a thought too late. He strode to the door.

"Burton," he called out, "telephone every river police station from here to Greenwich to stop and board steamship Juanita outward bound. He's done us, sir," he groaned, turning to Absolom.

"Who?"

"Matthew—Gonzales! Blast him!" Brett cried. "What a make-up, and what an infernal nerve!"

Burton rushed out as they hastily clambered into their car.

"No telephones here working, sir," he announced. "All wires cut."

"Get to the nearest call station," the chief inspector ordered. "Have the sergeant lock up the place and put everyone under surveillance."

Half an hour later, in obedience to a sharp police whistle from a heavily laden barge, the Juanita slowed down just short of the Tower Bridge, a rope ladder was thrown over the side and four or five policemen, followed by Brett and the chief inspector, climbed on board. They came warily, but there was no one who seemed inclined to dispute their progress. A man who they presumed was the captain jabbered to them in Spanish. The pilot leaned over from the bridge.

"What's wrong, gentlemen?" he called out.

"We're from Scotland Yard," the chief inspector announced. "We want someone on board."

"What am I to do with the boat?" the pilot demanded.

"Take her back to the wharf where you came from. Can you swing her clear of the bridge?"

The pilot nodded and resumed his place at the wheel. The captain, with a shrug of the shoulders, climbed the steps and joined him. A steward hurried up to the newcomers.

"Where's Mr. Gonzales?" Absolom inquired.

"No English," the man replied.

They pushed him on one side and descended the companionway, leaving the rest of the men to guard the deck. The first three cabins they found empty. From the fourth Brett heard a familiar voice and shouted encouragement. The door was locked, but they forced it in a few seconds. Lady Muriel was standing there waiting for them. She held out her hands with a little sob of relief.

"You're all right?" Brett demanded.

"I'm all right," she answered. "But—Matthew! He is the devil incarnate! I was beginning to feel like that bird in the gilded cage."

She pointed to the canary that was singing lustily in a wonderful little Chinese temple hanging from the ceiling. They looked farther round the room and understood. The place was a bower of roses. On the sideboard were bowls of peaches and muscatel grapes; a great box of chocolates and half a dozen new novels lay upon the sofa. She pointed almost hysterically to a steamer trunk and a dressing case, both of them marked with her initials.

"My things!" she cried. "I haven't been near home, and I have the key in my pocket."

There was the sound of water being churned up as the steamer swung round. Brett, listening intently, drew his automatic once more from his pocket. The chief inspector stepped back into the corridor.

"You haven't been home since when?" Brett asked breathlessly.

"Yesterday morning."

"And since then?"

"You saw me get into the omnibus," she recounted. "Well, it put me down in Bond Street, and just as I stepped on to the pavement an elderly gentleman, looking exactly like a doctor, left his car, spoke to me as though we were old friends and told me that my cousin, Millie Trotman, who was coming up to lunch with me yesterday and going on to the reception afterward, had met with a slight accident and was lying in a hospital—could he take me there? Of course I was fool enough to believe him; but, after all, why not? I didn't imagine that anyone else in the world knew that Millie was coming, and the doctor would have deceived even you. I got into the car, felt a prick on the back of my hand a moment afterward—and woke up here."

"What about Matthew?" Brett demanded fiercely.

"I saw him only for a moment this morning," she replied. "He came in to make his apologies, he said. We should have plenty of time for explanations when we got out to sea!"

Brett drew a sigh of relief and turned away.

"You won't mind if I hurry off?" he begged. "I must be in it when they take him."

She called him back. "Take who?"

"Matthew—Gonzales, if you like. We tumbled to his disguise just too late."

She shook her head a little pitifully. "My dear Philip," she expostulated, "you don't really suppose, when he realized that you were coming after him, that he was going to stay on board, do you? We weren't fifty yards away from the wharf when off he went in a small dinghy. They picked him up on another steamer. I couldn't see her name, but I believe he left her, too, from the other side, in a motor launch. He could have landed anywhere between here and Greenwich by this time."

The tide had begun to turn. All manner of steamers and craft of different sorts were lumbering down the river. Brett watched them through the porthole, and there was fury in his heart. As far as one could see, the procession of boats went on.

"And he is there!" he muttered in despair. "He is either in some safe hiding place on shore, or he is on one of them, smiling at us. He's right. We're a pack of idiots. We work like machines till the last moment, and then he just slips through our fingers as he pleases. Gonzales! Why, I can hear him now, quarreling over the price of those oranges! Damn him!"

There was a knock at the door. A young man, wearing the linen jacket of a steward, entered, the chief inspector at his heels.

"Note for gentleman," the former announced.

Brett tore open the envelope with a curse still upon his lips. He read:

My dear Brett: I have forgiven you a great deal, but this time I am angry. You have spoiled what I know so well would have been the most wonderful episode of my life; you have robbed me of my divine picture, of all my new clothes, and you have prevented my ever going again to the best tailor in the world. Why on earth didn't you play the knight errant and go down to Lesser Wilderness Hall?

Keep your gun handy from now on, little man. There's trouble coming. MATTHEW.

The chief inspector read the letter; Lady Muriel read it, with a little shiver; Brett tore it savagely into pieces. Then Lady Muriel laid a consoling hand upon the shoulders of the two men. She looked toward the door of the cabin to be sure it was closed, opened a cupboard, drew out a long roll of canvas and let it fall slowly open, fold by fold.

"The Gainsborough!" Brett exclaimed.

She nodded gravely. "He was right about the likeness, too, I suppose," she observed. "It is the portrait of my great-great-aunt, Lady Amelia Holcombe."

The two men studied the picture for a moment in silence. The girl's face under the large hat seemed curiously alive. The lips with their faint mockery, the eyes with their wistful depths, were both reminiscent of the girl who was holding the canvas.

"Matthew's first present to me," she said, and again the curve of those pictured lips was reproduced in her own. "He stopped here for one moment when he knew that he had lost and that you were close on his heels. He looked at the picture. I suppose I was a fool, but I only wanted to get rid of him—I held it out. He shook his head. 'I never take back presents,' he said. 'Soon we shall be admiring it together.' Then he hurried off, and a minute later I heard the boat leave the ship."

"A wonderful gesture!" the chief inspector murmured.

"At our expense, as usual," Brett added bitterly.

Lady Muriel laid her hand upon his arm. "Please don't be disheartened," she begged. "Remember that what you have done is a great triumph. You have driven him from his most important hiding place. You have made him a fugitive once more, you have rescued me, the victim of an abduction, and you have regained the picture. Surely that isn't a bad morning's work."

"Lady Muriel is right," the chief inspector agreed. "The picture is a great find."

Brett smiled at her gratefully. "All the same," he pointed out, "the triumph is yours, not ours. It was you who gave us the clew which enabled us to track him down through his tailors, and it is you who have the picture. We are the mugs who let him go. The whole of the credit really belongs to you."

"Cheer up," Lady Muriel enjoined hopefully. "So far you've had the bad luck and I've had the good. Believe me, the end isn't so far off."

The chief inspector looked at her curiously. "You have something to tell us!"

She nodded mysteriously. "I know something about Matthew," she confided. "Don't ask me what it is at this moment. Tell me the date."

"The nineteenth of October," Brett replied.

She leaned toward the two men, and her voice carried conviction.

"Upon the second of November," she prophesied, "you shall take Matthew."

SOAP FROM TREES

Nature's Gift to Beauty

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement. Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

WASH your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin seems at all inclined to be dry, apply just a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly each day, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above.

Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

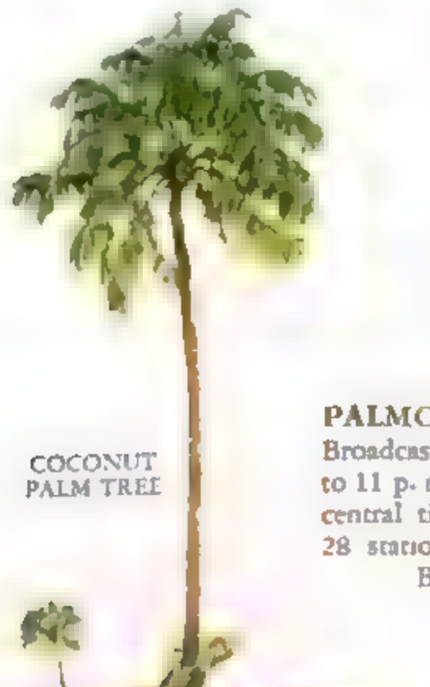
And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

THE only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.



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Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price 10c

THE GOOD GIRL

Continued from Page 11

leaked and asked for water, and Lydy fetched a bucket and he pumped it full. While he replaced the radiator cap he talked to her cheerfully. Lucius was a stocky young man with some assurance in his bearing. Beside Lydy he appeared like a finished man of the world. He made what conversation he could, and she answered him in doubtful syllables. When he drove away she was left faintly disturbed by the experience, by the fact that he had stayed to talk to her.

Later, to her vast surprise, he came again, and for no other apparent purpose than to have speech with Lydy. It happened that his comings occurred on days when Joel and Mrs. Rising were away, and Will Belter saw him there one day and told the village. Lydy, who had been an insignificant figure in the small community, assumed with that word a new importance, since Lush Fess was keeping company with her; and Belter, who had no scruples when his curiosity was aroused, spoke one day to Joel of the matter. Joel professed not only ignorance but indignation.

"What say?" he ejaculated. "Lush setting up with my Lydy? Not by a dummed sight!"

"See him coming away from there last Tuesday evening," Will insisted, "while you was down to the store."

"Sneaking in there when I'm not to home!" Joel said explosively. "If he is, and I find it out, I'll soon put a stop to it. I'll give him his come-uppance and no mistake."

"What's the matter with Lush?" Will Belter argued. "His pa's got a good farm and he's got more sense than most of 'em."

"There's a-plenty the matter with him," Joel Thorpe declared. "I ain't going to have my farm cluttered up with boys just because there's a girl in the house."

"Goin' to give her a chance, ain't you?" Will protested. "You can't keep Lydy under lock and key all the while." He was not himself at the moment conscious of the absurdity of this inquiry, although he would, in his right senses, have been amused at the suggestion that any lock and key were needed to protect Lydy Thorpe.

But Joel said decisively, "Long as I'm a mind to, I can, and you can put your foot to that."

This conversation occurred in Joel's barnyard, where Belter, on one of his regular excursions around the countryside, had stopped to breathe his horse, and Lydy, from the dining room, heard every word. She sat trembling with a terror she could not define, and when Will drove away she expected Joel to come in full of chidings. But either her uncle did not credit Belter's tale or he preferred to deal with the situation without consulting Lydy, for he said nothing to the girl.

His very silence made Lydy feel a difference in herself. It was something to be sought by Lucius Fess, but it was vastly more to have those small attentions forbidden by her uncle. She moved in a new importance, not only in her own eyes but in those of the neighbors; and when, a day or two later, while Joel was in the fields, Lucius stopped to talk to her again, she met him with faint smiles and a shy pleasure.

Till Joel came stumping through the barn to discover them and send Lucius about his business with a gust of angry words; and Lydy, her color high and her heart defiant, shut herself in her room and would not speak to Joel that evening at all.

Two or three mornings later she woke to find a cluster of flowers thrust through the screen of her bedroom window. They bore no name or message, but Lydy guessed Lucius Fess had brought them in the night; and although Lucius himself could never excite her, there was a furtive romance about this which captured her imagination. She was inclined to dislike Lucius, but her very dislike made her a little sorry for him and disposed her kindly toward him. So was made possible that which presently occurred.

The affair happened on a Saturday evening. Immediately above Will Bissell's store there was a dance floor where occasional social gatherings were held under the auspices of the Grange or the Farm Bureau, or of one of the women's organizations connected with the church. On this particular night there was a dance designed to attract the older folk in the community. Gay Hunt, the master of ceremonies, had arranged a program of old-fashioned measures, calculated to awaken memories. Gay was an enterprising dancing master. He was not content with Money Musk and the Virginia Reel and the Portland Fancy. Rather, he liked to introduce some less usual number—the Irish Washerwoman or the Drunken Sailor or Cheat the Lady.

Joel, perhaps as a part of his strict custody of Lydy, had fallen into the habit of taking her with him when he drove in the evening to the store to get the mail. Tonight when they climbed the steep pitch from the bridge in Joel's one-horse team, the strains of music were floating through the windows above the store, and dancers, warmed by their exertions, were continually coming downstairs to the store to drink a bottle of birch beer or sarsaparilla. Also, a certain number of young men who had come without partners stood in little groups on the stoop in front of the store, talking together while they renewed their energies for another venture on the floor above.

Joel left Lydy in the buggy when he went into the store, and when he came out some fifteen minutes later she was gone. But Will Belter, whose habit it always was to be ready with whatever information might be required, was waiting there.

Joel saw him and called, "Hey, Will, where'd Lydy go?"

And Belter, to goad the startled man, echoed, "Lydy?"

"Yes," said Joel.

"She come with you, did she?" Belter inquired.

"You know dummed well she come with me," Joel assured him. "I left her setting in the buggy there when I went inside. What's come of her?"

"I never noticed," Will declared. Others by this time were gathering. "I don't know as I see her at all." He appealed to those around. "Any of the rest of you see Lydy Thorpe here this evening?"

No one answered. Overhead, the music was temporarily stilled, and through the windows came the voice of Gay Hunt calling out the next dance.

"The next number," he announced, "will be an old one that's so old it's new! Some of you have danced it; some of you have been it; all of you will like it!"

Gay was fond of embroidering his announcements with what fancies he could conjure on the moment.

"The Good Girl!" he shouted. "Ladies in one line and gents in another! First lady swing the first gent! Second lady swing the first gent! Four hands around and back! Two couples down the center! Are you ready? Take your places for the Good Girl!"

Those in the little group below, hypnotized by Gay's roaring tones, stood silent until he was done, until there came the shuffle of feet and the first strains of the beginning music.

Then Will Belter said to Joel: "Might be Lydy's gone upstairs. I saw Lush Fess around here right after you drove up. Maybe he took her up there."

"Upstairs?" Joel exclaimed. "Up there?" He jerked a thumb toward the window over his head. "Well, I'll see to that! I'll put a stop to that mighty quick!"

And he went stamping toward the stairs, Will Belter and the others crowding at his heels.

When Joel, from the head of the stairs, stepped out upon the dance floor above the store, the music was in full swing, the dancers keeping time. And his first glance showed him Lucius Fess and Lydy at the head of the two respective lines.

Gay Hunt bawled above the din of the music: "First lady swing the second gent!"

And Lydy moved a little forward to obey this injunction, and Joel trod lumberingly across the floor and got her by the arm. He held her there, and the music, instrument by instrument, fell to silence so that the musicians might hear what was to come.

Gay Hunt called down reprovingly: "Joel, get off the floor. Choose your partner or get off the floor. You're holding up the dance."

But Joel caught Lydy by the arm and he shouldered Lucius aside, and he spoke sharply.

"You, Lush," he said in a harassed and strident tone, "I told you to keep off my place. I give you fair word to leave Lydy alone. I don't aim to have any young nincompoops hanging around her, and I told you so. If you was anything but a kid, I'd cuff you one right now. But I give you fair warning. Next time you go pestering Lydy I'll bust you in two. You come hanging around my place and you'll get a load of salt, or bird shot maybe, in the seat of your pants." He glared around the circling faces. "That goes for the rest of you, too," he warned them loudly. "If you don't want to be shot at, don't come around my farm!" And he twitched Lydy by the arm. "You, Lydy," he said in a gentler tone, "you come along with me."

There was no one to stop their departure as Joel led his niece down the stairs and away, and Lydy lacked resolution to oppose him. He helped her into the buggy and climbed into the seat beside her and loosed the reins. They turned down the hill below the store and across the bridge there, and took the homeward road. And they went for a way in silence, until Lydy said resentfully, at last:

"You didn't have to do that, Uncle Joel."

He jerked at the reins. "Yore pa left me to look after you, Lydy," he retorted.

"Lush just wanted I should dance one dance. It wouldn't have hurt me."

"I don't want you having any truck with him," he said heavily, "or any of them. Young scamps, nothing to do but chase girls, when they'd ought to mind the farm."

"You can't do chores at night," she insisted. And he said sternly, "Now, Lydy, don't you go against me. I know what it's my place to do."

So Lydy was silenced, and sat still beside him there till they came to the farm. She alighted then, and while he stabled the horse she went directly to her room. When she was alone there, the shame of that brief moment on the dance floor came swiftly to torment her; she could hear, or seem to hear, the clack of laughing tongues which they had left behind. She undressed in the darkness, not troubling with the lamp, and so laid herself rebelliously abed. Outside her window she could see the orchard, bright in moonlight now. Warm air crept through the screen and swept her cheek caressingly, and a bird stirred somewhere in its sleep, and a coon whistled, down toward the brook below the barn. It was so clear out in the orchard and along the road, she thought once she saw a figure moving there. Lucius, perhaps, goaded by her uncle's attitude to any daring measure. But the figure faded, and Lydy thought Lucius was not like to come. Another might have been more stubborn and more daring—another ——

This other, when she slept, moved in her sleeping dreams as he had used to fill her waking ones.

She slept till dawn and woke slowly, and dressed at last and came out to the kitchen,

Continued on Page 128

It's so easy to clean bathrooms with Bon Ami

One little sprinkle—
One little rub;
Not a speck left
On the Bon Ami tub!

Call the roll of things to clean in the bathroom:

BASIN, BATHTUB AND TOILET, TILED WALLS AND FLOOR, MIRROR, WINDOW, NICKELED FAUCETS AND PIPING, WHITE WOODWORK, GLASS SHELVES, ENAMELED CABINET.

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It's a bathroom necessity, this snowy-white helper. So convenient—so pleasant to use—such a time-saver. Unlike coarse, abrasive cleansers Bon Ami blots up dirt without scratching. Even hands which scorn rubber gloves never show a telltale trace of redness.

So all through the house: Bon Ami's magic touch makes light work of cleaning and polishing a host of things such as metals of every description, white woodwork, painted walls, kitchen utensils, etc.

And don't forget Bon Ami *Cake*—America's favorite window and mirror cleaner for nearly forty years. There's nothing like it for making glass crystal clear—without risk of scratching.

Most women are never without both Bon Ami *Powder* and Bon Ami *Cake*.

THE BON AMI COMPANY . . . . NEW YORK *In Canada*—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

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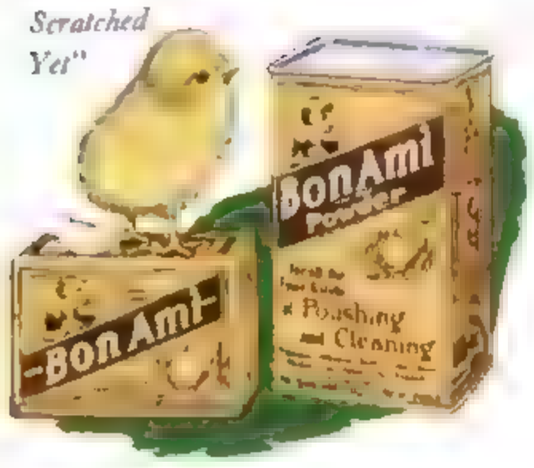

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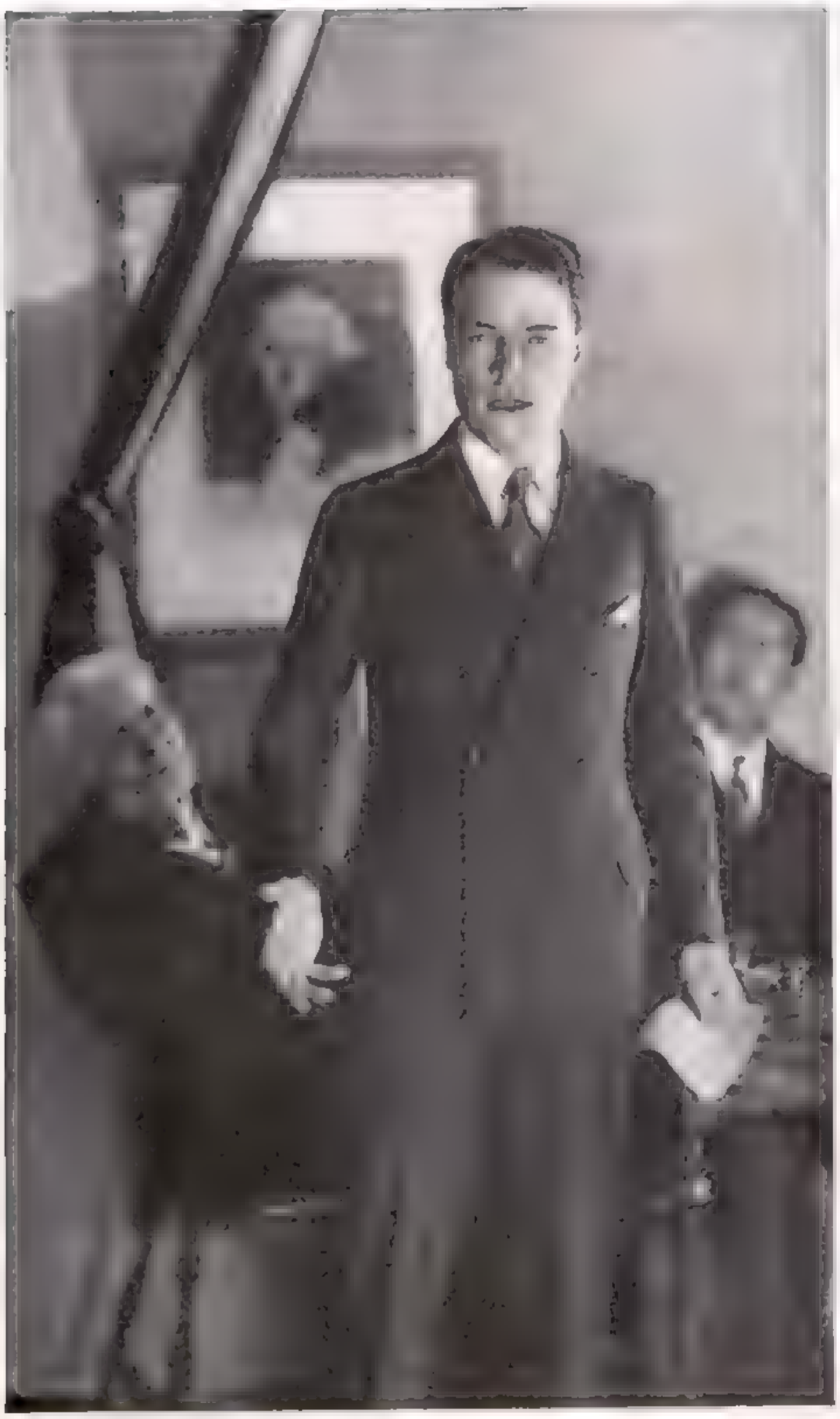

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(Continued from Page 126)

where Mrs. Rising was busy by the stove. Joel must be milking, she guessed. Mrs. Rising looked at her sidewise, and Lydy had a curious feeling that the older woman was about to speak to her. But if Mrs. Rising felt such an impulse she stifled it, and later when Joel came in, they breakfasted in silence.

Only, before he went out to the fields, Joel said to Lydy, "Well, he won't bother you again—or it'll be the worse for him." And Lydy held her silence, all resentfully.

The days slipped by. The haying was past; it was not yet time for apple picking. There was little that must be done. Joel grubbed young birch shoots along the wall of the upper meadow; he did his daily chores; he mended the shed roof and restacked the wood in the shed. The afternoons were long, and Lydy once more began to slip away to her couch beside the brook where she could have her dreams for company and escape the loneliness the two older folk by their very presence did impose on her. She had avoided the place since Walter no longer fished along the stream, but she found it pleasant now.

And one afternoon when the west wind blew overhead and the skies were a field of scudding clouds, Walter came again. She had not heard him, knew not his approach till he sat down suddenly beside her and spoke to her, and she sat up quickly then, pulling down her skirts, ordering her hair.

He only said "Hullo!" But she could scarce find breath or heart for her reply, and the color drained from her cheeks and flooded them again. He smiled at her. "How are you?" he asked, and she nodded. And he asked "Fine?"

She looked at him and all about. "What'd you come for?" she murmured uncertainly.

He answered not too easily: "Oh, thought I'd see how the trout were summering. Water's low in some brooks, but there's plenty here. I like to get out, a Saturday afternoon." And he looked at her and laughed and added: "Besides, I thought I might see you. I've been hearing about you."

She was crushed by that, and uplifted, too; her chin was high.

"Have you?" she said, not knowing what she said.

"Say, your uncle's a terror, isn't he?" he asked, and she hesitated.

"He's right set sometimes," she agreed.

He chuckled.

"Lush Fess was in town the other day," he told her. "Had Doctor Marden picking bird shot out of his legs."

She was startled; in quick amazement cried "Bird shot!"

He nodded. "I talked to him," he explained. "He told me where he got them."

"Where?" she asked.

He looked at her curiously. "Didn't you know?" She shook her head. "Why, the night your uncle took you away from him at the dance out here, he came over; thought he might get a chance to talk to you through the window. And Joel blazed away at him. Peppered him good."

"I didn't hear any gun," she protested.

"'Sleep, were you?"

Asleep, yes, she thought; yet she must have heard a shot beside her window. She started to say so, hesitated.

"Yes," she confessed.

"What's he trying to do?" Walt asked. "Keep you locked up all the time? That's not right -no sense in it." He laughed audaciously. "He can't do that."

She watched him through half-closed eyes, her glance remote and inscrutable.

"He has," she reminded him.

"I'll show him!" he threatened laughingly, and then suddenly was serious. "Really, though, Lydy, I've missed seeing you, since the brooks closed. That's why I came today."

And after a moment, then, wisely, she smiled. He saw her smile.

This was early in September. The courts, he told her, were in recess; hence his time was free—this when she asked him one day how he could so often come to seek her here.

"And if they were running overtime, still I'd come," he told her. "I have to, Lydy. I can't stay away."

This word was sweet to Lydy, and Walter was as good as his word, his actions al. confirming it. In his swift car it was only ten or fifteen minutes from East Harbor to the fringe of Joel's farm, and not only on Saturday but on other days he turned that way. Sometimes he had a brief glimpse of her as he drove by, for she knew the note of his horn, and when she heard it sound at the crossroads half a mile away she tried to make herself visible to him. Sometimes he had a word, when Lydy could slip out of the house without alarm. And sometimes, on Saturday afternoons or on Sundays, they had richer measure of companionship.

Joel, perhaps because he was assured that Lucius Fess would no more come to wait on Lydy, appeared to have relaxed his vigilance. But they were discreet. The retreat by the brook was very near the house, and therefore dangerous. They had a lively sense of its perils and tacitly conspired to keep these fears alive. But there were other places

There lay a glade well concealed among the cedars in the low ground across the brook, and a little way along the road rose a hillock clothed in spruce and hemlock, with a bare ledge atop where the sun was warm, and a little opening where blueberries grew. The berries had been picked long ago, but Lydy knew the place and showed Walter how to find it. Sometimes she waited for him there, for youth loves a challenge, and Walter was young, and Lydy too. Also, stolen hours are sweeter than permitted ones.

Lydy would have been content to be with Walter, whatever the occasion, but for the young man the secret aspect of their brief encounters lent them keener charm. He was young enough to dramatize the situation, to devise stratagems calculated to deceive Joel, who held Lydy in such tyrannous custody. Walter invented signals—whistles and blasts of the horn. He arranged mediums of communication—a hole in an apple tree in the orchard where a note might be bestowed, a telephonic code. He told Lydy what to understand when she woke in the morning to find three pebbles on her window sill. There was no end to this game; the game itself was an end, rewarding those who played. And Walter played it to the full.

But it is hard to live in continued fear of dangers which are forever averted or avoided, and they went so long immune that they came to feel themselves secure. Joel seemed completely unconscious of that which went forward here beneath his very nose, and Joel's very blindness robbed the sport of half its savor. Lydy, watching Walter so intently in those long silences of hers while he talked beside her, thought one day he seemed faintly restless, faintly wearied.

She told him, next time they met, that when she went home Joel questioned her with a cruel rigor, and Walter was indignant. She failed to keep a subsequent rendezvous, and when she saw Walter next, explained that Joel was suspicious, that she could not get away. The young man was ablaze with an audacious ire at this.

"Why didn't you just walk out, right in front of him?" he cried.

But she shook her head. "You don't know Uncle Joel," she explained, "when he's good and mad."

They agreed to meet, the second day after, on that wooded knoll where the spruces concealed them from any casual eye.

"That will be Saturday," he reminded her. "I'll come early, be here before you. You come when you can." And he added urgently: "Because I'm going to wait till you do"—laughed—"or come storming down there after you in the face of him."

But she said Joel planned to go that day to East Harbor, so they would be secure.

(Continued on Page 131)

"Poor grades of toilet paper aggravate and may cause serious trouble!" With children especially proper tissues are important.

Specialists now tell you:

"Inferior toilet papers are not safe!"

YOUR own intelligence tells you: "Certainly bathroom paper should be specially made for its purpose."

Yet even today, these are facts: *Most toilet tissue is just ordinary tissue paper in rolls.*

580 physicians, recently questioned, agreed: "Inferior toilet papers are injurious." They may be glazed, impure, actually abrasive.

Dr. J. F. Montague, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, a New York specialist known for his work in his field the world over, does not mince words on this subject. In his very interesting recent work, *Troubles We Don't Talk About* (Lippincott), Dr. Montague writes:

"It is not generally realized how important the matter of proper cleansing material is in the matter of personal hygiene, yet the fact remains that by the use of too coarse a tissue, much harm may be done . .

"We can, at least, adopt for toilet use a tissue, such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material. By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin, and in this manner maintain local hygiene."

You need take no chances

ScotTissue and Waldorf are famous *special* toilet tissues—made by special process on special machines.

They are definitely made to meet the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have: "Absorbency, Softness, Purity."

Scott tissues are so absorbent that they sink in water almost instantly. Ordinary toilet paper, rough, hard-surfaced, will float. ScotTissue and Waldorf are so soft and fine-textured, that, crumpled in the hand, they still are actually cloth-like, suave as old linen. Treat a sheet of ordinary toilet paper in this way. You can actually feel the sharp glazed edges.

Even in ways you cannot see, ScotTissue and Waldorf meet the test of perfect safety. They are chemically pure—neither alkaline nor acid. Unlike many toilet papers, they contain *no* reclaimed waste materials. And they tear evenly and easily. The smallest child finds them easy to use.

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(Continued from Page 128)

"And if he wants I should go along, I'll be sick," she promised defiantly, and he laughed aloud with pride in her guile.

She was, as it proved, late in coming to him at that rendezvous. He had driven out from East Harbor early in the afternoon and turned his car off the highway on a byroad beyond the hillock and hidden it securely there. He climbed the steep pitch to the crest, thinking Lydy might even be before him, but she was not, and he settled himself to wait. The afternoon drifted very slowly. The day was still, and from his vantage he could see through the screen of boughs to the southward the valley of the river and the slopes bright in a mosaic painted by the frost. Three or four crows came shouting, to alight in the spruces above his head and discovered him below them there and fled on silent wing. By and by an hour was gone, and then another, and Walter grew impatient and rose and walked to and fro and sat him down again.

Lydy came at last pantingly, breaking through the interlacing boughs; he heard her coming and went to meet her and caught her hands to help her up the last steep pitch, and they stood a moment in the cavern of the trees while she told him why she was so late.

"My aunt didn't go with him!" she gasped, her breath short from her climb. "I had to wait till she went to sleep, and I've got to get back quickly, Walter, 'fore she wakes again."

He said robustly, "Pshaw, Lydy, what if she does? She's not as bad as he is, is she?"

"She'd tell him," Lydy asserted—"she'd be sure to tell. She wouldn't mind, herself; but she can't keep from talking, Walter, all the time."

He had not kissed her, there among the trees. He had never kissed her. He knew, or seemed to know, that she would let him if he chose, but Walter was not sure he chose. He was in some respects a cautious young man, ready enough for gay adventure, not so ready to commit himself in any permanent wise. He knew himself young, his living still to make, his place in the world still to be secured, so though his blood ran swift, his tongue was slow.

Yet in that cool green shelter of the boughs she stood so gravely and they were so cloistered and secure that it was hard not to kiss her; he drew her, for safety, out into the light of day, out to the sun-warmed ledge where in nooks and hollows moss gave them comfort there. And the two sat together, and Lydy was more often still than not and Walter talked as gayly as his habit was, while his thoughts somehow perplexed him. A question needed answering; he had not yet so much as put the question into words. Unspoken, it grew more and more impatient for utterance, and he talked so that his tongue might, for safety's sake, be otherwise engaged.

They sat thus till the sun drew low, and Joel came at last and so surprised them. It may have been Walter's car which betrayed them. Joel perhaps returned from East Harbor earlier than his habit was, turned by some accident into that unfrequented road and saw the machine half hidden there. When later it occurred to Walter to wonder how Joel found them out, this was the explanation he devised. But he had no respite for such reflections in the first encounter. Joel came up the hill so quietly that they did not hear his coming, had no warning of his approach till he emerged abruptly from the shelter of the trees. Walter, first to discover him, sprang to his feet to face the older man, and Lydy rose more slowly to stand beside him there.

Joel had a heavy cudgel in his hand, and he strode toward the two till he could touch Lydy's arm.

He gripped it and he said dourly, "Lydy, you come along of me."

Walter laughed at that, in a friendly fashion.

"Now you can't do that, you know," he urged. "She's old enough to know her mind. You can't keep her to yourself forever, sir."

But Joel only swung heavily to look at him and shook his head.

"Can or can't, I mean to," he retorted. "You stay in East Harbor and mind your own affairs. I'll look out for Lydy here."

Walter colored. "I don't know about that," he protested.

"Who'll hinder?" Joel challenged.

"Why, I may," said Walter honestly. And anger burned in Joel's eyes.

"Yo're a fine sprig!" he said contemptuously. "Raddadding around in a car yore pa bought for you! You keep away from her!"

Walter laughed, and his laughter rang.

"The car is more mine than she is yours," he retorted. "She's old enough to choose her way. And you're not her father, if she weren't."

Lydy said softly, "Oh!" And Walter was sorry for his word.

"I know you mean right," he confessed apologetically. "Only, you're unreasonable, sir."

"You ain't the one to judge," Joel told him stoutly. "Nor I ain't like to listen to you." He spoke to Lydy again, whose arm still lay in his hand. "Come along, Lydy," he repeated.

"I'll come, too," Walter urged, and moved to follow them. "We'll go down and talk this over. It might as well be now."

But Joel swung back to him warningly, and he moved a little the cudgel which he held.

"Get off my farm and stay off, young man," he directed. "If you know yore own good, keep off my farm, or it'll be the worse for you. . . . Lydy, come away."

Walter's color flamed; he took a quick step toward the other man. But Lydy spoke to him—a word uttered only by her eyes—and bound him there. He stopped and stood still, and she smiled. His smile answered hers as Joel led her fast away.

Walter stayed behind. There were matters in his mind. For a moment he was angry at her for going so supinely, but his anger passed—rather it swung to center on the man. He sat down on the ledge, his arms about his knees, his eyes swimming down the gulf of the valley to the southward, where the hardwoods flew the bright banners of the frost. But he did not see; he was intent upon more personal concerns. He was remembering that question that fought for utterance and an answer, and he was thinking what that answer well might be and what must then ensue.

He asked that question two nights later, whispering through the screen on Lydy's window; and he went next morning to see George Freeland, who is town clerk in Fraternity, spoke with him under bond of secrecy. He had talk, too, with the Reverend Smiley in East Harbor.

And Friday night, when there lay a pool of moonlight over all the hills, Walter fetched Lydy secretly away. Joel had been warned, for George Freeland broke his pledge of silence, but Joel stubbornly refused to put credit in the warning. So there was none to stay their going or to block their way.

Saturday night at the store—there was dancing overhead—the talk played with this event. Belter was there, with every detail at his tongue's end, and he had listeners. Jim Saladine was one of them, who listened but said no word.

Belter said Lydy's elopement was a joke on Joel Thorpe.

"I bet he's raving now," he predicted. But when, a little later, Joel came to the store for his mail, they saw that Belter for once was wrong. Lydy's uncle seemed calm enough, wholly undisturbed.

Someone ventured to speak to him of the affair, but he only said, "Well, Walter's a right able boy."

When Joel went out the side door to his team, Jim Saladine followed him. Saladine is a man of understanding and discretion, and these two had known each other long. Overhead, the dancers moved, the music beat monotonously; though the windows were closed, Jim and Joel could hear feet shuffling on the floor.

They spoke of casual matters for a moment, and then Saladine said, as casually, "I been thinking about Lydy, Joel. Funny how a man that can't get a thing is bound to have it." Joel, in his seat in the buggy, loosed the reins uneasily, and Saladine added: "Never knew you had a shotgun in the house, Joel. How'd that come?"

Joel was still a moment longer, but he knew Saladine for a discreet and silent man. "I ain't, Jim," he confessed at last, in a guilty tone.

Saladine chuckled. "That's what I thought," he agreed. "Well, she'll be a good wife to him." And he put one final question: "But, Joel, how come Lush Fess to start keeping company with her in the first place?"

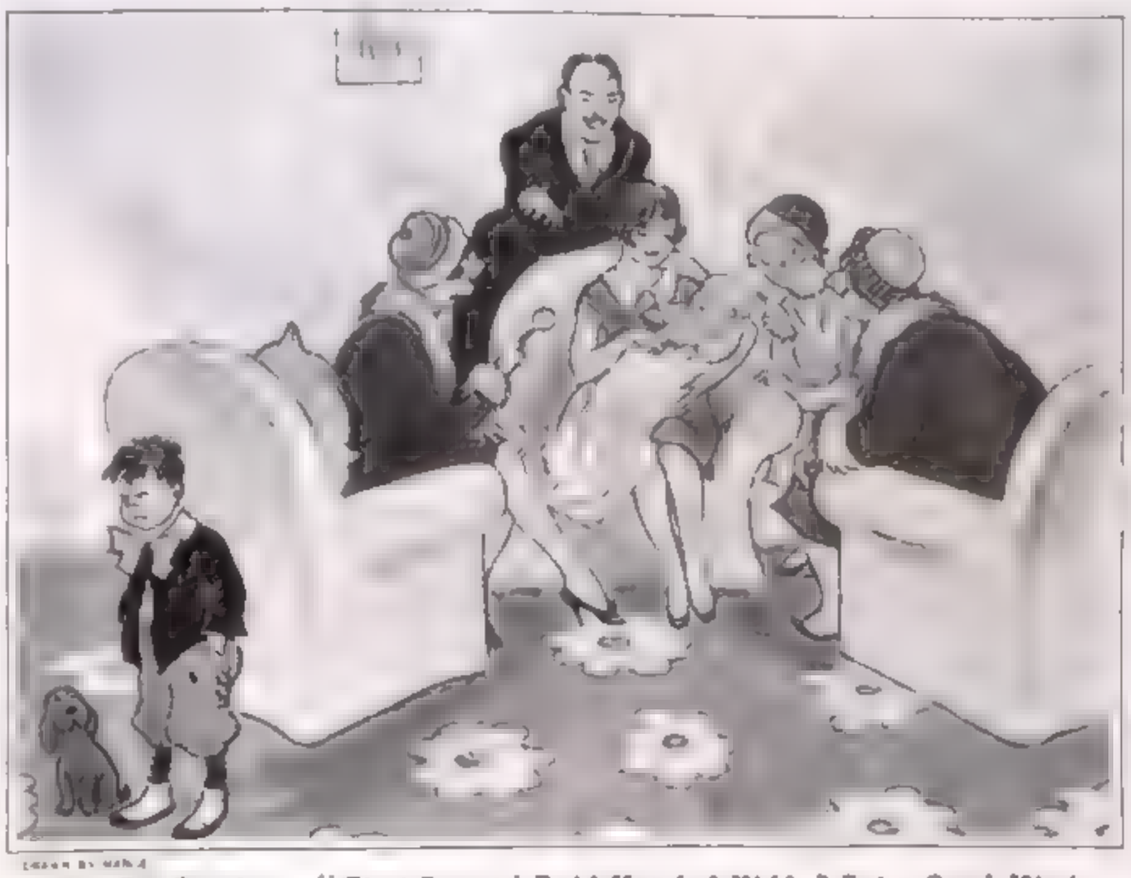
There was again another pause before the answer came. But Saladine, as everyone knew, was a discreet and silent man.

"Why, between us, I paid him to," said Lydy's Uncle Joel.

Above them, muffled by the closed windows, they heard Gay Hunt call the measures of the Good Girl.

"First lady swing the second gent!" he bawled.

And Saladine reached into the buggy to grip Joel by the hand before the other turned his horse and started down the hill.



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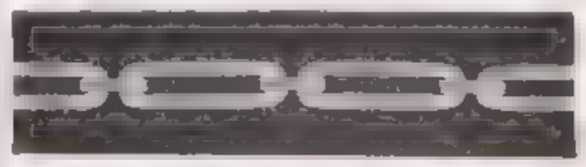

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OIL AND CONSERVANCY

(Continued from Page 31)

with intensive drilling, both his oil and his gas reach the other fellow.

The result is that the discovery of a new field, except in the rare instances where the whole area is under lease to a single operator, or to relatively few operators, is immediately followed by an avalanche of oil. The market is temporarily glutted, prices slump and crude moves into competition with coal for inferior uses. The very opposite of conservation happens.

This reference to the use of oil as fuel discloses what, broadly speaking, may also be construed as a form of waste, although the subject is controversial. In time of overproduction a larger quantity of oil goes up the flue than is ordinarily the case. This raw material has a large gasoline and lubricant content which is lost to the normal channels of consumption.

Gas wastage requires a detailed explanation, because it looms largest in the bill against the industry, comprising an abuse that cries out for remedy. Gas is wasted by competing operators in a field because, in their rush to produce the maximum amount of oil in the minimum time, they blow out and dissipate more gas than is actually necessary in lifting each barrel of oil. They rapidly deplete the gas pressure which moves the oil into the well so that much oil remains locked in the sands.

Efficient production methods would produce the oil more slowly, using only as much gas as is necessary to eject each barrel of oil through the well casing. This would retain the balance of the gas and conserve the gas pressure with the oil that remains in the sands.

Waste of gas in the air further prevents its use as fuel, light, and also for service in the so-called gas lift, which means reintroduction of the gas into the well to accelerate the oil flow. It is to effect gas conservation therefore that one of the biggest drives is being made.

In connection with the waste of gas is the waste of a kindred commodity which does not figure much in the public eye. I refer to helium gas, which has valuable use in that it is best adapted for the lifting of dirigibles. The United States is the only country known to have helium gas in commercial quantities. Some of the natural gas that is blown off in the air every day contains hundreds of thousands of cubic feet of helium.

One further form of waste must be pointed out. Amazing as it may seem, only 25 per cent of all the oil in a well is brought to the surface. More frequently the percentage is less. Though this establishes a reserve eventually recoverable through restoration of gas pressure or mining, the fact remains that production at the moment is very far from 100 per cent. Haste is largely responsible for this lack of complete recovery.

Familiarity Breeds Contempt

In the view of the situation which I have briefly summarized, you naturally wonder why conservancy in a big way has been so long delayed. We have known for years that the petroleum supply is limited, yet it has been persistently sapped without the slightest regard for the future. A variety of circumstances has operated against any kind of standardized regulation of output.

First of all is the complacency that comes with an excess of anything. Growing familiarity with oil has bred indifference to its source. A generation which finds it difficult to believe that its ancestors burned black-walnut logs to clear a field for corn has viewed with equanimity an equal abuse of another national resource for which there is even less economic provocation.

Furthermore, no one tries very hard to conserve anything which is as cheap as petroleum and petroleum products. So long as oil is sufficiently low in price to compete with coal as fuel, it is bound to move into inferior uses and not do its full job. Thus the effort for conservancy is defeated.

Third is the optimism and individualism of the oil operator. Tradition has decreed that he work on his own. He has always been able to find oil so far. The very nature of petroleum has played into his hands. A flush era has invariably been followed by a lean one, thus stimulating effort to find new fields, with the inevitable overflow. This has also made for the uncertainty which has persistently dogged the business.

When conservation is suggested it immediately becomes synonymous with drastic government stewardship. The industry cannot be blamed for sidestepping Federal control. It knows from past experience that the attempt at conservancy, whether with timber or coal, has too often been made the football of politics. The self-seeking politician has more than once climbed to precarious eminence as the professional foe of the corporation. His camouflage is usually unmasked, but not until it has worked irreparable injury to the business involved and created a false public opinion as well.

When Oil and Water Mix

On the other hand, the public is also to be blamed for failure to achieve some kind of check on the oil output. It sees conservancy as a first aid to high price and does not warm to it. The catch phrase "dollar gasoline" has been held up so often that many actually believe it. As a matter of fact, conservancy does not necessarily mean added cost. It does mean, however, the most efficient production of a commodity and complete utilization of it to the very best advantage.

Though many oil-producing states have conservancy statutes, there is no uniformity of legal procedure. Here the nature of oil again intervenes, because nearly every field has a distinctive quality. Some have more gas than others. Because of this lack of correlation there is agitation in a small section of the industry for blanket national legislation to cover all areas, backed by drastic Federal mandate.

The situation at the moment was set forth by one leader in the industry, who said:

"We have a hodgepodge of laws made by the courts and passed by the states which are not uniform, and in some instances prevent efficient operation. For instance, water can be used advantageously in some pools, and yet the use of water in some states is forbidden. For many years water was used surreptitiously in the Bradford field of Pennsylvania, and it required several years to change the laws so that water could be used. Few of the states have proper bureaus or staffs of experienced men to guide their legislative policies on oil production."

Finally the oil industry itself has almost invariably been deadlocked as to the way out. Every conceivable kind of remedy, as well as no remedy at all, has marked the recurrent discussions when distress born of over or under supply rules. Conservancy, like every other feature of the oil business, is a big interrogation mark.

Whatever the conception, or lack of conception, about conservancy, the outstanding fact at the moment I write is that overproduction—and all it means—is no longer a debatable issue.

The idea of prolonging our petroleum supply indefinitely is as absurd as a kindred conviction about the infallibility of human life. The fact that the human being is doomed to death does not mean that he should not conserve his health as long as possible. In the same way the oil industry can and must safeguard its diminishing store.

The big question arises: How is this conservancy to be achieved? Must the Government intervene and lay down the law, or can the conflicting panaceas of producers be harmonized into voluntary relief?

Before we go into the ramified details of the existing agitation, it may be well to find out just what conservancy measures are in effect. The earliest and simplest oil and gas conservation statutes enacted were designed to protect oil and gas reservoirs from the inroads of fresh or salt water. The effect of these intrusions is to impair the oil and gas producing formations. It is interesting to note that the statutes designed to protect oil and gas strata from water were formulated by the Pennsylvania legislature in 1878, when the oil business was already twenty years old.

Unless these and similar statutes had been passed, or the operators voluntarily had taken steps to accomplish the same result, the productive life of every oil pool in the country would not only have been shortened but in many instances the particular pool destroyed at a very early period. These laws invoke what is known as the police power of a state. By degrees statutes of this character were enacted in every one of the oil-producing commonwealths.

Originally the exact method of preventing water intrusion was laid down in the statute itself. The next step in legislation of this character was that prevention of damage by water should be done under a state official.

This made for more complete enforcement. The most recent statutes of this character all delegate to the state conservation authorities the power to prescribe rules and regulations relative to water. Such is the situation in Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Montana, Wyoming and New Mexico.

The next type of conservation statute was aimed at the prevention of actual loss of oil and gas. As I have pointed out, there is little real waste of oil once it reaches the surface. In times of excessive overproduction the surpluses are sometimes run into huge earthen storage. Hence in some of the Southwestern states the laws are sufficiently broad to prevent production when it would have to go into open-air reservoirs—that is, when no market exists for it.

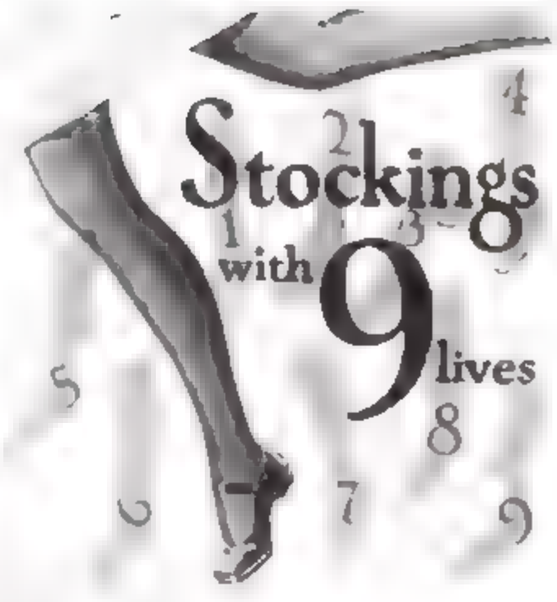
The Common Purchaser

As you have already seen, the biggest wastage is in gas. Here you must distinguish between gas found in a gas well and gas associated with oil. It is seldom that the owner of a well producing dry gas, as it is called, permits any of it to be dissipated. He simply caps the hole until a market can be found.

Most of the gas loss therefore involves gas coming from oil wells. In countless instances the operator permits it to be blown out while drilling deeper or while actually producing crude.

In order to prevent this extravagance various conservation laws have been framed. Some attempt to establish a gas ratio which specifies the exact amount of gas a producer may use for a given barrel of oil produced. I say attempt, because gas is still something of an unknown quantity, as you will presently see.

A type of conservation statute is the so-called common-purchaser provision first initiated by Oklahoma. Under it a company owning or operating a pipe line, and likewise engaged in the business of purchasing crude, is deemed a common purchaser and must buy oil from all producers having access to the pipe lines, without discrimination. If it is unable to purchase all the oil offered, it must buy ratably, and its own production is subject to the same treatment as that of other operators. A number of states have statutes seeking to regulate the amount of gas that a producer may take from his well. A greater taking



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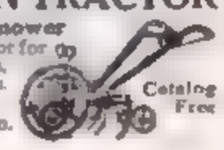

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by one operator might result in injury to the gas properties of his neighbor. There is also a group of statutes prohibiting oil and gas operators from removing more than their share of a pool when there is no market for all the output of it. To enumerate all the various kinds of conservancy laws would disclose a dull catalogue.

The important point to be emphasized here is that there is ample machinery backed by police power in all the important oil-producing states to prevent actual physical loss of both oil and gas after they reach the surface. The laws, however, seem to lack uniformity as well as punch. Obviously they have been inadequate to stem the tide of oil on the one hand and prevent the dissipation of gas on the other.

They cover every range of activity save the one that needs attention most—namely, the right of producers to coöperate and prevent the hectic competition that drains the oil reserve. This deficiency, let me repeat, grows out of the antitrust laws which keep operators from organizing when unity of effort affects the price of the commodity.

What concerns us is the remedy to be born of the present crowded hour of excess and travail. If the business is to be stabilized and our future oil needs safeguarded, there must be an end of competitive drilling. The crisis is so menacing to the industry that it may stand or fall as it meets the emergency.

Crystallizing Sentiment

Sentiment for conservation in a broad way was crystallized with the establishment of the Federal Oil Conservation Board by President Coolidge in December, 1924. Overproduction during the preceding year, instigated by the California flood and the likelihood that some effort might be made in Congress to regulate output, largely influenced the decision of the Chief Executive. He specified that the board be composed of the Secretaries of War, Navy, Commerce, and Interior. Since the Interior Department is in charge of government oil lands and is the custodian of natural resources, its secretary became chairman.

Just what animated the President is indicated by the following extract from his letter creating the board:

> It is evident that the present method of capturing our oil deposits is wasteful to an alarming degree in that it becomes impossible to conserve oil in the ground under our leasing and royalty practices if a neighboring owner or lessee desires to gain possession of his deposits.
>
> Developing aircrafts indicate that our national defense must be supplemented, if not dominated, by aviation. It is even probable that the supremacy of nations may be determined by the possession of available petroleum and its products.
>
> I am advised that our current oil supply is kept up only by drilling many thousands of new wells each year. The failure to bring in producing wells for a two-year period would slow down the wheels of industry and bring about serious industrial depression. The problem of a future shortage in fuel and lubricating oil, not to mention gasoline, must be avoided, or our manufacturing productivity will be curtailed to an extent not easily calculated.

The board has no legal powers except over the government lands, which produce a bare 10 per cent of the oil supply. It cannot prescribe, approve or disapprove any definite plan or fix a limitation upon legitimate private initiative. It is an advisory and coöperative agency and comprises a link between the oil needs of the nation and the responsibility of the industry to meet them.

At the outset the board took a sensible attitude. As Chairman Work put it to the oil operators at the first public hearing:

> The Government has assumed a position in this inquiry as that of student and you men as instructors. Usually the Government has assumed the rôle of instructor, and sometimes a dominant and arbitrary one perhaps.

In the board's preliminary report, and the only one yet issued, the major conclusions are summed up in this fashion: That in the nature of things petroleum is a wasting asset; that during periods of overproduction oil products are driven into inferior uses, which is not true conservation; that the basic cause of overproduction is the competitive system of drilling imposed upon oil operators by existing laws and the long-established customs and practices of the industry; that this competitive drilling practice results in the dissipation of the gas pressure in oil pools and a consequent reduction in the quantity of oil that ultimately will be recovered; and that conservation of our oil supply will be best promoted by a restraint on competitive drilling and by conserving the gas pressure in pools.

To the credit of the oil business it must be said that it rallied at once to the assistance of the Federal Oil Conservation Board. In January, 1925, the American Petroleum Institute appointed the so-called Committee of Eleven to investigate the petroleum resources of the United States. After exhaustive investigation, covering nearly a year, a report entitled American Petroleum—Supply and Demand was issued.

The most important conclusions reached by the committee are these:

1. There is no imminent danger of the exhaustion of the petroleum reserves of the United States.
2. It is reasonable to assume that a sufficient supply of oil will be available for national defense and for essential uses in the United States beyond the time when science will limit the demand by developing more efficient use of or substitute for oil or will displace its use as a source of power by harnessing a natural energy.
3. Current supply and demand cannot stay in balance, since the amount of both supply and demand is constantly changing. Generally, current supply will exceed or be less than current demand, creating surplus or shortage; either condition will be reflected in price, but price will in time correct either condition.
4. Petroleum recoverable by present methods of flowing and pumping from existing wells and acreage thus proved consists of 5,300,000,000 barrels of crude oil.
5. It is estimated that after pumping and flowing, there will remain in the area now producing and proved 26,000,000,000 barrels of crude oil, a considerable portion of which can be recovered by improved and known processes such as flooding with water, the introduction of air and gas pressure and mining when price justifies.

In the all-important matter of future supply, the objective of the whole conservation movement, the committee further stated that deep drilling below sands now producing will disclose many deposits tantamount to the discovery of new fields; that the major oil reserves of the United States lie in 1,100,000,000 acres not fully explored in which geology indicates the presence of oil; that the nation has an additional reserve in the unlimited deposits of shale, coal and lignite, from all of which liquid fuel and lubricants may be extracted when the cost of recovery is justified by the price of these products.

The Roads to Conservation

With this dull but necessary prelude out of the way, we can now appraise the conservancy situation in the light of recent developments as well as the possibilities for action. Why has an industry peculiarly American in character, and including men of outstanding capacity, failed to restrict production and safeguard its products? The answer is twofold.

To begin with, there are conflicting wings in the business. First come the ultraconservatives, holding that oil production is so highly individualistic that each operator should be left free and independent to pursue his own methods immune from any kind of legislative control. Second are those who believe that the practical and desirable solution of overproduction lies in intelligent voluntary coöperation in each pool under a relaxation of the Sherman Law. The third class contends that coöperation among operators is impossible, thus necessitating coercive legislation to conserve gas pressure and prohibit competitive drilling.

The other and for the moment at least insuperable handicap is the antitrust law.

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 134)

Conceived in the best faith and designed to maintain competition in business, the Sherman Act is inciting excessive competitive effort today in the production of petroleum.

This and similar state laws have forced operators to extract all the oil possible in the shortest period of time. Oil, as you have been told, belongs to the one who reduces it to possession, whether it comes from his land or is drained from his neighbor's. Hence competition runs riot. Here is the crux of the whole matter. Conservancy must strike at this evil

There is something unique about oil production which puts it in a class by itself and induces intermittent crises. Since established procedure lies at the root of a situation that clamors for relief, it may be advisable, perhaps, to outline it in simple terms.

Let us assume that Company A obtains a lease on a piece of land. Company B, attracted by the geological formation and prospects, acquires the adjacent area. In turn Companies C, D, E and F all obtain leaseholds surrounding A. Before long A begins to drill and brings in oil. B has an ample supply of crude and desires to delay operation. Companies C, D, E and F, believing that the price of crude oil is too low to be profitable, are also opposed to drilling. They want to store their reserve in the place where Nature intended it to be stored—that is, in the ground.

A Remedy for Every Ill

The fundamental fault in the business is that whatever B, C, D, E and F might want to do or not want to do, they are obliged to drill and produce as soon as A gets under way. If they delay, the oil is drained from their reservoirs and finds exit through holes drilled by A. It is thus possible for one concern, by merely producing itself, to compel many others to take the step which floods the market.

Practically every form of permanent relief suggested has some statutory obstacle to its employment under existing conditions. Since Chairman Work has suggested that Congress be asked to pass legislation to protect our remaining oil deposits, let us begin with the possibilities of Federal control.

At the outset it is well to know that the great majority of the men in the industry, while approving conservancy, are opposed to government intervention. They see in it a heaven-born opportunity for professional political attack on a business already unpopular and long a target. They also visualize the hazard that lies in any kind of government sponsorship of an essential commodity. A Federal oil commission, for example, to fix prices in the same way that the Interstate Commerce Commission regulates railroad rates, might easily be the precedent for similar bodies supervising coal, iron, copper and, for that matter, every other natural resource. Moreover, the price of oil adjusts itself to conditions. Adequate conservancy would prevent the fluctuations that now come with lack of production control.

The oil attitude about Federal control, which is shared by the bulk of big American business as well, is summed up in this way:

The great American fetish is that the Government, through laws, can afford relief for every ill, economic and moral. Neither efficiency nor morality can be legislated into being. Our history is replete with proofs that restraint by law, once begun, always increases. The Interstate Commerce Commission and all other public boards and utility commissions are evidence of it. Failing to recognize that legal restraints only muddle up temporarily, but never permanently control the workings of economic laws, the proponents reason that the failure to accomplish their purpose is because the dose was too mild. They then demand that it be administered more drastically.

In a consideration of oil conservancy through control by the Federal Government there immediately arises the question as to whether Congress may regulate the drilling and operation of oil wells on privately owned land. Congress has only such powers as have been bestowed by the Constitution of the United States. The powers not delegated by the Constitution or prohibited by it to the states are reserved for the states or to the people. Thus, as most people are aware, we have a dual system of government.

The states are jealous of their sovereign powers and Uncle Sam is restrained from interfering with them. He can infringe upon the prerogative of a commonwealth only when the national defense is involved or to regulate interstate and foreign commerce. He is empowered, however, to control the public lands, with which he deals as a proprietor, and with the lands of certain Indian tribes whose guardian he is. With the exception of a portion of the latter areas, which yield 10 per cent of the output, all oil-bearing areas in the United States are privately owned. They come under state and not national control.

The United States Supreme Court has held unconstitutional an act involving the same issue as would be embodied in a law for government control of the oil supply. The precedent was established in two child-labor cases which attracted wide attention. Following the inevitable attempt to secure national oil conservancy at the present session of Congress, these cases are likely to figure conspicuously in the discussions.

So precedent, established by the highest court in the land, is against governmental control of oil because production is an intrastate activity. Despite this fact, an effort will be made to bring about some degree of Federal stewardship, with the hope that it can get by the constitutional barriers. A committee of nine members, including three members of the American Bar Association, three practical executives from the oil industry and three representatives of the Federal Government, will meet early this year to discuss the desirability of drafting a congressional bill to give the Federal Oil Conservation Board some authority to supervise output. In suggesting this committee, Secretary Work said:

"Through such procedure we shall have unity of thought, action and legislation in the interests of economic production and consumption of our greatest natural resource, which has become the world's dominant factor in the economic, industrial and social life of our modern civilization."

A Board of Control

Though out-and-out Federal control of oil is unconstitutional on the face of returns, so to speak, various suggestions have been made to invoke some kind of governmental supervision. One of the plans for so-called unit operation—it will be discussed in detail later on—provides for a community of effort among operators such as obtains with property owners on an irrigation or drainage project. They must pool interests and work under a centralized authority. This scheme, which is proposed by Henry L. Doherty, gives the Government control over the operation.

Another plan, originated by R. H. Smith, an Oklahoma operator, aims at the root of the evil. It provides that a Federal oil conservation board shall be created by Congress with full authority to conserve output. Before a wildcat well can be drilled, the leases covering a prescribed area around it must contain conservation clauses to assist the board in its work. If a wildcat well is brought in during a flush period of production, it must be shut down until the market warrants operation in this particular field. In the event of delay, the leases are automatically extended and the property owners' rights are protected.

This suggestion serves to project two conditions which must be reformed if conservancy is to be achieved. They are essential features of any discussion of the

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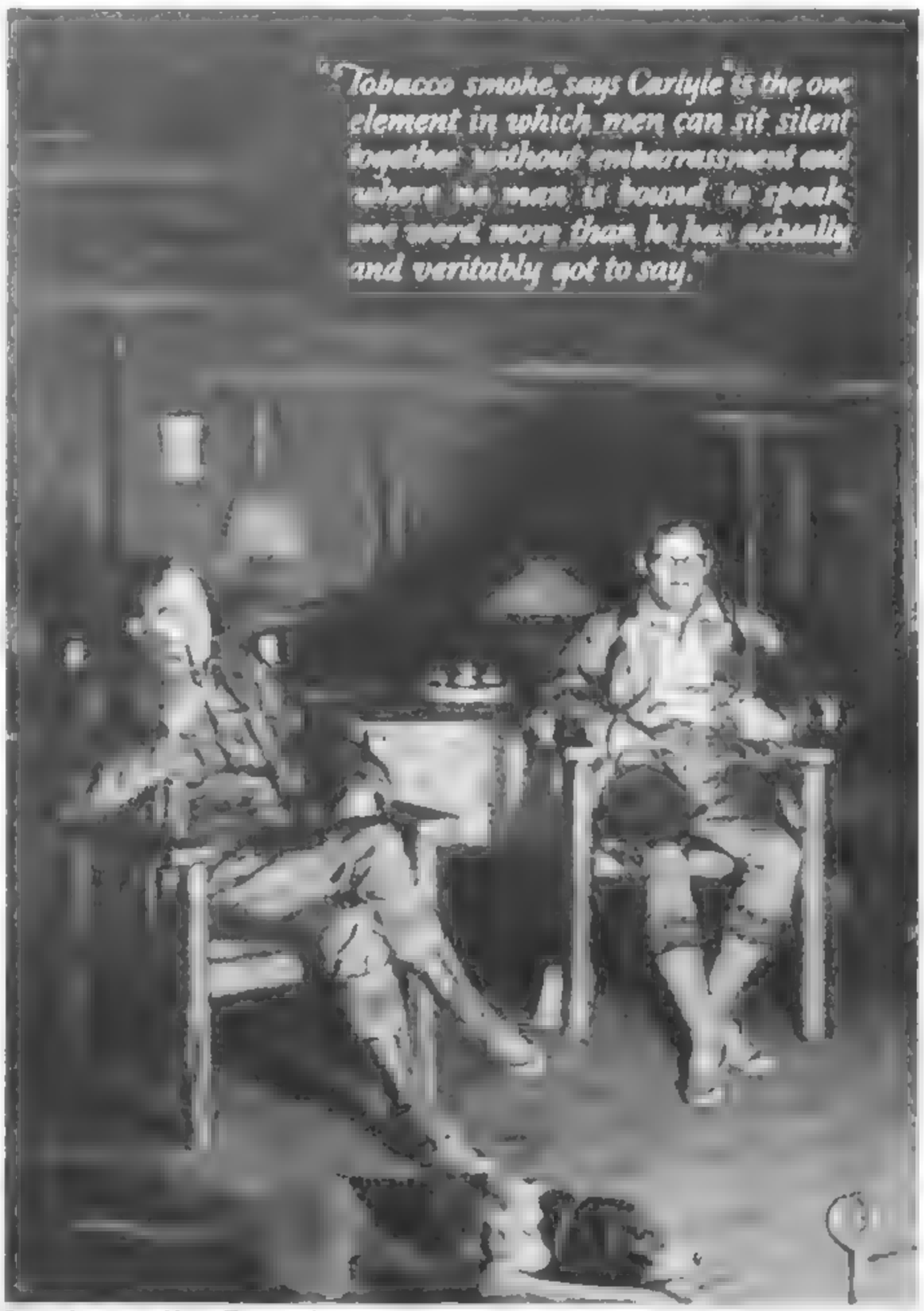
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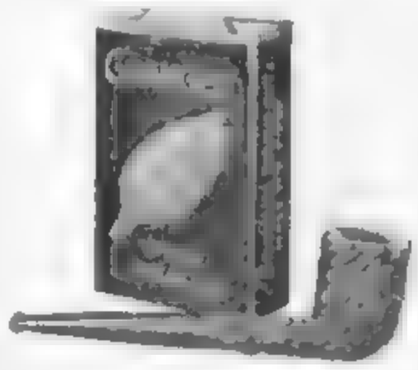

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subject. The first is the leasing system, which is largely responsible for competitive drilling. It makes the royalty-owner, and not the law of demand and supply, arbiter of the situation.

Since the beginning of the oil industry in 1859, the custom has been to develop and operate oil and gas lands under leases rather than through operator ownership. The only exceptions are in California, where some of the oil lands are held in fee by the producers, and holdings under the old placer laws of the United States, under which patents for oil and gas holdings could be obtained. The Federal leasing bill of 1920 brought the development of the public lands of the United States into the leasing system. The Teapot Dome and Elk Hills episodes resulted from this practice.

The leasing procedure was the natural outcome of circumstances. The average landowner lacks the capital and technical experience to explore his own land for oil. Furthermore he does not wish to hazard his limited means on the enterprise. On the other hand, the oil operator is not interested in land beyond its petroleum value. If he were to buy it outright, the cost ordinarily would be far above the price of the lease. Besides, he would have no use for it once its treasure is extracted. Hence the leasehold, for which the producer pays a bonus which may range from ten cents to $200,000 an acre. In addition the lessor gets one-eighth of the value of the oil and gas produced.

The terms of a lease compel the producer to operate in the best interest of the landowner. This is well and good in normal times when the market can assimilate the output. The trouble develops in periods of overproduction when the lessor still insists that his plot be drilled regardless of the economic consequences. He has some justification, of course, in the fact that one well drains another. Therefore the remedy would seem to lie in placing all royalty-owners under the same conditions so as to prevent the competitive effort so disastrous to the business.

Bonanzas Come in Bunches

The lease system also contributes in part to the periodic epidemics of flush fields The landowner wants his pickings while the gush is on. Here we come to the second menace to uniformity of output.

The fundamental evil all along has been that the bonanzas do not come singly. If only one broke each year, conditions would not be so disturbed. It almost invariably happens that from three to five are in operation at the same time, thus emitting more petroleum than is needed, with a corresponding wastage of gas pressure. More than half the country's total petroleum supply comes from 4 per cent of the production—namely, the flush areas. On October 1, 1927, the daily output from so-called settled production—that is, oil from wells in old fields where relatively the volume of output is small and the cost high—was 1,216,930 barrels, while the flush and semisettled output, produced at less overhead, was 1,310,675 barrels.

The function of conservancy therefore is to establish restraint on the exploitation of a rich area so that its resources can be held in check until they are required. Yet the moment this ban on excess looms the landowner rises up in protest. Here is where the proponents of Federal control score a point, because they maintain that the only compelling force is in national mandate. This, however, is easier said than done. The trouble all along has been that the Federal conservationists see only the goal and have not yet pointed the specific way to it.

Since Federal control is on the lap of the constitutional gods, we had better proceed with a more practical and possible solution. The vast majority of those in the industry—and the Federal Oil Conservation Board has concurred—believe that relief lies in restriction of development through voluntary agreement for unit operation. With it you strike the usual snag in the oil business, because, as I have indicated, the Sherman Law stands in the way.

The general impression, however, is that this obstacle can be hurdled more readily than a reversal of Supreme Court precedent. It would only be necessary for Congress to amend the antitrust act and have the various oil-producing states perform a similar operation on their laws aimed at combinations.

The ideal operating arrangement would be ownership or operation by one interest in a field. It has always been the dream and ambition of every producer to own or control an entire pool by himself so that he could regulate his drilling program by the value of the product and the market demand, without the necessity of hastening production so as to keep it from the well or tank of a competitor. This is never the case because of the fractional ownership in land and the disinclination of producers to acquire property outright. Oil is therefore produced by various operators on land belonging to other persons. Well drainage provokes the frantic competition invariably resulting in overproduction.

Pacemakers for the Neighbors

Unit operation is aimed directly at this condition. Expressed in the simplest fashion, it means pooling of leases under a communal operation that eliminates the incentive for competitive drilling. It is based on the idea that no storage is so cheap or constructive as oil under the ground. I have already pointed out the producing situation that obtains in practically every field. To visualize it in connection with cooperative effort, let me now put it in a different way. It will serve to throw further light on the oil man's problem.

If, during overproduction, a farmer decides to cultivate less acreage than he otherwise would, or if a coal miner in a similar situation elects to mine less coal, he has the full enjoyment of the crop raised or of the coal mined. The adjacent farmer or miner does not gain property which the two others might have enjoyed if one had not cultivated all his farm or not produced his mine to capacity. Such is the situation of every other producer except the oil operator.

When the petroleum producer does not drill his wells as speedily as his neighbor, locate them at the same relative distances, operate them to the same capacity and otherwise fails to accommodate his operations to those of his neighbors, he loses what he might have obtained by another course of conduct. Thus you have the scramble for oil which distinguishes the industry. In periods of excess output an oil operator, acting individually, cannot, under prevailing conditions, accelerate or retard his production to equalize demand and supply. He is at the mercy of other operators in the pool, and each of them is at his mercy. The idea of unit development is to mitigate this evil.

Various plans for unit operation have been suggested. The Doherty scheme, already outlined, invokes Federal compulsion and is therefore involuntary. Much more is to be said for the voluntary proposition.

One of these was suggested to the Federal Oil Conservation Board in a joint communication from W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard of New Jersey, and W. S Farish, head of the Humble Oil and Refining Company. Since these two men represent the most conservative and forward-looking element in the industry, their proposal has carried weight. In their letter Teagle and Farish make this pertinent observation:

> The current situation has unquestionably brought home to everyone more forcibly than ever before the economic folly of taking from its natural storage place in the ground more oil than is necessary to meet the market demand. Irrespective of present conditions, the wildcatter continues to find more oil, bringing it upon the market regardless of the real need for

(Continued on Page 141)

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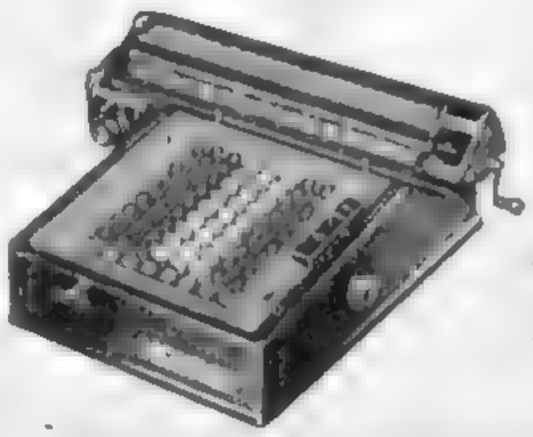

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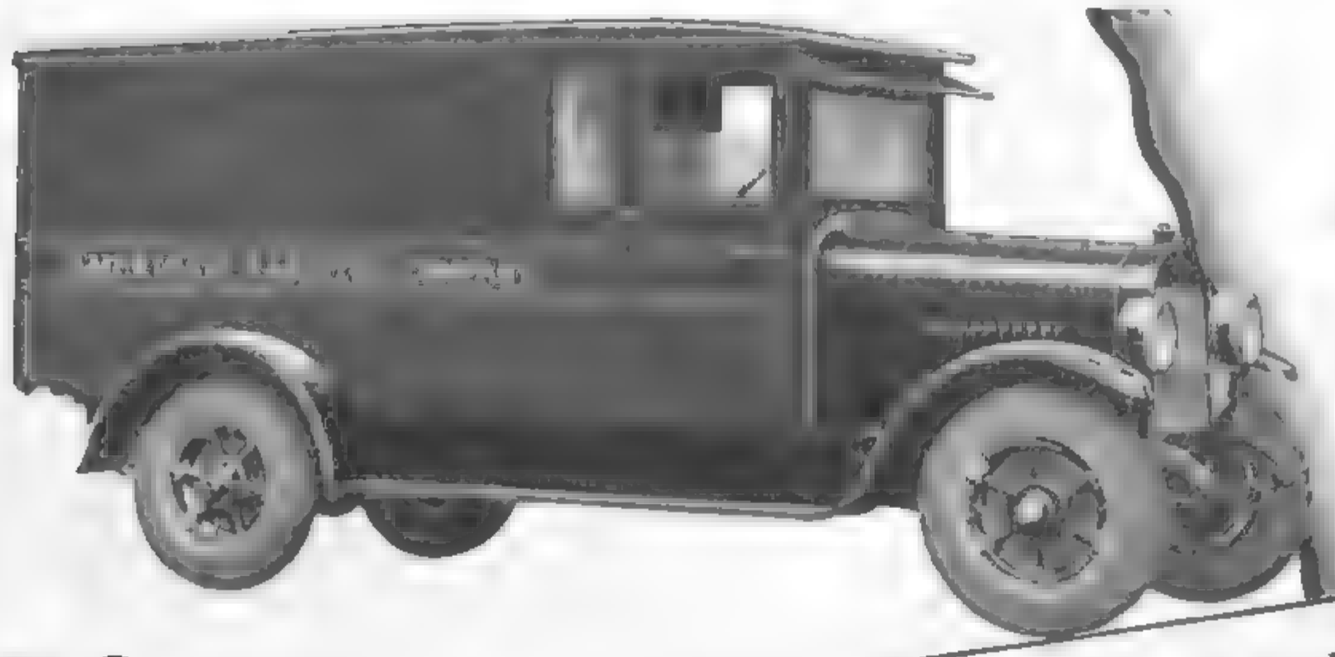

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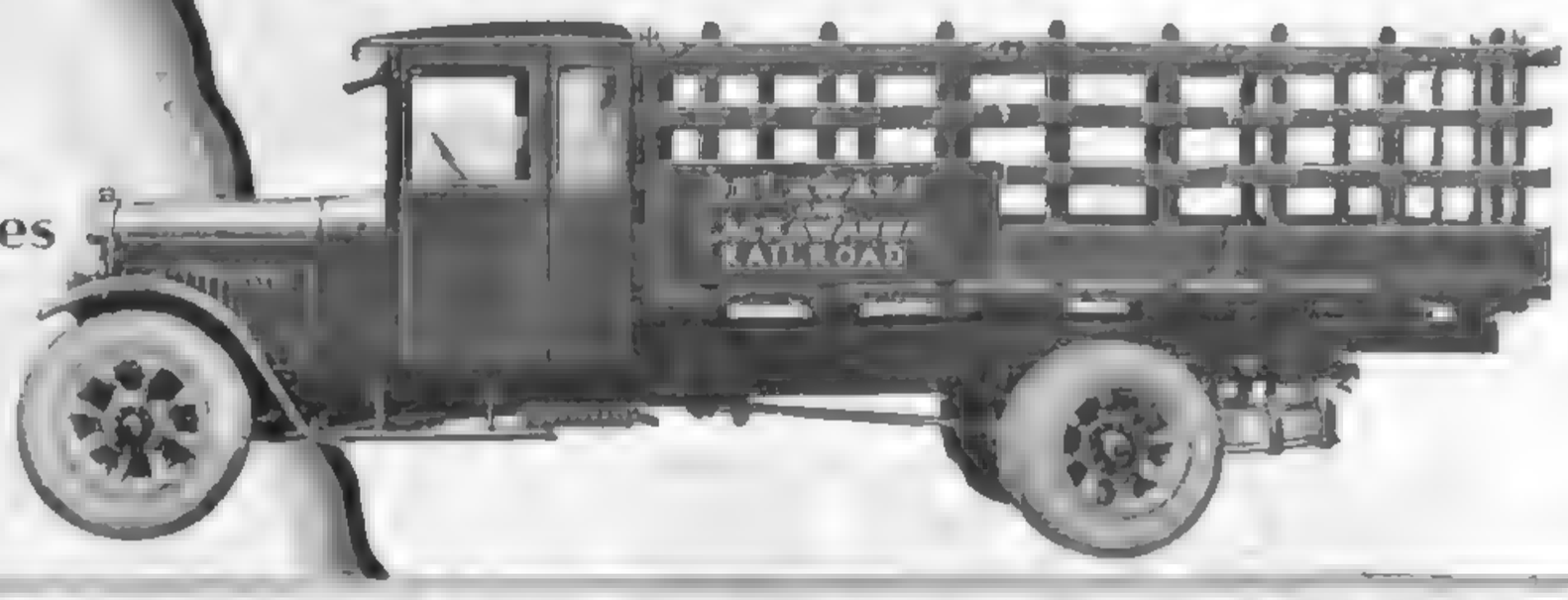

STEWART TRUCKS HAVE WON BY COSTING LESS TO RUN

(Continued from Page 138)

it. The wildcatter is a vital factor in the industry; but once oil has been found, the interests of the industry and the country as a whole lie in keeping it in the ground until the market requires it. The difficulty is that the whole principle upon which the present wildcatting effort is based makes it inevitable that the oil shall come onto the market immediately following discovery.

What has come to be known as the Teagle-Farish plan is best expressed by its authors. In their communication to the Conservation Board they said:

The procedure which we have to suggest is that instead of the interested producers purchasing full interests in definite subdivisions of the wildcatter's block of acreage, they purchase undivided fractional interests in such block acreage. Suppose, for example, ten operators, including the wildcatter, thus come to own the entire block and the test well in common. Suppose the enterprise be managed through a committee or board representing operators and royalty owners, each participant reserving the right to claim his 10 per cent of the oil from every well that may be drilled on the property. Would not this course end the mad scramble whereby each operator now feels obliged to drill as many wells as possible, and to produce as much oil as possible before his competitors beat him to it? Would not the producers in this simple fashion eliminate this greatest obstacle to the intelligent development of production?

Apparently unit operation is the only agency by which the oil industry can put itself on an equal footing with other activities in the matter of equalizing demand and supply. It means infinitely greater economy in the development and operation of a pool, the benefit of which would ultimately pass to the public in a stabilized price. Furthermore it obviates legislative control.

Without waiting for a breach of the Sherman Law, several plans for unit operation are already under way. An interesting example as applied to wildcatting is furnished by the operation of a company in the Wichita Falls area in Texas. It contemplates the drilling of ten wildcat wells so located as to test an area of 410,000 acres. This has been divided into ten blocks and a test well will be put down on each one.

The estimated cost of the wells, bonuses and leases is about $840,000. This is too much of a hazard for any ordinary company to take in an unknown field. By dividing the venture among many companies it is possible to spread the cost and risk and give each participant a run for his money. Hence sixteen units, each representing a one-sixteenth interest, are being sold to different companies. Each unit will be entitled to one vote in the management of the whole property and a corresponding share in whatever oil is produced. Reducing the cost of the unit to an acreage basis, it is estimated that the cost will be $2.15 an acre for acreage rentals and development, which is much lower than the usual wildcat overhead.

After the Horse is Stolen

Of course, the ideal stage for unit operation is an undeveloped field. It is also possible where the discovery well already exists. A company has been organized at Tulsa representing a pooling of leases surrounding a wildcat well in Oklahoma. It places all the property in the hands of one interest and assures sane methodical development on a strict conservation basis.

There is a precedent of sorts for coöperation among oil producers in the export-trade measure more commonly known as the Webb Act. It grants exemption from the antitrust laws to an association composed of two or more firms, partnerships or corporations which will engage solely in trade and commerce in goods, wares or merchandise exported or in the process of being exported from the United States to foreign countries.

The advantages of the Webb Act lie in joint price fixing for export, allotment of orders, division of foreign markets, pooling of advertising, sales and promotion, and the ability to present a solid front to foreign competition. Adapted to oil production, it could legalize community of effort to prevent wasteful production. The Federal Trade Commission can always take care of the price end should any consumer abuse arise.

Many other possible remedies for overproduction have been suggested. Some believe that the only solution is crude-price reduction, at the first evidence of excess supply, to a point where even the owner of large flush producing properties will hesitate to drill more wells. Others maintain that settled production should always bring a reasonable price, but that prices in flush fields, where wells are gushing forth in large volume at low cost, be cut to the bone.

A number of well-informed students of overproduction have proposed that the police powers of the states be invoked to prohibit all waste of natural gas, thereby making it impossible to bring fresh fields rapidly to peak production.

The curtailment projects now in operation at Greater Seminole in Oklahoma, where a maximum daily output of 527,400 barrels was cut to 450,000, and at Pecos in Texas, where production has been reduced from 459,000 barrels to 30,000, indicate that operators can agree when acute distress rules. The basic trouble with this kind of conservancy is that it is a case of locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. Real conservation must begin before the flood of oil lets loose. Hence the growing sentiment for unit operation that organizes a field in advance of the first drill that goes down.

Saving Through Standardization

Gas conservancy, which is so essential to the husbanding of our oil supply, requires a section all its own. Again you are up against the complexity that dogs the whole petroleum activity. Everybody in the business admits that gas wastage vies with competitive drilling as the chief bane. One is a by-product of the other. Yet so far as outlining a standardized conservation procedure is concerned, the industry is at sea.

Various states, as I have indicated, have gas-conservancy measures, but they do not bring about what is most sorely needed—namely, complete utilization of the product. The very nature of gas complicates the issue.

Despite these handicaps an effort is being made to get at the heart of the matter. The preliminary report of the Federal Oil Conservation Board in emphasizing gas waste, suggested that the oil-producing states enact prohibitory laws. The American Petroleum Institute indorsed this proposal and named a committee, headed by E. W. Marland, to investigate waste and frame a legislative formula to prevent it. After nearly two years of investigation, no decision has been reached.

Meanwhile Marland sponsored a bill to fix a gas ratio. The gas ratio establishes the relation between the amount of gas and oil produced from the same sands. If, in lifting one barrel of oil, 1000 cubic feet of gas is taken from the well, the oil and gas ratio would be one barrel of oil to 1000 cubic feet of gas. The prevalent waste lies in using more than a normal amount of gas to get the oil. Gas is thus deprived of its use for light, heat and power, and also for reintroduction into the well by the gas-lift process to produce more oil.

The Marland bill was introduced into the Oklahoma legislature in January, 1927, but failed of passage because of opposition by the oil industry. This did not mean that the operators opposed gas conservation, but that they believed no standardized ratio could yet be written on account of varying conditions in the field.

Though oil and gas conservancy still baffle solution through lack of knowledge, the industry has demonstrated its ability to get together along one line at least. I refer to the standardization of equipment, which is not entirely remote from conservancy, because it saves effort and outlay.

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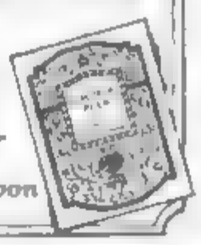

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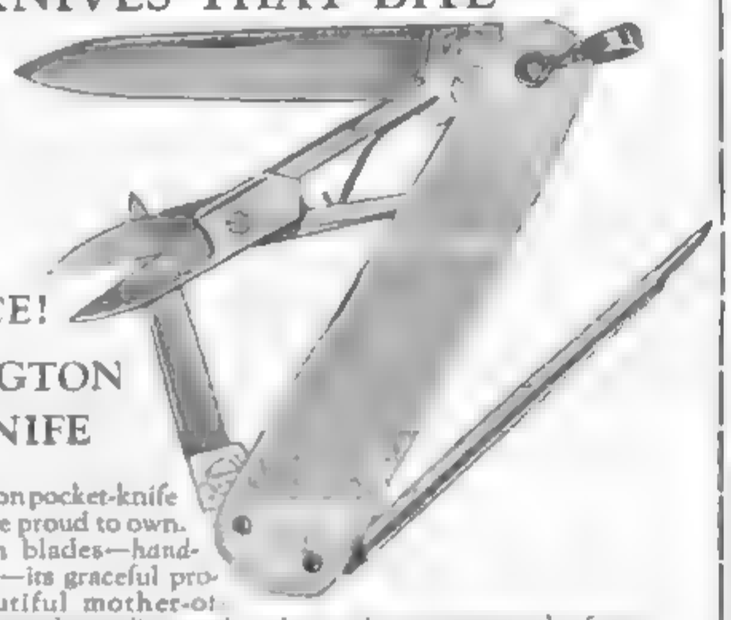

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Here's a new Remington pocket-knife that every man will be proud to own. With its super-keen blades—*hand-honed* at the factory—its graceful proportions, and beautiful mother-of-pearl handle, it's a knife that will appeal to those who appreciate the finest.

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From every point of view, this new Remington knife is a work of art! It embodies all that the name Remington stands for in quality, good looks and utility. It's the best value your money will buy, therefore a wise and profitable investment—a knife which will serve you long after inferior knives are forgotten.

Retailers everywhere carry this Remington knife. If your dealer, however, is not yet stocked, send us 1 in stamps and $5.50 for knife No. R 7364, and we'll see that you are promptly supplied, postpaid.

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Conditions prior to the introduction of standards were similar to those of any other industry that was growing rapidly. Oil is found in pools which are widely scattered throughout the United States. Each pool develops certain types of equipment, including the derricks, peculiar to its district. As areas expanded, the need for interchangeable material suitable for the same purpose in each field became apparent.

As a result of the work of the Standardization Committee of the American Petroleum Institute, a mechanical revolution has been wrought. Instead of a multiplicity of tools and equipment, practically all parts are now interchangeable.

A cable once exclusively adapted to California operation is superseded by one that may be employed in Texas, Oklahoma or Louisiana. One manufacturer alone had 306 cable tool-joint gauges representing different types and sizes of joints. They have been replaced by eleven standard gauges. This is typical of what has happened all along the line.

One mechanical advance directly affects conservancy. Under the old system of steel-tank storage, evaporation losses from crude oil have run as high as 5 per cent. This means loss of the valuable gasoline content as well. A substantial portion of this waste is now prevented through the use of improved tanks covered with insulated vapor-tight pitched roofs, which allow for natural expansion and contraction of the oil under varying degrees of heat.

Sum up the conservancy situation and you find that although the practical remedy is still elusive for the variety of reasons that I have outlined, the acute need of it is realized. Out of the mass of conflicting opinion and obstacle will eventually emerge a solution. Both the Government and the industry have reached the point where action is imperative if we are to protect our future supply. Therefore some advance has been registered.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with the oil situation The next and last will be devoted to the problem of future supply.

MEXICANS OR RUIN

(Continued from Page 16)

profit on their farms, they want to get the cheapest labor they can find, and if they get the Mexican labor it enables them to make a profit. If they have to pay a higher price for labor, there is a loss instead of a profit. That is the way it is along the border and I imagine that is the way it is anywhere else."

J. T. Whitehead, of Mitchell, Nebraska, representing the Federal reclamation projects in the North Platte Valley, argued before the House Immigration Committee that the beet growers in his section depended on the free admission of Mexicans. First, said Mr. Whitehead, they used Japanese to work in the beet fields. The Japanese were gradually replaced by Russians, but the Russians refused to remain laborers. They rented the land and finally bought it, to the extreme annoyance of American farmers, so that they worked on their own farms and couldn't be hired by other farmers.

Then the American farmers turned to Mexicans, who don't try to buy land or show any independence. The farmers, Mr. Whitehead testified, wanted Mexicans only as laborers, not as neighbors. He did not, he testified, want to work with Mexicans; he would not, he stated, want his children—his daughter and his son—to live with them and work with them.

He was questioned by Judge Box, of Texas, the congressman whose name is attached to the bill that proposes to put Mexico and other countries of the Western Hemisphere on a quota basis.

The Ideal Labor Situation

"I may not be able to state it in terms which would be fair according to your view," said Judge Box to Mr. Whitehead; "but what you really want is what two or three other gentlemen have indicated here—a class of people who have not the ability to rise, who have not the initiative, who are children, who do not want to own land, who can be directed by men in the upper stratum of society. That is what you want, is it?"

"I believe that is about it," testified Mr. Whitehead.

A series of talks with many employers of labor in the Southwest made it plain that the ideal labor situation, from the viewpoint of the Southwestern labor employer, is one in which the road in front of each Southwesterner's business, factory or farm is constantly filled with a stream of ever-moving Mexican Indians who have crossed the border so recently that the sum of $1.25, given in return for one day's labor, seems to them the absolute apex of financial reward. Into this ever-moving stream the Southwesterner wishes to plunge his hand and pluck out the exact number of Mexicans that he needs to perform the amount of labor that must be done at the moment. When the job is done, he wishes to push the Mexicans back into the moving stream again, regardless of their destination or of their ultimate fate or of their temporary or permanent effect on the community, the state or the nation, and forget the endless stream of Mexicans until he is again conscious of requiring cheap laborers.

There are a great many Southwesterners who are making themselves extremely vocal against any restriction of Mexican immigration, and some of these indignantly deny any imputation—including Congressman Garner's flat declaration—that they want Mexican labor because it is cheap.

Sauce for the Goose

In this connection it seems only reasonable to state that these persons not only indignantly deny everything that tends to throw doubt on the Southwest's immediate and overwhelming need for unrestricted Mexican immigration but also on occasion deny their own testimony when they find that they are in danger of stumbling over it. This statement can be proved over and over again by quoting from the hearings before the House Immigration Committee.

The quotations, unfortunately, would shed no light on the actual needs of the Southwest as regards Mexican immigrant labor, because most of the statements from which they would have to be taken would persist in confusing the needs of the Southwest with the desires of the Southwest—and the desires of the Southwest, in spite of all the denials in the world, are for the largest possible numbers of the most ignorant laborers, obtainable at the lowest possible wages and with the least possible mental exertion.

One obtains an approximation of immigration sentiment in the Southwestern states by going to reputable citizens, one by one, and saying, "Look here, I want the truth about this. You won't be quoted. How about it?"

In nine cases out of ten the reputable citizen prefaces his reply by saying, "Well, of course, our attitude is a purely selfish one." Consequently some of the indignant denials of the antirestrictionists must be taken with a pinch, not to say a hogshead, of salt.

It should be remarked that most of the people who clamor loudly for unrestricted Mexican immigration are virtuously enthusiastic over the merits of the European quota law. It was, they are unanimous in declaring, a great thing for the country. It kept out, they freely admit, a great horde of undesirables who ought—who most emphatically ought—to be kept out of the

(Continued on Page 145)

Corns
Lift Off!

Ah! What relief! One touch of "Freezone" stops the pain, then shortly corn lifts off without hurting. Why have corns when you can get "Freezone"? A small bottle is sufficient to remove every kind of corn and foot callus.

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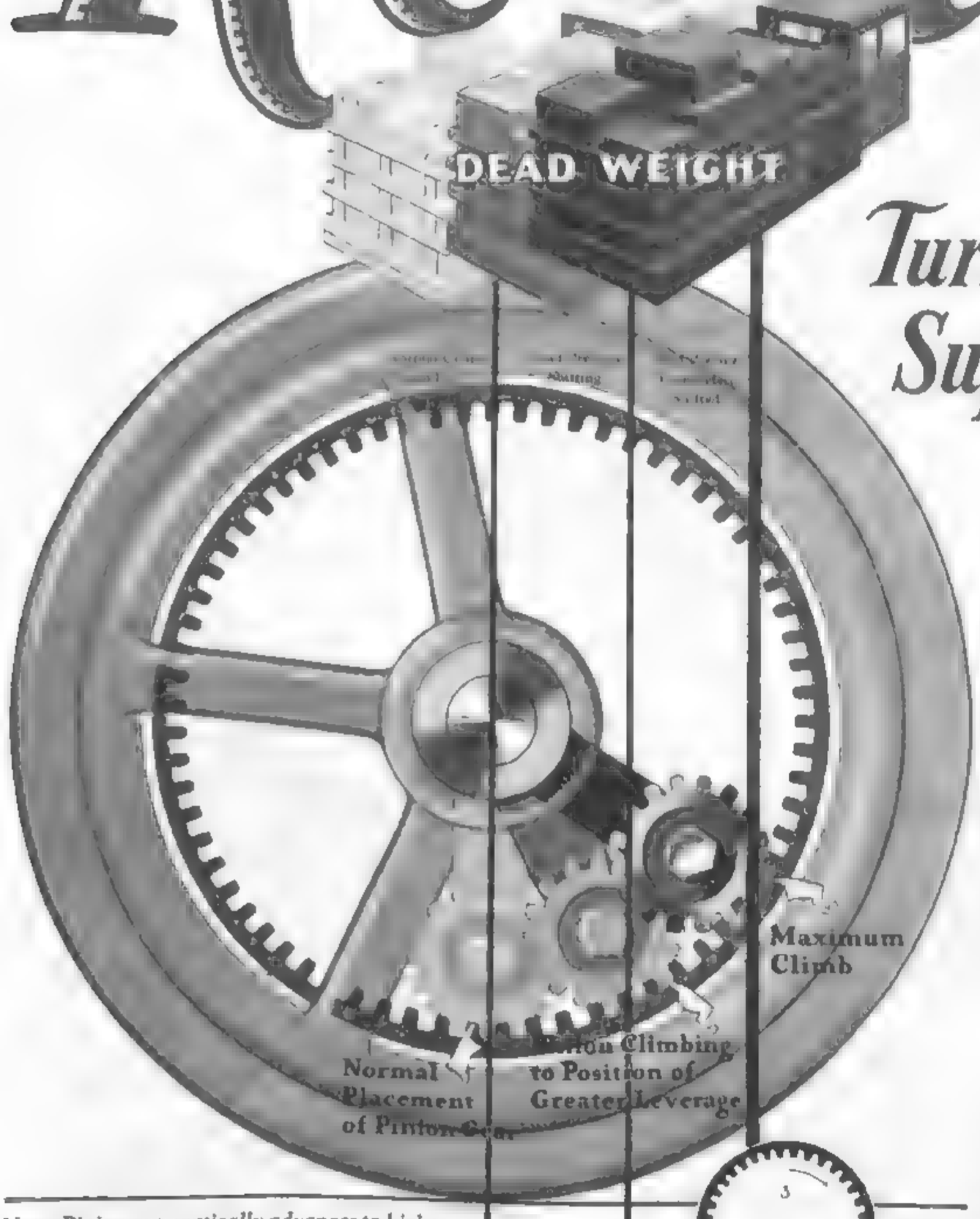

Note: Pinion automatically advances to higher driving positions within circular track gear, in direct proportion to the magnitude of road obstacle or resistance to be overcome.

Visualize a man starting to climb up the inside of the circular track gear at the instant when rear wheels are momentarily retarded.

Watch the man steadily climbing upward to a point where he can overbalance the wheel with his weight.

At the point of maximum climb, the man's weight overbalances the weight and rolls it forward over the obstacle.

Arrows indicate forward and upward movement of pinion, axle and frame bearing the truck load—thus overbalancing drive wheels and rolling them forward over all kinds of road obstacles.

The Relay Drive Principle

AS WILL be noted in the illustrations above and at the right, power is applied to the rear wheels through driving pinions on the ends of the live or drive axle, acting on a circular track gear on the inside circumference of the wheels.

When the rear wheels meet an obstruction, they stop momentarily while the pinions move to a higher position over the obstruction. At the same time the drive axle, chassis, and consequently the truck load shift upward and forward several inches ahead of the wheel axle.

When the pinion gears reach a sufficiently high point, depending upon the height of the obstruction, the dead weight of the truck and load bearing down, aided by the forward momentum, overbalances the drive wheels and rolls them forward over the obstacle.

Turns Dead Weight into Supplementary Power

TWO new sources of power—*dead weight and momentum*—are harnessed by the unique Relay Drive Axle and turned into useful driving effort for the Relay truck.

The result is revolutionary—difficult to believe without actual, visual demonstration. Rough going is smoothed out, smooth going taken at higher *safe* speeds, costs are reduced, profits increased.

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10—Easy riding and driving—like a passenger car

No matter what the nature of your haulage, Relay has a model to fit your problem, a model which will deliver you more ton-miles of transportation at a lower cost per mile. Ask your distributor for a demonstration or write us for complete information. *Dealers:*—write for information regarding territories that are open.

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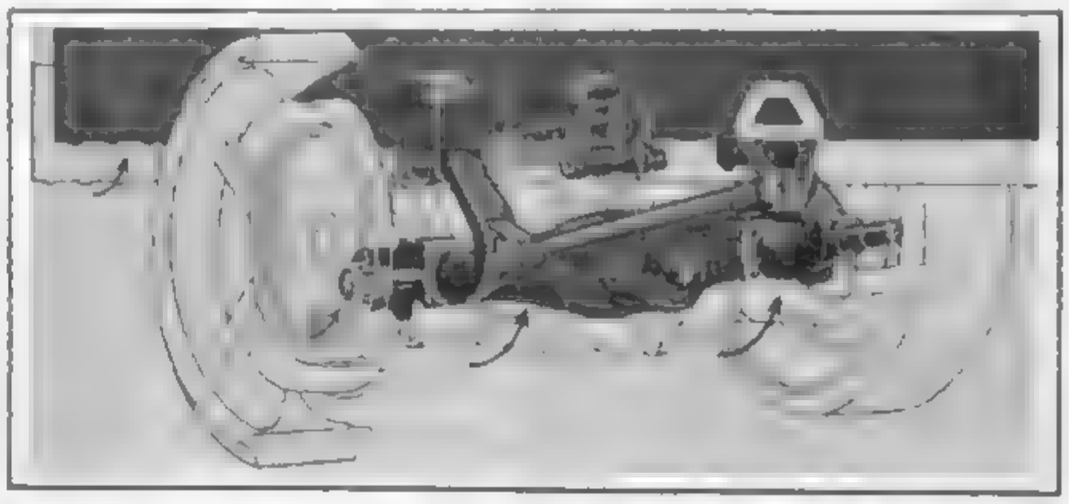
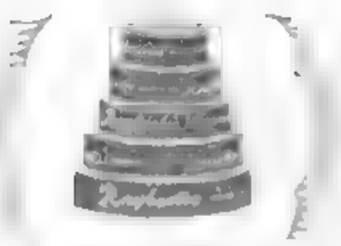


RELAY MOTOR TRUCKS



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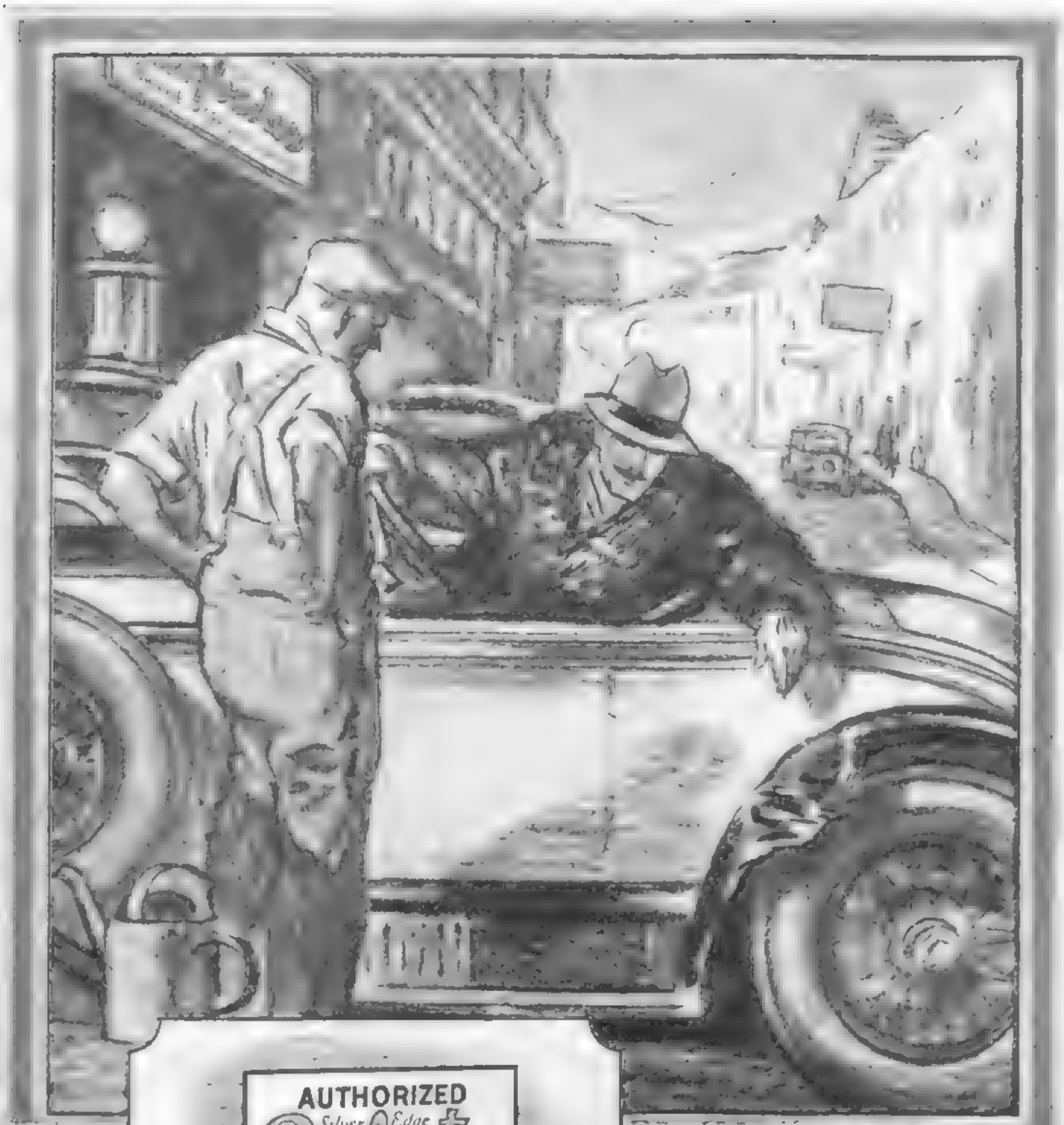

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Address. _____

Continued from Page 142

United States and the great cities of the Northeast. At the same time they declare firmly that there oughtn't to be a quota on Mexico.

The Californians in particular say that the European quota law is a great law, and in addition they raise joyous hosannas over the law that keeps out the Chinese and Japanese. But Mexican peons, they insist, ought to be allowed to flood the state.

They say that the Chinese and the Japanese farm laborers are better workers than the Mexicans, but they prefer the Mexicans.

Why do they prefer the Mexicans? And will they always prefer the Mexicans? That, unfortunately, is one of those mysterious matters that the Californian is unable to answer to the satisfaction of anyone but himself.

Along this general line, Mr. S. Maston Nixon, of Robstown, Texas, appeared before the House Committee to protest against any curtailment of Mexican labor.

"Gentlemen," said he, in the course of his testimony, "I am not here to attempt the breaking down of your very splendid immigration law of 1924; in fact, it is not the intention of our committee to attempt a program of destruction; but on the other hand, we are asking for an emergency clause to protect agricultural interests, particularly to bring in agricultural laborers when they cannot be found elsewhere."

The chairman—Albert Johnson: "You do not want to break it down if you can get what you want?"

Mr. Nixon: "No, sir."

Undesirables, the Southwesterners argue, are very bad for everybody but the Southwest, because nobody but Southwesterners knows how to handle the undesirables. The agricultural and manufacturing interests of the Southwest feel thoroughly competent to cope with any number of strange and alien people, so long as the strange and alien people undertake to harvest the cotton crops and the truck crops at a minimum of expense. Fifty thousand chimpanzees a year would admittedly be highly acceptable, if they knew how to pick cotton.

Labor Peaks

If the Southwestern states ever adopt a coat of arms and a motto, the motto, judging from their frequent remarks concerning Mexicans, might reasonably be: "You fellers in the North don't know how to handle 'em." The Southwesterner seems to regard this remark as one of his satisfactory arguments against any restrictions on Mexican peon laborers. Why he should so regard it is another mystery connected with the Mexican immigration situation, for Mexicans are moving to Northern cities in greater and greater numbers.

The chief crop for which Mexican labor is required in the Southwest is the cotton crop. The harvesting of this crop takes place during the summer and early autumn months. The cotton-picking season in some parts of Texas is from July fifteenth to September fifteenth. In other parts of the Southwest the cotton growers can harvest until late in November. The cotton-picking season represents the labor peak of the Southwest. The cotton planters use everyone they can get to pick their cotton; and of recent years, because the sugar-beet people swoop down out of the north with offers of higher wages and better living quarters and steal the Mexican laborers away from the cotton fields, they complain bitterly that there is no way in which they can get enough laborers of any sort to harvest their cotton as it should be harvested.

The cotton growers of Arizona in particular have organized into an efficient body known as the Arizona Cotton Growers' Association. This organization has spent thousands of dollars advertising in Eastern papers for cotton pickers, it declares, but it has found that white laborers refuse to work in the cotton fields.

The Arizona cotton growers last year imported a shipload of Porto Rican negroes to do the work, and found them far below the Mexicans in ability, intelligence and stamina. Filipino laborers from the Philippines have been imported into parts of the Southwest as cotton pickers; but they, too, are considered less efficient than the Mexicans. Furthermore, the expense of landing a Filipino in the most conveniently located cotton field is about $100. This, to the Southwesterner's way of thinking, puts him in the ranks of expensive labor.

All through the Southwest, in addition to the great mass of labor needed when the cotton crop is being harvested, there are minor labor peaks on other crops. Many laborers are needed in Texas, for example, to harvest the spinach crop, which ripens in January. In February and March the onion crop and the cabbage crop start to ripen, and these crops require a great deal of labor. Starting in May, the cotton must be chopped and thinned. This provides another minor labor peak.

The Pendulum of Work

Put in bald language, the Texas farmers need a great many laborers during a very few months in the year, and during the rest of the year they need very few. They want them when they need them; and when they don't need them, they don't want them.

California labor needs are more diversified than those of other states in the Southwest. Dr. George P. Clements, manager of the agricultural department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, estimates that of the 136,000 farmers in California, 85,000 operate farms of less than 40 acres.

"It is this group," says Doctor Clements, "who are mainly responsible for our agricultural supremacy. The success of his—each one of the 85,000—farm depends upon his handling his crop so as to keep production costs at the lowest possible figure. His project is a one-man affair until his harvesting period is reached. A hired man for the year is unnecessary. A hired man at harvest time is a cipher; he needs ten, twenty or fifty, and he needs them quickly to get his crop off and into market. Fluid casual labor is his only salvation. It is a necessity. Restricted immigration has shut him out of Europe and Asia. He has only the Mexican to turn to."

California's labor peak comes in July and August, Doctor Clements shows, during which months all California's available casual labor is being used. In September and October about one-fifth of the casual labor supply is idle. In November, December, January and February about half of it is idle. In March and April employment swings up again, leaving about one-third of the supply idle; while in May and June about one-tenth is idle.

Doctor Clements explains that staples like cotton, sugar beets, beans and grain are handled in fixed seasons. There are other crops that brook no delay in harvesting. These crops steal laborers from the staple crops, and the industries of the North steal laborers from all sorts of crop producers at all times. The crops that brook no delay in harvest are grapes, which ripen from July to November and fill 73,000 cars, each car requiring fifteen men to pack. Cantaloupes, ripening from May to July, and melons, ripening from June to November, fill 20,000 cars. Deciduous fruits, ripening from mid-April to mid-November, require 25,000 cars. Oranges and lemons, ripening throughout the year, fill from 55,000 to 60,000 cars. Lettuce, with an all-year production, calls for 10,000 cars in the Imperial Valley alone.

The general claims of the agriculturists in the Southwest are approximately as follows:

1. White laborers cannot be found willing or able to work in the extreme heat of the cotton fields, or at such back-breaking forms of labor as onion planting, spinach growing or beet topping.

2. No machines have been invented or can be invented to lighten any of these forms of labor.

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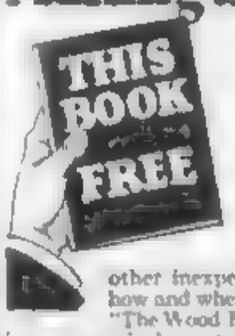

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3. The best obtainable laborers are Mexicans. They are not so good as European laborers or Chinese or Japanese laborers, but they do as they are told and go back to Mexico when there is no more work for them to do.

4. There is no limit to the number that the Southwest needs; for after Mexican laborers have worked on the farms for a short time, they are stolen by industries farther to the north.

5. There is no danger that the Mexican will ever become a serious problem to the United States, for Mexico is a small country and the available supply of laborers will soon be exhausted.

6. If the Mexican is not allowed to enter the United States freely, the entire Southwest is doomed; for the cotton growers, the truck farmers, the beet-sugar industry, the mines and the railroads are wholly dependent on Mexican labor.

The argument to the effect that the available supply of Mexican labor will soon be exhausted can be ignored. If it is true, the Southwest will soon, in the natural course of events, be as badly off for labor as it says it will be if Mexican immigration is restricted by law. It accordingly would make little difference whether Mexican immigration is stopped now by force or later from natural causes. Investigation, however, tends to show that it will be a great many years before Mexico, as a source of peon immigrants, will be exhausted.

The other arguments barring the contentions that all Mexican immigrants return to Mexico each year, and that no machines can be invented to lighten agricultural labors in the Southwest—appear to have a great deal of truth in them, provided that conditions in the Southwest and in the rest of the United States remain exactly as they are today.

Even the Southwesterners who are eager to see an end to the growing influx of Mexicans agree that agriculture in the Southwest will be severely crippled by a complete stoppage of Mexican immigration if all residents of the United States are always going to refuse to work as common laborers, if the Southwestern farmers are always going to plant the same amount of land to the same amount and sort of crops, if hand labor is always going to be used for the planting and the harvesting of the crops, if the farmers are always going to insist on paying their laborers the lowest possible wage and further insist on employing them for the exact length of time required to harvest their crops, and if the Southwesterners persist in thinking that the only remedy for their troubles is the cheapest human labor.

American Labor for the Asking

There is no known way to settle to everyone's satisfaction the question of whether Mexican immigrants return to Mexico each year. Those who want free immigration say they do. Those who want Mexican immigration stopped say that they used to go back to Mexico in years past, but that they no longer do so—except to get friends and relatives and bring them back to the United States. The contentions of the latter are upheld by the extreme rapidity with which the Mexican sections of almost every Western, Middle-Western and Southwestern city have swollen in size in the past decade.

Let us, then, consider the contention that white laborers will not and cannot work at picking cotton or harvesting truck crops. It is true that practically all the laborers that one sees in the cotton fields of the Southwest are Mexicans. While I was traveling through Southern New Mexico, however, I passed a cotton field that was being harvested by white workmen—men, women and children. I stopped to talk with them and to take their pictures. They came, they said, from Hughes County, Oklahoma. I asked them how they happened to be willing to work at cotton picking, and they said they were glad to get any sort of work; to them cotton picking was about the same as anything else.

I asked them if there were other people in Hughes County who would be willing to pick cotton in Texas and New Mexico.

"Any quantity," said the man who was doing the talking.

"Why don't they come down here and do it then?" I asked.

"They don't know nothing about this country," he said. "They think it's all desert down here."

While I talked with these white cotton pickers, a farmer climbed over the fence and proposed to the pickers that they come to his farm—located a short distance down the road—when they had finished with the piece of land on which they were picking.

In reply to my questions, he said that long ago, when he lived in Texas, he used to use Mexicans to pick his cotton, but that he has given up the use of Mexican labor entirely in recent years. He was able, he said, to get enough white laborers to supply his wants, as were numerous other cotton growers in his vicinity. Some of his neighbors didn't like to use Mexicans; others wouldn't employ anyone but Mexicans.

The Easiest Way Out

The Mexican, he said, was a good worker until he got smart; then he became thoroughly unreliable. Nine out of ten Mexicans, it seemed to him, were unreliable. He had found white laborers to be different. He had no word of praise for the young American hobo—the nineteen or twenty-one or twenty-four year old tough egg who travels in a dilapidated automobile. Not one of these out of every twenty-five, he thought, was any better than any Mexican. He found, however, that white men with families were thoroughly reliable workers, able to stand the heat and do the work as well as anyone. Three white men of this type, he thought, were worth seven Mexicans. His name, he added, was G. W. Harris, and if I could sift anything out of what he said, I was plumb welcome to it.

There are a few farseeing men in the Southwest who say that although a number of Americans seem to prefer knocking around the Southwestern states in dilapidated automobiles at the present moment, there will some day come a period of industrial depression. When that day arrives, they say, American workingmen will possibly be less choosy and uppity about toiling on the farms.

A Californian whose family farms 100,000 acres in California, from the Oregon line down past Sacramento, made a statement to me that was singularly at variance with those who predict ruin for California and the Southwest if Mexican immigration is stopped.

"The whole question," said he, "boils down to whether the Southwest prefers to do a little hard work in order to solve a temporary trouble, or whether it insists on taking the easiest way out of its difficulties and on debasing the race by doing it."

There is enough labor in California, he thinks, to supply all demands, provided it is paid proper wages and supplied with proper living quarters. He and his family, he said, have always used white laborers in their farming operations. Every boy in California, he said, wanted to go to a high school or a junior college, and nearly all of them were delighted to be able to help themselves through school by working on farms during summer.

"Giving money to these boys," he said, "is like endowing them, compared with giving it to Mexicans."

He contended that there was nothing in the argument that white men couldn't stand the heat of the cotton fields. He said that he had been in Australia and New Zealand, where 98.5 per cent of the population corresponds to our native American stock; and there, in places as hot and hotter than any part of the Southwestern states, he found all the farm work being done by Australians or Britishers.

(Continued on Page 149)

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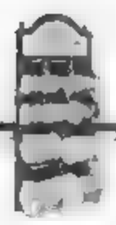

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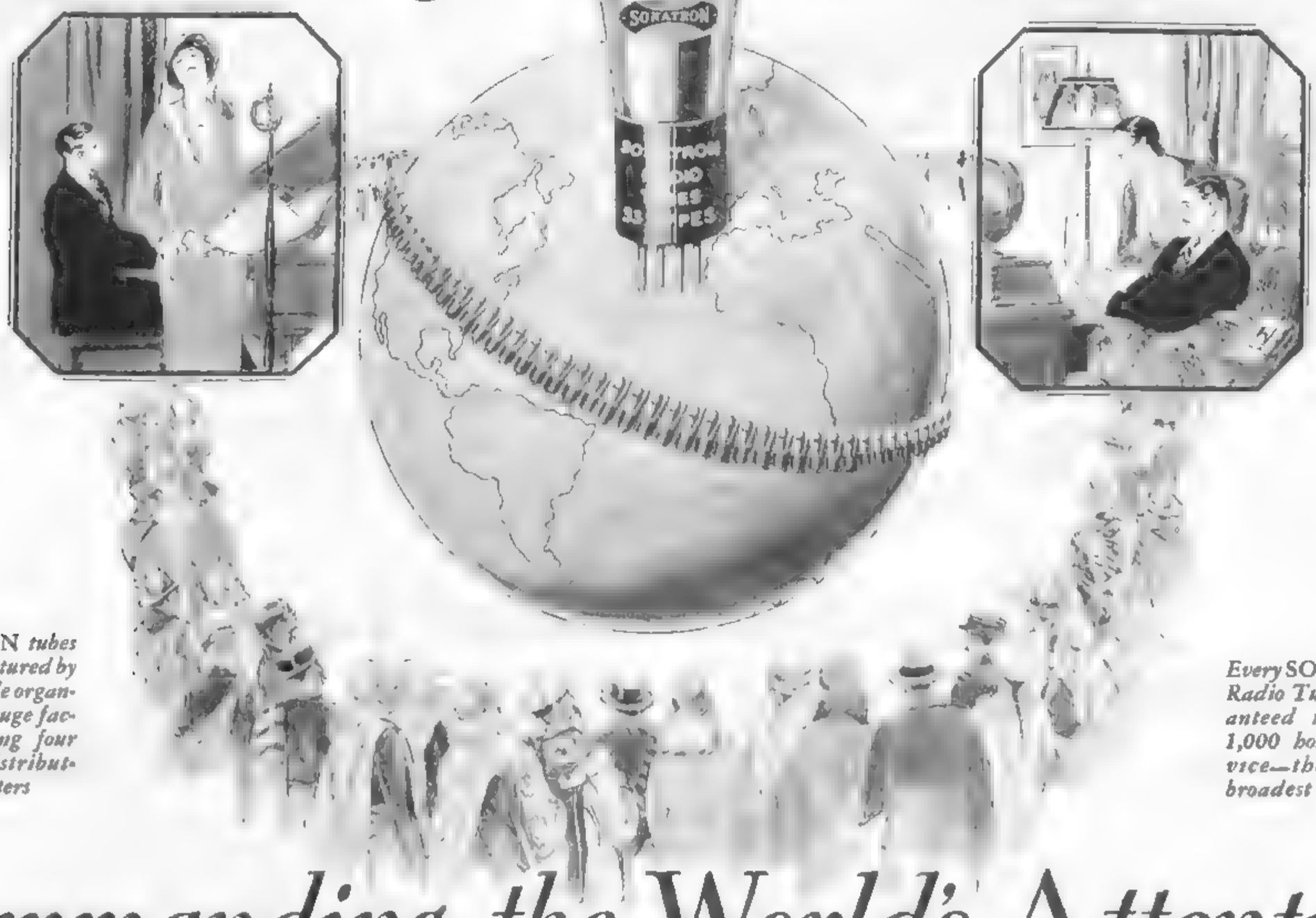

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(Continued from Page 146)

Instead of California needing more alien labor to produce crops, he said, the best interests of the state would be better served by less production. To add masses of Mexican peons to the population of the state would merely mean developing great tracts of land for Mexicans and for absentee landlords—a system of development that was thoroughly bad, and already too prevalent in California and the Southwest.

Simon J. Lubin, president of the Sacramento Region Citizens' Council, and president from 1913 until October, 1923, of the State Commission of Immigration and Housing—the commission which is said to have taught the California farmer almost all he knows of decent housing, of decent sanitation, of decent treatment of labor, as well as most of what he knows of so-called Americanization—recently reminded his organization of the great demand for Chinese and Mexican laborers in 1917.

"During 1917," Mr. Lubin told them, "it was more or less generally asserted that California faced a tremendous shortage of farm labor. Publicity campaigns and agitations were undertaken to urge the necessity for importing Chinese, Mexican or other labor. An official investigation made in May found that there was no real or unusual shortage, but that it was the same annual cry, the motive of which was to have a labor surplus, to guarantee low wages. The investigators reported to Washington that 'if proper wages were paid and decent living and housing accommodations furnished, plenty of farm labor would be found.' No crops or parts of crops were lost by reason of lack of labor. . . .

"One community," said Mr. Lubin, "sent out a pathetic appeal for more labor. Federal investigators, questioning the petitioners, gained from them the admission that they had enough labor available to do the work, but that if there were present two men for every job, it would be easier to control the laborers and to 'stabilize wages.'"

Toward the close of Mr. Lubin's address, he further stated what many other Southwesterners say privately but are somewhat timid about saying publicly.

"We are just as ignorant of the real demand and supply concerning labor," said Mr. Lubin, "as we are ignorant of the real demand and supply regarding agricultural products.

"This ignorance is not a necessary ignorance. It is possible to set up an efficient piece of machinery that would acquaint us with both labor demand and labor supply. That machine would also aid us in guiding labor to where it is most needed, at times when it is most needed."

The Slow Dawn of Reason

"Proper housing, decent living conditions, fair wages and humane treatment would tend to make our available man power go much further than it now goes, would tend to attract more men into agricultural pursuits and would tend to stabilize labor.

"We speak of an agricultural overproduction when we are lax in the development of markets. We speak of a labor shortage when we are lax in our treatment of the workers.

"Let me caution you to go very slowly about permitting anyone to bring into our beloved region or state any lot of human beings to be treated as peons or slaves, even if it can be proved that profit can be made out of the transaction."

Apparently the realization that decent living quarters must of necessity be attractive to laborers—even to Mexican laborers—is slowly beginning to dawn on Southwestern labor employers, who have been greatly troubled for years by the fact that their laborers could be easily lured from them.

A prominent member of the Arizona Cotton Growers' Association, in talking with me about Mexican labor, was horrified by being asked what he would do if the Mexican Government restricted the emigration of Mexicans to the United States, as it has intimated that it might. Our State Department, he said at once, would have to take action to make Mexico remove the restriction. He then added thoughtfully that an attempt was being made to get better housing conditions for Mexican laborers, and that in the Salt River Valley alone, during the next five years, $1,000,000 would probably be spent on improving the living quarters of agricultural workers.

One of the most striking features of the Southwest's fight against the restriction of Mexican immigration is its inability or unwillingness to formulate a constructive plan of action in case its supply of cheap labor is cut off.

"What are you going to do," one asks the antirestrictionists, "in case a quota law is applied to Mexico?"

"We'll be ruined," they reply mournfully.

"Well, aren't you going to do anything about it?" they are asked.

"Oh, we'll get more Porto Ricans," they say. "They aren't much good, but they'll be the only ones we can get except Filipinos, and Filipinos aren't much good, either."

"Well," one asks them, "how about getting some farsighted, long-headed business man down here to work out a plan for concentrating and distributing labor—somebody like Owen Young or Herbert Hoover?"

Their faces are blank and expressionless. The thought, obviously, leaves them cold.

"Well," one persists, "how about offering cash prizes for labor-saving machinery that would release labor for you?"

The Modern Cotton Harvest

The Southwesterners remain calm. "You can't ever get a cotton-picking machine that will work," they say. "It can't ever be done. And there isn't any way that you can invent a machine that will set out onions or take care of beets or pick and pack fruit. No, sir! The best we can do is to get Porto Ricans; and nobody can stop us from getting Porto Ricans, because they're American citizens. They won't work, either; but we've got to have somebody to do the work, so maybe we can make them."

The frequent assertions on the part of Southwesterners that a cotton-picking machine is an impossibility led me to investigate this matter with some care, and to talk at some length with officials who have to do with the invention and manufacture of farm machinery. As a result of these conversations it is possible to make a prediction with a good deal of certainty. The prediction is this: Within five years' time—probably sooner, but certainly within five years—cotton throughout the Southwest will be harvested mechanically. In being harvested mechanically it will be harvested better and more cheaply than it is now harvested with cheap Mexican labor; and most of the cheap labor now required to pick cotton will be released to work on other crops.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent by many individuals and organizations in the effort to invent and perfect a cotton-picking machine. These efforts have resulted in several machines that are approaching perfection, though none of them is yet being produced in quantity. One may assume, if he wishes to do so, that none of the machines is actually perfect; but every maker of farm machinery knows beyond any question that a cotton-picking machine as perfect as those other so-called impossible inventions, the combine and the corn picker, is practically a cinch; that the agricultural world—to quote the machinery experts—is going to get it and get it quick.

The introduction of cotton-harvesting machinery will, according to experts, necessitate many changes in the planting, cultivation and ginning of cotton. Instead of planting cotton in irregular rows, with one man and a large assemblage of mules, the planter will have to make his rows longer and parallel to one another. He will probably even be obliged to plant a variety of

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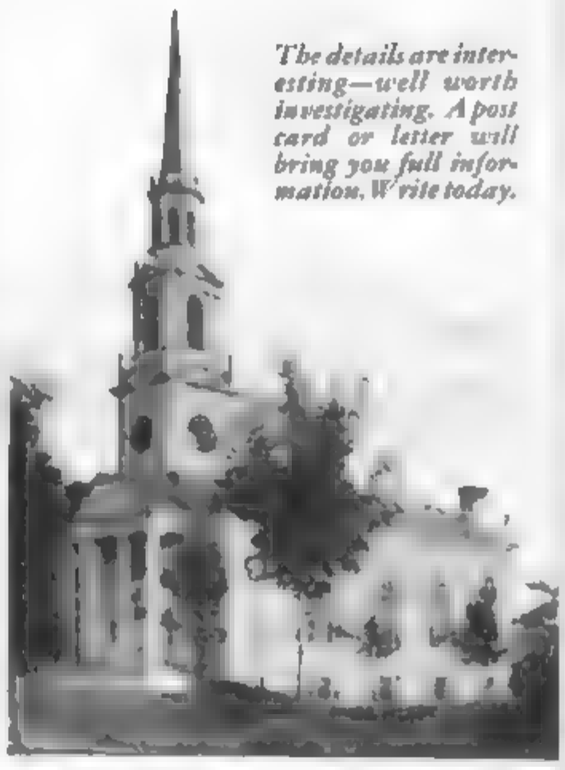

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cotton that is adjusted to machine harvesting. In the Southwest then the cotton will be stripped from the plant by a mechanical stripper, which will get not only the ripe cotton bolls but also the bollies—the cotton pods that do not ripen, and that are now lost.

The stripper will be an inexpensive machine that will possibly run as low as $150 in price and so will be within the reach of all farmers. The stripper, run by two men, will do the work now done by some twenty-eight Mexicans. From the stripper the cotton will have to go to a more expensive machine—a cleaner—that will probably be a pool proposition, owned by a contractor or a group of farmers.

I quote a few sentences from a report by Arno S. Pearse, general secretary of the International Federation of Master Cotton Spinners and Manufacturers Associations, Manchester, England, on a 1927 journey through the United States Cotton Belt.

"The reduction in the cost of producing cotton," says Mr. Pearse, "is sure to be further increased by the introduction of the automatic cotton picker. The advent of this machine is no more a dream . . . and is likely to be a commercial success during the next three years. . . . In the not-distant future the cotton of the United States will be largely gathered by machine."

Narrowing the Impossible

"The machine will pick from two to five bales per day, which is equivalent to the work of two men hand-picking during eight or fifteen days. A saving of two and a half cents per pound should be effected by the introduction of the picker. . . . Just as now the Mexican pickers move from the south toward the north with the advancing crop, so will, in a few years' time, contractors move their cotton-picking machines from field to field toward the north as the crop begins to ripen there."

An excellent example of antirestriction thinking was given by a Southwesterner to whom the suggestion had just been made that machinery would soon supplant cheap labor on Southwestern farms, so that possibly no irreparable damage would be done by the cutting off of Mexican immigrants.

"Machines!" exclaimed the horrified Southwesterner. "If you get machines, what will become of all the poor Mexicans who are already here?"

Conferences with inventors and manufacturers of agricultural machinery, relative to the Southwesterners' assertions that no machine ever could be invented to plant onions or harvest beets or pick fruit, brought the following composite reply:

"The whole history of agricultural development is that of something that couldn't be done, and that wouldn't be accepted, when done, until economic necessity forced its acceptance. The corn picker was declared impossible. It was developed fifteen years before it was sold in any volume. As long as corn growers were able to get cheap labor, there was no demand for it. When labor began to get expensive, the corn growers took the corn picker."

Conqueror of the Hobo Army

"Beet toppers and beet pullers have been on the market for thirty years; but when a Mexican family contracts to tend beets, it doesn't want to thin and hoe the beets unless it can have the job of topping them as well. Consequently the beet people keep on hiring Mexicans and won't buy beet toppers. There is no question whatever that there will be machines, at no distant time, that will do the whole job. The sooner the beet industry is struck by a labor shortage, the sooner will it get machines to harvest the beets.

"As for a machine to plant and harvest onions—they say it's impossible. Well, before the binder was developed, they said the binder was impossible. Before the thresher was developed, nobody thought that threshing could be done in any way except by hand. Twenty years ago farmers knew that corn could never be cultivated except with horses; but now a man with a tractor can do ten times as much in one day, and do it better, than one man used to be able to do with a horse.

"The hobo army used to follow the wheat up from Texas in the harvest season, and such a thing as the combine was a madman's dream. Now the hobo army has vanished, and combines, run by two men, can cut, thresh, clean, reclean and deliver into cars the wheat from thirty-five to forty acres a day. Some day, not far off, there'll be machines to plant onions. There'll be machines to pick fruit. Impossible? Nothing's impossible when labor becomes scarce and expensive."

American diplomats have repeatedly expressed the fear that if a quota law is applied to Mexico, the Pan-American countries will be highly indignant at the insult to the people of a sister republic, and that Mexico's fiery Spanish blood will boil so

(Continued on Page 154)

"This feels GOOD"

Young daughters, older daughters, and sons and husbands too, like to use towels made of Boott Toweling. They are firm. They are soft. They are snow-white. They dry the skin quickly and thoroughly.

And mothers like to buy Boott Toweling; for, added to the qualities already mentioned, Boott Toweling wears splendidly and is most economical, particularly if bought by the bolt.

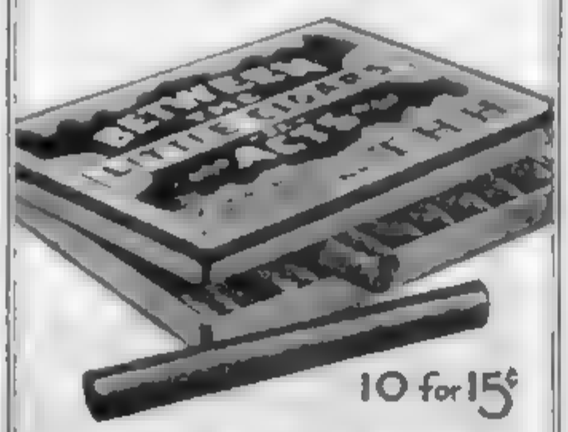
If your dry-goods store does not carry Boott Toweling, send 25 cents (stamps or check) for a full-size Boott Towel. Dept. E-218, Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.

Also makers of Boott Towels and Boott Strim

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS., U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELING
WIPES DRY

The finest little smoke ever produced . . . in the handiest pocket package ever devised

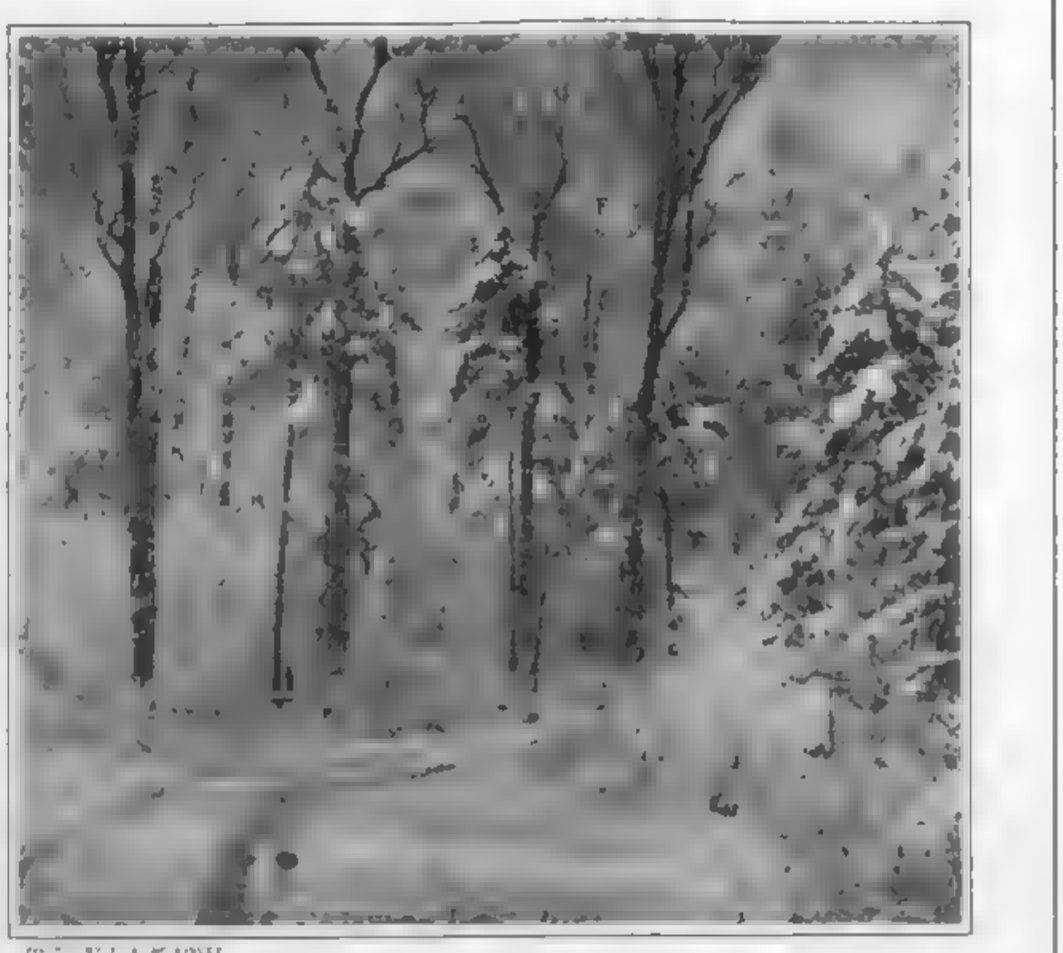
BETWEEN THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS



10 for 15¢

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 15 cents in coin or stamps and we will send you a package postage prepaid. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York.

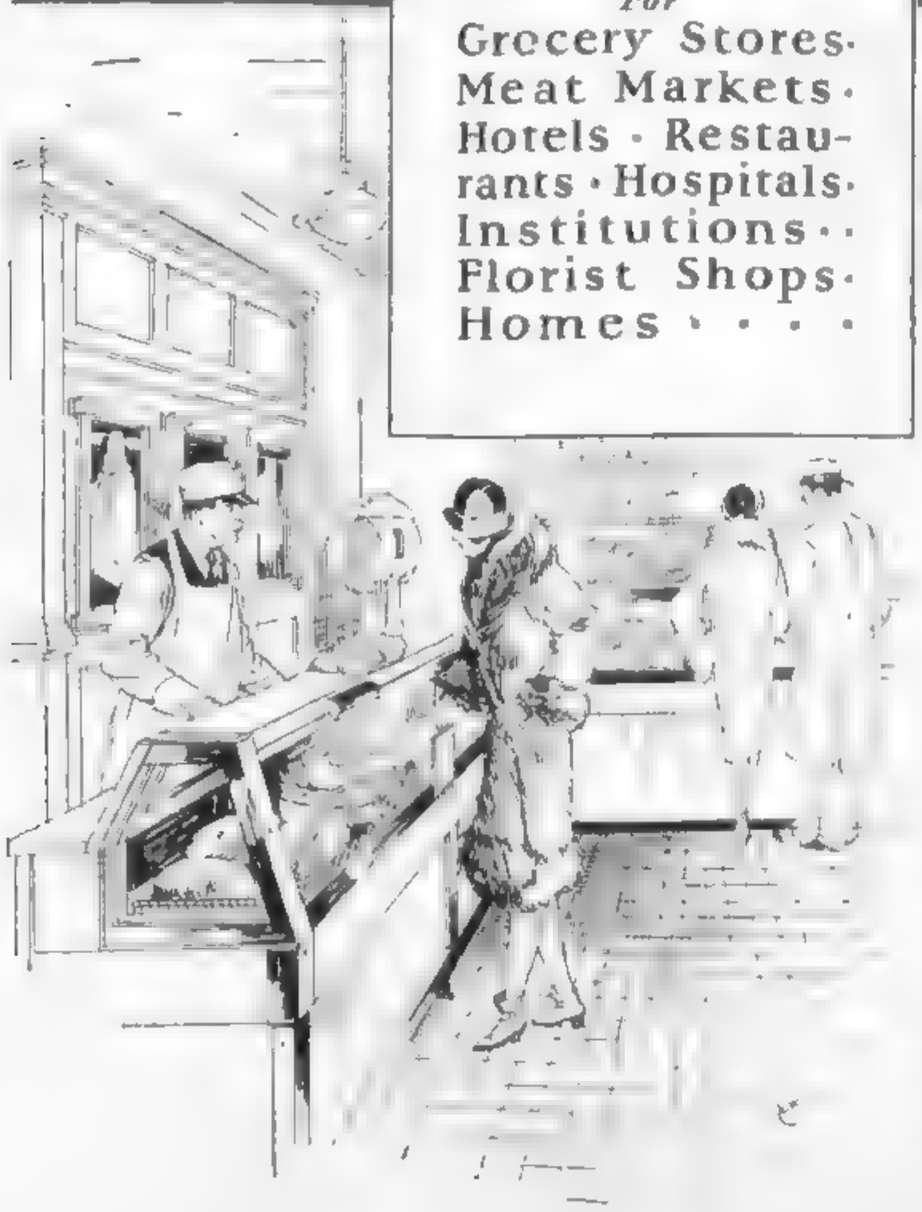
© 1928, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760



A Road in the Adirondacks, New York

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

McCRAY
REFRIGERATORS
FOR ALL PURPOSES
For
Grocery Stores·
Meat Markets·
Hotels · Restaurants · Hospitals·
Institutions··
Florist Shops·
Homes · · · ·



This New McCray

Display-All Refrigerator Case Means *Bigger Profits* for Food Merchants

NOW WE PRESENT McCray's newest achievement, the finest refrigerator unit for stores and markets in all McCray history! Think, Mr. Food Merchant, of the profit-making possibilities of a case like this: Notice first of all its striking appearance . . . gleaming white porcelain, clear plate glass, mirror-like Monel metal trim! Then consider the unequalled display—electrically lighted—which it affords. Not a single obstruction across the entire front! And the absolute cleanliness, perfect sanitation which it assures. Surely, here is a case which will bring you more business.

Remember, too, with all these striking new features there is the old reliable McCray system of refrigeration, the staunch construction in every hidden detail, the pure corkboard insulation sealed with hydrolene cement, which keeps foods perfectly at exceedingly low operating cost.

Here is time-tested McCray refrigerator service proved in actual use for over a third-of-a-century . . . offered to you in a refrigerator case which strikingly marks your store as *the store ahead.*

BUILT FOR ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION of any type. May be used with ice, if preferred. SEND COUPON NOW for further details of the new McCray Display-All Refrigerator Case No. 104, and how it will make more money for you. Get the facts about other styles to meet your particular needs. Remember, McCray builds refrigerators for every purpose.

SALESROOMS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
(See Telephone Directory)

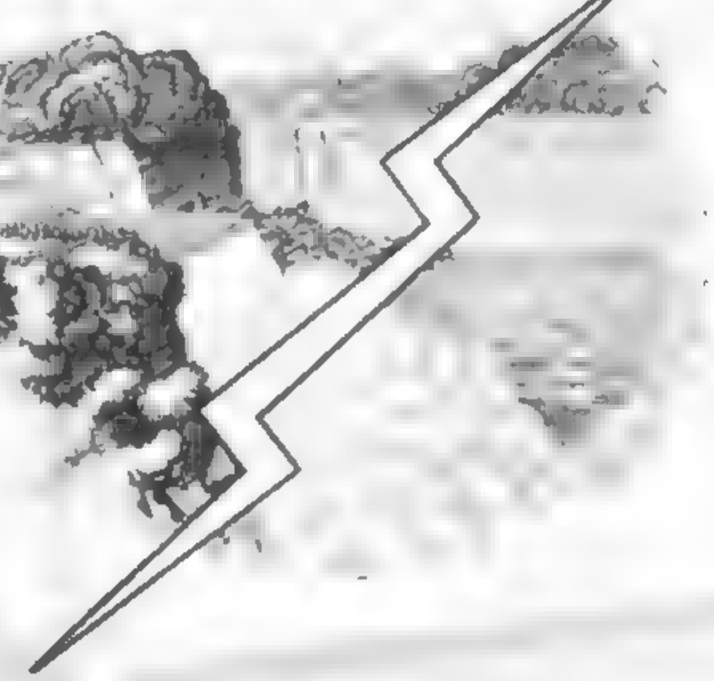
FOOD MERCHANTS, GET THIS FREE BOOK "How to Make More Money in Food Retailing." Full of facts and figures on every phase of store operation, to help you to bigger success. Send for your copy now.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

McCray Refrigerator Sales Corporation, Dept. A., Kendallville, Indiana
Gentlemen: Please send free book [ ] "How to Make More Money in Food Retailing." Also, without obligation, send information about refrigerators [ ] the New 104 display case and counter [ ] other refrigerators for grocers, [ ] for meat markets, [ ] for restaurants and hotels, [ ] hospitals, institutions, [ ] florist shops, [ ] homes

Name
City
State

less than ½



is Buffalo's power cost

CHEAP power is one reason why Buffalo is a foremost industrial center. At its door is the greatest hydro-electric development in the country . . . Niagara Falls.

Not only is Buffalo's electric power lower in cost than that of any other industrial center, but Buffalo's power cost is less than half that of the average for the whole United States. *A potent fact for industry to consider.*

Come to the Niagara Frontier

With all its other advantages, Buffalo has financial institutions of the first order. The Marine . . . one of the few really large banks outside of New York City . . . is closely linked up with the prosperity of Buffalo. More than *two hundred million dollars* of Marine resources are at the service of Buffalo's industries.

Ask the Marine more about Buffalo.

MARINE

TRUST COMPANY

OF

BUFFALO

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS OVER $27,000,000

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

The apprentice took seven years to learn a business

Before the days of commercial printing, seven years was considered little enough time for a youth to learn the details of a trade or craft.

He needed all of seven years. He could learn only by watching others, by word of mouth, by trial and error. There was no chance to *read* all about the business. Indeed, the more important facts about a business—its history, its policies, its ideals, the sources of its material, the treatment of material, the methods of marketing the goods —were jealously guarded secrets.

By the "Custom of London," an apprentice served seven wearisome years, without wages; board and lodging provided, and the privilege of corporeal punishment granted to the master—that was Opportunity. Men are alive today whose fathers signed their "indentures of apprenticeship."

What does the young man taking his first job find today? Even before he goes to work he is given literature to read. Printing tells him what type of employee the store or factory or office wishes to employ. Printing tells him how the firm's products are made, how they are sold, how they are serviced. Printing tells him how customers are secured, how complaints are handled. Printing tells him what questions are most frequently asked and what the answers are.

By studying the booklets, folders, house magazines and other printed pieces, a new employee can in a few weeks learn facts that the poor apprentice took years to acquire.

The more printing and the better printing there is, the easier and the quicker the new employee can learn the work he is to do. The less printing there is, the more the young man should question whether or not he has cast his lot with a business that is destined to grow greater, or even to retain the importance which it has.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or, if you prefer, write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

Today a youth can learn as much in a few months–from Printing

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper - better printing}

Which is the Better Way?

The Sign doesn't say

BUT the tracks make it plain that the trend of travel is strongly to the right.

These wheel prints are an open record of accumulated experience which the traveler understands. They indicate that the many have found in the right turn, the quickest and most direct way to the desired objective.

Among the thousands whose experience with the Comptometer way are symbolized in the right fork tracks are the ten outstanding organizations in Commerce, Industry and Transportation, here listed—each a prominent leader in its line.

It is reasonable to conclude that the favorable experience of the many is a fairly safe criterion for action along any line.

Still, before purchasing any Adding-Calculating Machine, it is always best to demand the ultimate test

the test of production on your own work.

A Comptometer man is at your service for consultation about, or to conduct such a test—in competition or otherwise.

	Comptometers owned
Public Service	
New York Telephone Co.	910
Food Products	
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Distribution Food Products	
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Steel Products	
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Mail Order	
Sears, Roebuck & Co.	740

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1723 N. Paulina St., CHICAGO

CONTROLLED KEY
Comptometer
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer
Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard

(Continued from Page 150

violently that she will retaliate with immigration laws of her own that will keep American business men out of Mexico. The whole matter of restricting Mexican immigrants, diplomats believe, can be accomplished more satisfactorily by a more stringent application of the literacy test and other features of the present immigration regulations than by a quota law.

The views of those who disagree with the diplomats and the calamity howlers have been expressed by a Washington official who has spent years in studying immigration matters.

"It would be impossible," said he, "to write into the existing law any regulations that would make a perceptible difference in the numbers of Mexican immigrants. There is only one way of stopping them—that is to declare, as was done in the case of European immigrants: So many can come in one year, and no more.

"It is quite probable that a quota law applied to Mexico might cause some anti-American expressions in the editorial columns of Mexican newspapers. That, however, would be nothing new; and in the long run it is probable that Mexico would kick no more violently or attempt no more retaliations than have the various countries affected by the existing quota law."

Cheap Labor and Unemployment

"No greater fallacy was ever put forth than that the basic industries of the country depend on immigrant labor. Strictly speaking, we haven't had any immigrant labor since the summer of 1914, and our basic industries are, to put it conservatively, doing as well as ever. When we hear the manufacturers of some large Middle-Western city howling for Mexican laborers, we usually find that there are a great many people out of work in that particular city—occasionally as many as 150,000.

"The fact is that the Mexican border could be sealed up tomorrow, and the people of the Southwest, in spite of their cries of anguish, would get along as well as ever. They might have to put on stronger spectacles in order to find their labor; but the spectacles wouldn't have to be so fearfully strong, at that."

At the hearings before the House Immigration Committee, Judge Box questioned a Californian who had testified at great length and somewhat illogically in favor of free admission of Mexicans.

Will History Repeat?

"May I ask you another question?" said Judge Box to the witness. "Have you studied the history of what my forefathers did in trying to solve the labor problem in the beginning of the organization of the Government of the United States in bringing in black labor because they could not get anybody else? They opened these magnificent farms that my colleague speaks of, in my section. Have you studied the history of that effort, with all the consequences it brought to the South and our country? Are you free from apprehensions that if you carry it forward in your state you will not bring about that or some kindred trouble?"

The answer of the Californian was, "No, sir."

Thus is the fancied welfare of the pocketbook placed before the actual welfare of the community, the state and the nation.

—

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Mr. Roberts on the Mexican immigration situation. The next will appear in an early issue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Pineapple, too, has its Aristocracy

IN our gardens grow 100,000,000 worthy specimens of all that's best in pineapple plants—members of pineapple's most cultured and exclusive family.

Family counts—in growing perfect pineapples. Breeding will tell. There's a delicacy of flavor, a fineness of texture, a symmetry of form that must go on from one generation to another.

Though we set out over 30,000,000 young plants a year, we select only the most robust and promising ones. But that isn't all. After the planting into the fields we go—searching out weak and backward members. Out they come. In go staunch, lively plants.

In the cannery—rigid inspection continues. Five times we examine the luscious fruit before it is sealed in clean, gleaming cans.

Is all this appreciated? Apparently so, for our modest offering of 45,000 cans of Hawaiian Pineapple in 1903 grew to 65,000,000 in 1927.

James D. Dole, head of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, was right. America *likes* "well bred" Hawaiian Pineapple.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

•

Pineapple, too, has its Story

"The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden"

Have you read it? You must, for no more charming bit of romance ever came out of Hawaii. The story of a man who dreamed, who dared, who won. The fascinating story of James D. Dole—who 27 years ago founded the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, and in doing so created a new and great industry.

Included, too, are 30 new and tempting Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes—all easy to make. The convenient coupon below will bring your copy.

•

© 1928 H. P. Co.

Free . . . 30 New Hawaiian Pineapple Recipes

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CO., Dept. S-28, 215 Market St., San Francisco

Send me free, "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden"—and the 30 new ways to serve Hawaiian Pineapple.

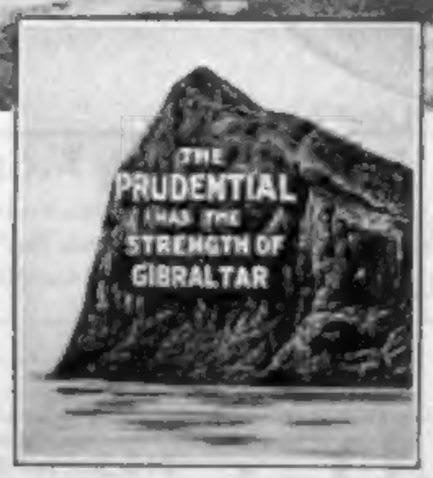
NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE..... S-28

Honolulu HAWAII • HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY • *Sales Offices* 215 Market Street San Francisco

This Little Fellow is Entitled
to his Mother's Constant Care



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA
EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* © HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

To boys *of thirty or more* who "clutter the kitchen"

OF COURSE you are not a boy; you're a full grown *man*. You have a right to be in the kitchen. That's understood—between us.

But your wife *knows* that nine minutes out of ten when you're in the kitchen you are in the way. And she smiles when she tells you to "clear out" or that you're "cluttering the kitchen" simply because she knows you'll never outgrow the boy habit of tasting this and nibbling that.

Suppose you happen in when she is making a cake. She'll be using raisins. Ask for some, just as you used to when you brought the gang around to Mother's kitchen. If they're Sun-Maid Puffed, you'll find they are quite different from seeded raisins you've known. Not sticky at all; and richer in the muscat flavor you've always liked in seeded raisins.

If she is using Sun-Maid Nectars, nibble some and—you'll taste seedless raisins with the fresh flavor of the vine-ripened *grapes*. With even the fragrance of grapes!

Compliment your wife on her finding raisins like these. Show your approval; it will make you safer in the kitchen and win you more of your favorite raisin dishes.

SUN-MAID NECTARS *in the red carton* •• SUN-MAID PUFFED *in the blue carton*

"Too Much Acid in the Body—that's what held Bill back"

"MANY people go too long feeling only half well, as Bill did. They say, 'See a doctor? —Oh, I'm not sick enough for that!'

"But that's the way Bill was. Not actually ill, but he couldn't concentrate without conscious effort. Thus he became tired easily. He couldn't lose himself in work.

"He had frequent headaches, was bilious, didn't sleep well, became nervous, appetite was faulty, also digestion. Felt that way so long he thought it was natural with him. Said he 'hated to go to a doctor for little things like those!'

"When, finally, he did go and the doctor said 'Orange juice,' Bill said, 'Well, that's easy enough; I'll try *that.*' You see, oranges, though known as acid fruit, have an alkaline reaction in the body.

"Well, in ten days he was like a different person. They wondered what had happened to him at the office. He said it was the first time in years that he really enjoyed his work.

"Now they call him 'the orange juice addict.'

"Well, 'addict' or not, he's making a real name for himself in the business now; and before he got 'the habit' people were not so sure he would get very far.

"You see, he had the brains and the ability. It was, as his doctor found out, merely *too much acid in the body* and he needed *a good alkalinizer* such as orange juice. Simple, but important, when you consider the results."

* * * * *

Sometimes people with Acidosis need more vegetables, milk and other alkaline-reaction foods in addition to the orange juice. Your doctor will know. In other cases an adequate amount of orange juice alone greatly increases the efficiency.

Write to address below for free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," explaining Acidosis in detail.

To be sure of getting California Sunkist Oranges, of uniformly good eating quality, look for the trade-mark on the wrapper and on the fruit.

Look for this Machine

Sunkist California Orange Juice

Richest Juice Finest Flavor

It is being distributed by the growers of *Sunkist Oranges* and *Lemons* to enable cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, clubs and soda fountains to more quickly and conveniently make for you pure, wholesome orange and lemon juice drinks.

The dealers using the Sunkist (Electric) Fruit Juice Extractor serve real orange and lemon juice drinks made to your order from fresh oranges and lemons. Watch for this machine—it is your visible assurance of purity.

Prospective Buyers: Learn about our unusual cost-price proposition on this quick, efficient machine. Write us for complete information. Terms if desired. State line of business.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Dept. 102, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California